WEEK ENDING NOV. 10, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"We the People—"

DELMAR ~ MORRIS ~ BRENNAN ~ CHAMBERS ~ GREEN

In 4 ways THIS FAMOUS TOOTHBRUSH *is* NEW

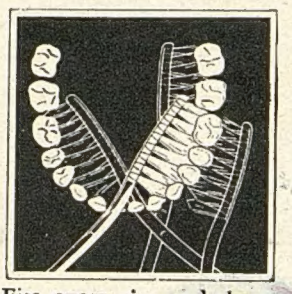
To give your teeth new whiteness—through better cleansing. That's the news in this announcement of DR. WEST'S *new* toothbrush.

No extra effort or care is required of you. The extra results come from the correct size and shape of this famous brush—plus the premium-cost materials now used in it.

Get one. Use it twice daily. Brush always away from gums, towards cutting edges of teeth. That's all. But your teeth will quickly show the results you desire.

For now, in addition to correct design which dentists long ago approved, DR. WEST'S brush gives you: (1) costliest bristles (*used in this brush only*); (2) new accuracy in spacing, grouping, and trimming of bristles—for still more thorough cleansing of all crevices; (3) handles that are rigid, unbreakable, for easier use; (4) amazingly thorough cleansing and polishing action, resulting from these combined advantages.

Today all druggists have DR. WEST'S new Toothbrushes: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. (No more than you'd pay for ordinary brushes.) There are six beautiful new colors. Each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed.



Fits every size and shape of dental arch, of course. See how it cleans behind teeth far back, inside as well as outside; and how it sweeps clean all crevices

Did the toothbrush you used this morning look like these?

People have to judge by what they *see*. And they see our teeth every time our lips part. Each smile is a test. When it is so *easy* to have teeth beautifully clean and white isn't it just commonsense to give our teeth the best possible care—the care that brings real, visible results? Correct brushing, with the right brush, will do it—quickly

©1928, W. B. M. Co.

Just what do other wives mean?

—when they talk together about feminine hygiene

WHY do the other young married women seem to know so much more than she does about this delicate subject? And with all their secrecy, do *they* really know the truth from the modern, scientific standpoint? In all probability, they do not know.

Unfortunately, in a matter so intimate as feminine hygiene, *any* piece of information is likely to be accepted. Open questioning is rare. Theories are garbled. There are too many "facts that are not facts." No wonder that young wives are so often cruelly misled when they depend upon hearsay or the advice of their well-intentioned friends!

There is little excuse for this condition today. Read what follows.

A few statements of plain fact

Physicians and nurses in general approve the feminine hygiene routine as a healthful practice for mature women. They approve the *practice*, but not the old-fashioned *methods*. The distinction is important, because these methods involve the use of caustic, poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

Think of the danger just in having a "skull-and-crossbones" package in the home! Especially where there are little children. Poisonous antiseptics are also *injurious in their effect* when employed for feminine hygiene purposes. Their continued use leads to a hardening of delicate internal membranes—and even to the formation of permanent areas of scar-tissue.

Grave risks, indeed, for women to run! And in this enlightened day, *absolutely unnecessary*. The new method—sure, quick, truly modern—is to use *Zonite*.

Zonite solves this intimate problem

Immensely powerful and *effective!* But absolutely non-poisonous! As safe as pure water! This remarkable combination of properties explains the universal adoption of Zonite as the reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene.

Now real *surgical cleanliness* is possible, without risk. No hardened, deadened membranes. No areas of scarred tissue. No deaths through accidental swallowing. Zonite is a godsend to women as millions already know, who have achieved comfort, protection and peace of mind.

Let no one doubt the efficiency of this great germ-killing antiseptic. Zonite is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Free booklet tells everything clearly

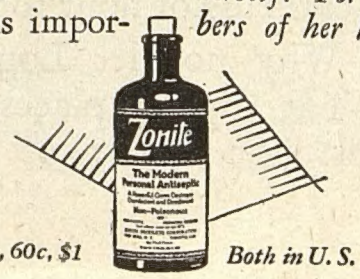
Send for the free booklet "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene," prepared especially because of an urgent demand for more light on this much beclouded subject. Its information is trustworthy, authentic, stated with simple frankness. Use the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections, or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

Required by Modern Standards

An antiseptic that is invariably effective! Absolutely safe! Useful whenever infection threatens! In short, a truly modern antiseptic *like* Zonite! *—The enlightened woman demands it. For herself. For all members of her household.*



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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
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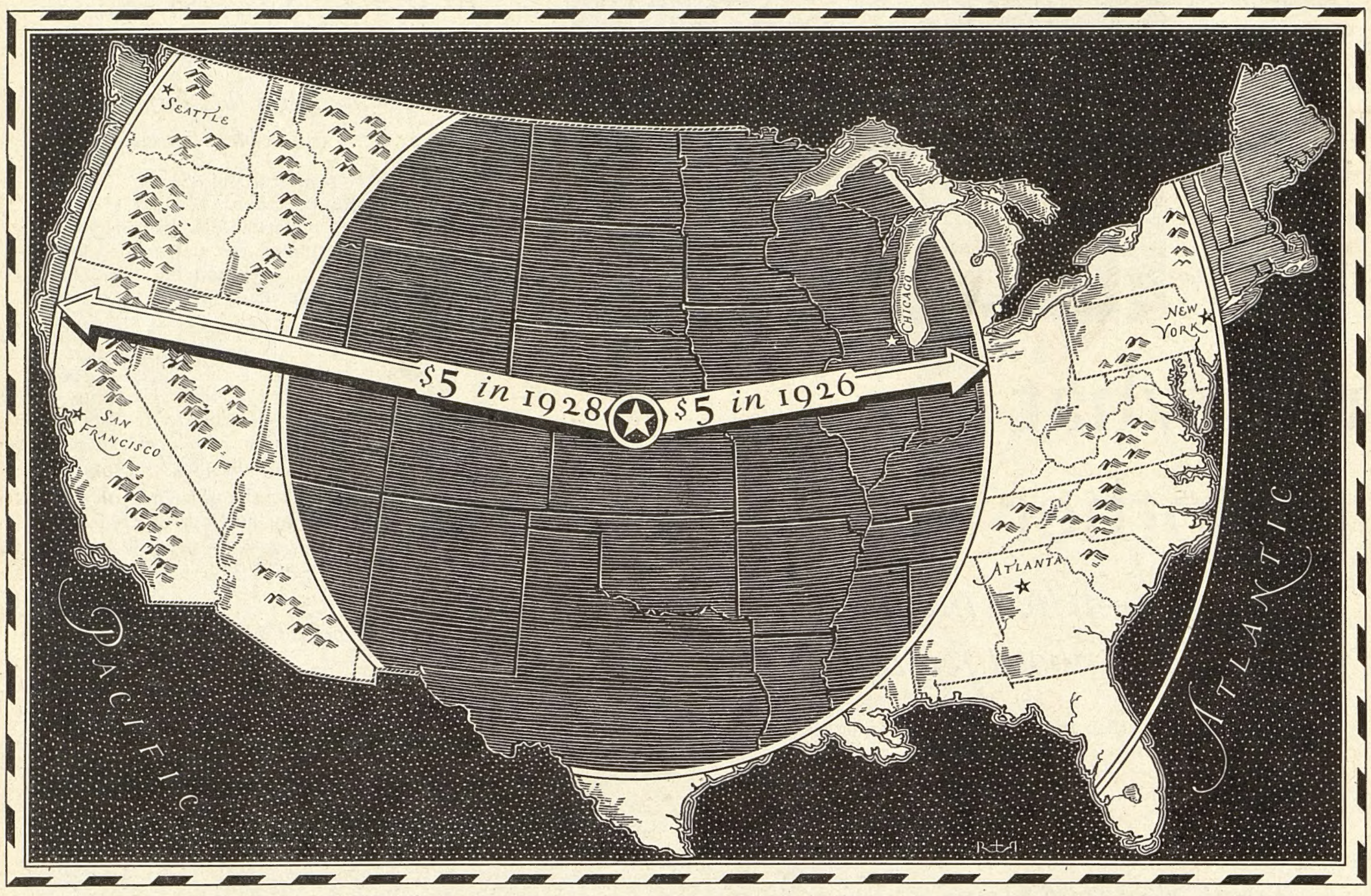
Now only $5 to telephone half way Across the Continent



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

NEXT to how much may be accomplished by long distance telephone calls, and the speed with which they are now being put through, the most surprising thing about them is: How little the calls cost.

Picture a man in Smith Center, Kansas, geographical center of the United States. Under the new station to station day rates he can now "travel" to the Atlantic or the Pacific coasts and return for $5. From Chicago one can go to New York and back for $3.25. To Los Angeles and return for $6.25. To Dallas and return for $3.25. All the way to London and back for $48.

Every long distance call is a round-trip journey. In a long distance call a man not only speaks what is in his mind but gets the answer. From his office in any city, a man whose time is valuable can speed from one concern and market to another, regardless of distance, in a few minutes and at small expense.

A Nashville lumber company relies on long distance calls for collecting slow accounts. A Portland, Oregon, fruit company figures its sales overhead, where the telephone is used, at 2%. Where personal solicitation only is used, 7%. A Chicago miller, by a telephone call to Philadelphia, costing $3.10, sold 60 carloads of flour for more than $100,000.

Why not let Long Distance help your business? What distant places could you profitably reach by telephone, now? . . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Nov. 10, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 5 No. 45

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Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HOW LONG WILL DEMOCRACY LAST?

We are prone in America to think that democracy is the ultimate form of government.

We have a beautiful, great, and glorious country. Much of its greatness and glory is due to the political system we now, in a manner of speaking, enjoy. As we look backward and about us we are inclined to reflect that as people become wiser and better educated they turn to democracy as a final refuge and the best of all possible ways to administer a nation's affairs. Here, it seems, is something permanent.

Well, it is not so.

Historians say that the ancient Athenians had more native brain power, character, and sense of beauty than any other people that ever lived. They hadn't the inventions that have come to us who stand on the shoulders of preceding generations, but they did produce the finest works of art in sculpture and, it is believed, in painting, though their colors have faded. They were marvelous also in drama, literature, history, philosophy.

For a time they were the center of the world—and they had a democracy even more democratic than ours.

Then they declined and disintegrated. They lost to the Spartans, who had no culture and were trained only to fight. They lost to the Macedonians, and their prestige disappeared. They became subjects, because they quarreled too much.

Then came the Roman republic. The Latin citizens were freeholders—sturdy men who conquered the world. Riches brought the downfall of their power. They fell into the hands of savage, corrupt, and beastly emperors who sought to deify themselves and wound up by losing everything to "barbarians."

In the years that have followed in Europe, we see the disappearance of republic after republic, free city after free city, each swallowed up in its turn by some powerful kingdom.

At the beginning of the war France was the only real republic in Europe. France still survives, and Germany has joined her, and also some small republics. How long they will last we don't know. We hope a long time.

But it is worth while to remember that nations, like human beings, must go through all the phases of life, from birth to death.

As people are born, so the United States was born in 1776. We grew to manhood, say, in 1865. Now we are in a state resembling middle age. Our hair perhaps is growing a little thin. Our teeth, maybe, are not so good. Possibly there is a bit of a paunch.

Of course we are a great republic and have produced many statesmen and great men. But when we examine our hearts and see how easily passion can be aroused in an election campaign such as the one now coming to a close; when we see how neighbor can be set against neighbor by racial and religious hatreds, and how friends can be made enemies by the desire of some to tyrannize over others in matters of personal conduct, we can see that danger lies along the way.

It is not inconceivable that some fine day one of these fanatic factions may seize the power and that we may have, in a different form, a dictatorship like Mussolini's.

No, we are not seein' things at night. We don't think this will happen soon.

But things change, and we are not as young as we were. It should be the effort of all of us to make our national middle age graceful, to put off old age as long as possible, and to meet it serenely when it arrives. For death comes to all—even to the United States of America.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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November 10, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 45

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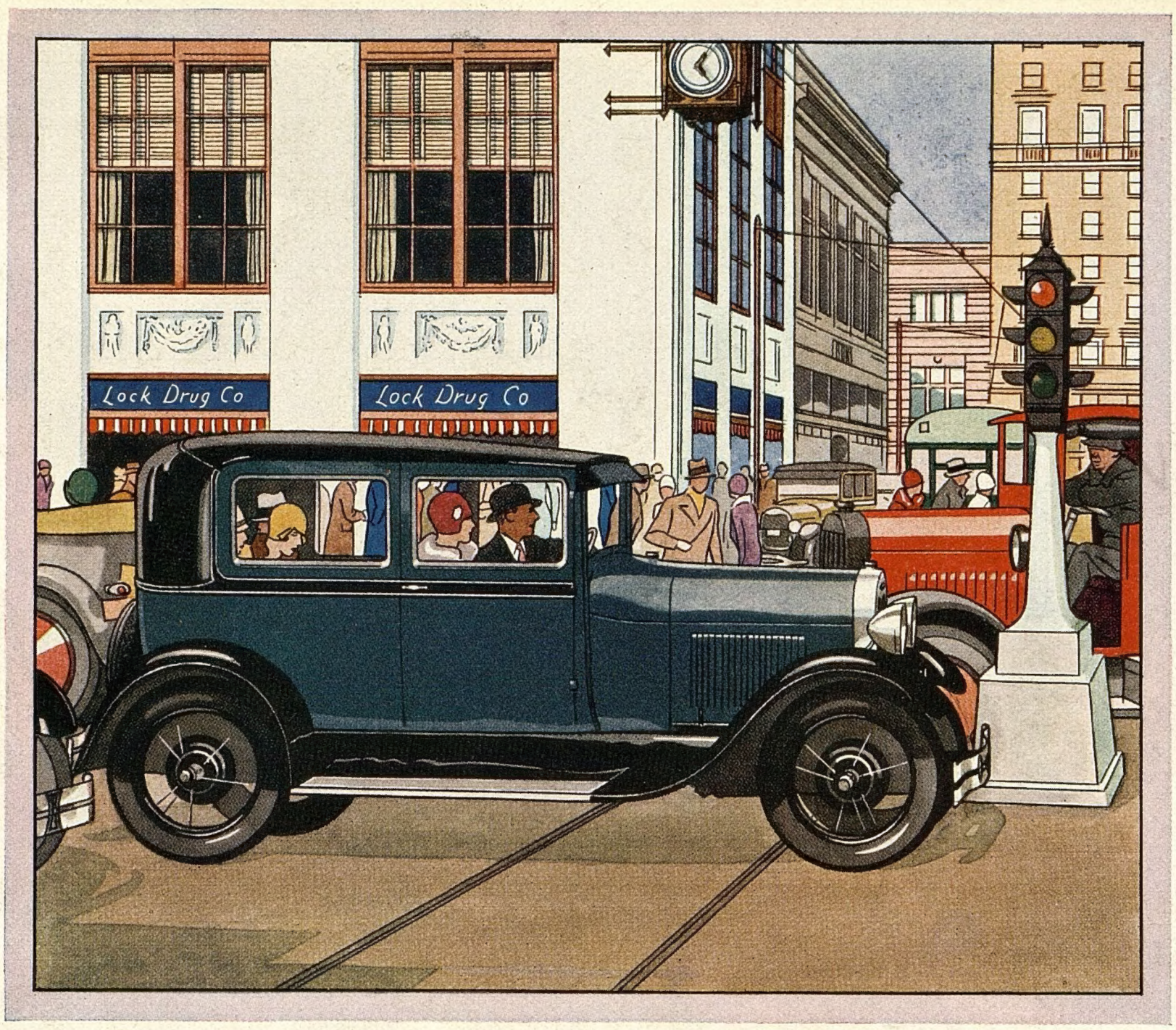
No increase in advertising rates!



The safety of the fully-enclosed six-brake system is an outstanding feature of the New Ford

One of the first things you will notice when you drive the new Ford is the quick, effective, silent action of its six-brake system.

This system gives you the highest degree of safety and reliability because the four-wheel service brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are all of the mechanical, internal expanding type, with braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against mud, water, sand and grease.

The many advantages of this type of braking system have long been recognized. They are brought to you in the new Ford through a series of mechanical improvements embodying much that is new in design and manufacture.

There is perhaps no single feature of the new Ford which represents such a decided step forward in automobile engineering as the unique yet simple way by which a special drum has been constructed to permit the use of two separate sets of full internal expanding brakes on the rear wheels.

The brake construction on the front wheels also is unusual. Here the brakes are fully enclosed without the necessity of a leather boot or sliding joint to protect the linkage between the brake rods and the mechanism on the brake plate. Such simplicity of design helps to insure reliability and long life.

A further improvement in braking performance is effected by the self-centering feature of the four-wheel brakes—an exclusive Ford feature. This construction brings the entire surface of the shoe in contact with the drum the instant you press your foot on the brake pedal.

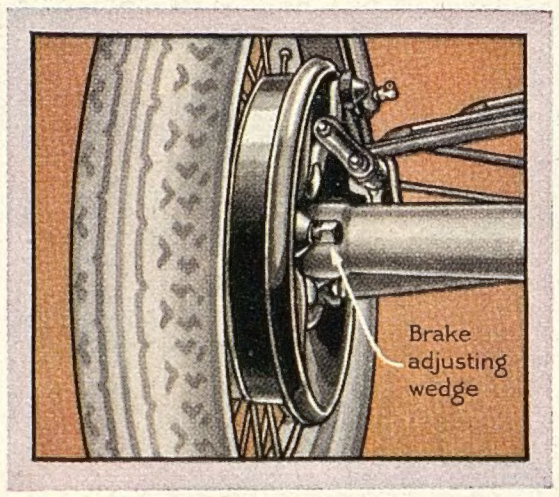
There are definite reasons, therefore, for the safety and reliability of the new Ford brakes—for their quick ease of operation—for the smooth yet commanding way they take hold at a slight pressure on the brake pedal or hand lever.

Another feature of the brakes on the new Ford is the ease of adjustment without special tools or removing a single part.

The four-wheel brakes are adjusted by turning a regulating screw or wedge conveniently located on the outside of each brake plate. This screw is so notched that all four brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks."

The emergency or parking brakes require little attention. However, should they need adjustment, see your Ford dealer.

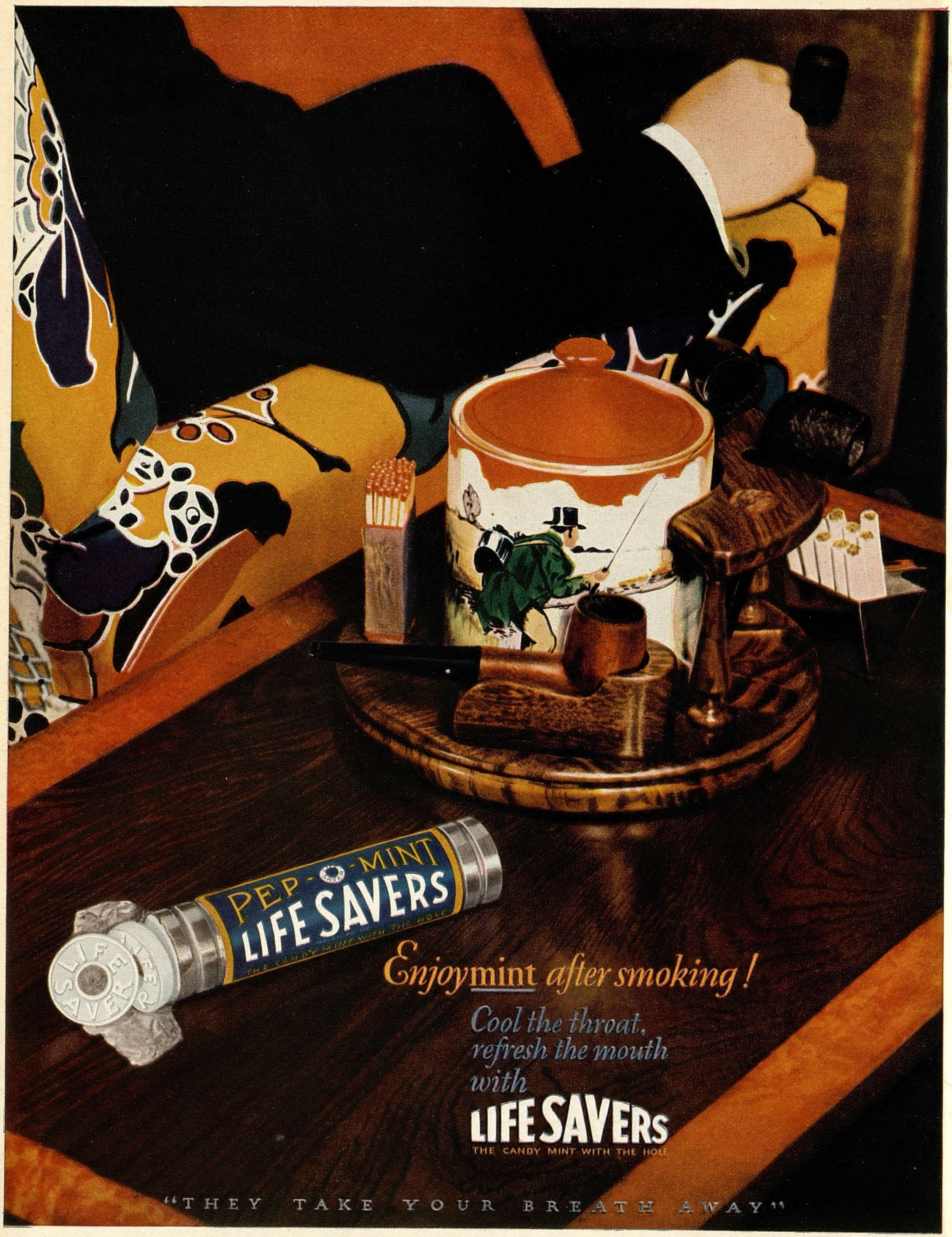
He has been specially trained and equipped to take care of the new Ford, and he will give you prompt, courteous and economical service.



This illustration shows the convenient location of the wedge or screw that adjusts the brake shoes on the new Ford. This wedge is so notched that all brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks." Adjustments should be made with brakes cold.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan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Cool the throat, refresh the mouth with
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
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DAILY TABLOID

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MAN HURLS SELF FROM "L" STRUCTURE

First of a Series of
STORIES BEHIND THE HEADLINES

By
VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

LONG ago, when the town was whistling If the Man in the Moon Was a Coon and the ladies were wearing Merry Widow hats and shirtwaists and skirts, John Dean married Carrie Witherspoon. Carrie was considered by her associates to be giddy and flighty. John Dean called her high spirited and gay. She lived on Putnam Avenue in Brooklyn. Putnam Avenue was a length of handsome brownstone stoop houses. The Witherspoons lived in the one that was the handsomest and had the brownest stone stoop.

John Dean, grave eyed and silent, with an extremely high collar, kept company with Carrie for more than a year. He took her to see Mrs. Cecil Spooner's stock company play and together they enthused over Corse Payton's acting. In the summertime they took trolley rides to Coney Island. It was on one of these rides that John asked Carrie to marry him.

He must have loved her, but what he said was, "Carrie, I admire you exceedingly and think that you would be a never ending source of encouragement and help to me." He was a very solemn young man.

Carrie squeezed his hand to give him hope. She must have loved him, but what she said was, "You'll really have to ask my father, John. I wouldn't dare do anything he didn't approve of."

John had fully intended to see Carrie's father. It hadn't occurred to him that anything else could be done in the matter.

Carrie's father was a lawyer: Ulysses Grant Witherspoon. His face was the kind of face that John liked. It had force and character. John also liked his crisp, to the point phrases. Those were the things that made a man successful.

"How much money do you earn, young man?" Mr. Witherspoon inquired.

"Twelve dollars at present," John replied.

"I like your last two words. They suggest push and effort."

"I think I am a conscientious man, sir," said John.

"I think you are. Twelve dollars a week is enough for a young couple anyway, unless they are thinking of keeping a servant; then, of course,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page nine]

it would be a little difficult. But Carrie is a strong girl and if she loves you there is no reason why she shouldn't be willing to do her own work. You two won't need more than five rooms."

So John and Carrie were married.

It wasn't possible for John to apply himself more diligently to his work. For four years now he had gone every day except Sundays to the offices of the Roger Allen Company. One day he had been fifteen minutes late. That was the first winter he had worked for them and a snowstorm had slackened the progress of the trolley car.

After that, John had always left the house in time to allow for such delays. The boss, he told himself, doesn't appear to notice little things like that, but you can bet your bottom dollar he knows who is tending to business and who isn't. A young man named Blynn who came to work for the Roger Allen Company when John had already been there six months had his salary raised, and John remembered those fifteen minutes and marveled at the all seeing eyes of Mr. Allen.

Carrie and John were living on De Kalb Avenue. They liked their flat very much and were sorry when the Roger Allen Company moved from Brooklyn to New York. They would have to move to New York, too, to make it easier for John.

"Mr. Allen is an old fool," Carrie stormed. "The idea of him moving to New York!"

John looked shocked and hurt. "Remember, my dear," he said, "Mr. Allen's money is keeping us in food and clothes. *I* speak of him with respect."

"But who wants to live in New York? And where will we find a flat?"

They found one on Columbus Avenue. Three of the rooms were dark and Carrie had to light the gas in the daytime if she wanted to clean them. The flat was four dollars a month more than they had paid in Brooklyn.

John saw that he would have to ask Mr. Allen for an increase in salary.

"Do you think he'll give it to you?" Carrie asked.

"If I ask him properly he will," John answered. "I'm sure I've not fallen short of what he expected of me. I'm always the first one in the office and the last one to leave. You know, the boss notices things like that. These people who come in late and who watch the clock all day aren't fooling him any."

John did not read the paper that evening. Until bedtime he sat and thought of what he would say to Mr. Allen.

HE had been at his desk for an hour when Mr. Allen came in the next morning. John waited fifteen minutes to give Mr. Allen a chance to read his mail and then he knocked at the boss' door.

"Come," said Mr. Allen.

John walked in, and Mr. Allen, over an open letter, gazed up at him. He looked at John as though he did not know who he was. John considered this a trick of his own imagination. As though a boss wouldn't know every one of his fifty employees!

"Mr. Allen, I have been in your employ nearly six years."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Allen. His eyes returned to the letter before him.

"In that time," continued John, "I have been very happy here. I consider the Roger Allen Company the most desirable firm in the world to work for. I trust that I will prove worthy of continued association with this estimable company. I moved to New York when the offices moved here so that I should be able to get to work swiftly. I have, however, found that the living expenses are higher in New York. It grieves me that I must come to you and ask for an increase in salary."

There was silence in the room for a minute, during which John stood perfectly quiet. He must not interrupt while Mr. Allen weighed the matter. Presently Mr. Allen looked up from his letter.

"What?" he asked. "Oh, I know, a raise. How much?"

"Might I have a five dollar a month increase?"

Mr. Allen nodded and looked back at his letter.

John returned to Carrie that night in high spirits.

"There's no use talking," he said; "it pays to be a conscientious worker. The boss never questioned my right to have a raise. Stand by the boss and he'll stand by you, is my motto."

And John and Carrie were able to keep their apartment on Columbus Avenue. Their daughter was born there. She was named Laura Anne and it delighted John to see that she had long fingers. He thought that every young lady should play the piano.

CARRIE was looking thoughtfully over Laura Anne's dress.

He figured that during Laura Anne's sixth year he would be making enough money to warrant the purchase of a piano. But her sixth year came and went and there was no piano. John was perplexed. He could not imagine where he had fallen short.

He was still a clerk and the Roger Allen Company had grown till it employed eighty people. Many newcomers had taken jobs in the office which paid twice as much as John's. This troubled him. In what manner was he displeasing Mr. Allen? Above his desk John had little signs tacked. They read, "Do It Now!" "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," "Opportunity Knocks Once at Every Man's Door." They were gayly printed little signs and they gave John courage. He decided to have a talk with Mr. Allen.

He had not been in Mr. Allen's office since the day, years before, when he had asked for a raise in salary. Since then he had had three raises. But those had come when the whole force of clerks had been treated to increases.

MR. ALLEN looked up at John from a letter, just as he had before. His eyes, however, did not on this occasion wander from John's face. He seemed hypnotized by something he saw there.

"How long have you been with me?" asked Mr. Allen.

"Eleven years, sir."

"Eleven years." Mr. Allen seemed to meditate deeply.

"How much money are you getting?"

"Twenty-three dollars."

"Tell Mr. Edwards that I said to make it twenty-five."

"Thank you, sir."

John turned, but Mr. Allen raised a detaining hand.

"Dean," he said, "do you ever go to the theater or play cards or anything?"

"I used to, sir, but we have a little girl. She keeps us at home."

"I see." Mr. Allen's eyes dwelt still upon John's face. "Are you satisfied with the two dollar increase?" he asked.

"More than satisfied, sir. I only wish I had more work to do for it—or more responsibility."

Mr. Allen's eyes turned then from John's face. "We'll get you in a better position one of these days," he said hurriedly. And John took Mr. Allen's swift words and sudden wavering glance to mean dismissal.

John said that night to Carrie, "Mr. Allen is all right. He's got so many things to think of, though, that he sometimes overlooks a good man. All I had to do was speak up, though, and I got a two dollar raise."

"We can use it," said Carrie.

"If I was one of these fellows, now, that comes in a half hour late and dreams all day, you bet he'd have known it and turned me down flat. I bet I'll be head of the department some day."

"Who is head of the department now?" asked Carrie.

"Jeff Keene."

"Jeff Keene! Why he's only been with the company about a year!"

John nodded calmly. "And he hasn't the brains of a frog," he said. "Mr. Allen's just trying him out. Jeff will work himself out of that job in short order and then Mr. Allen'll pick out a fellow he's sure of."

The year that Laura Anne graduated from school, Jeff Keene left the Roger Allen Company to start in business for himself. The World War had come and gone. John Dean was forty years old and the salary of Mr. Allen's clerks had automatically become forty-two dollars a week.

There were other changes. The Roger Allen Company had moved again—farther uptown now, to a new and gorgeous building on Madison Avenue. They rented a whole floor, for their employees numbered more than 200.

John and his family had moved also. They had found an apartment on 110th Street that was noisy and dusty, but it was cheap. And after all, as John pointed out, it would not be forever. Soon he would be head of his department. Mr. Allen was trying out a fellow now named Ben Schwartz. Ben hadn't the brains of a frog and he'd work himself out of the job in short order and then Mr. Allen would pick a fellow he was sure of.

John was often shocked at Ben's behavior. Ben sometimes argued with Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen, who had built up this wonderful business—who was a colossal figure! John heard them once and he trembled for Ben.

"That's all right, Mr. Allen, but I'm running the department, see? You're the owner and if you don't like it you can kick me the hell out, but as long as I'm running the department it will be run with one boss—me, see?"

"You're fired," said Mr. Allen.

"That's all right, too," said Ben. "There are a hell of a sight better places than this to work in."

John watched the tall, straight figure of his boss march to the inner office. He played for a moment with the fantastic notion that it had been he, John, who had shouted at Mr. Allen. It was while the idea was still alive that Mr. Allen came out of his office again. He walked to Ben Schwartz and said something in a low tone. John caught the words "hasty," "need you," "mutual pardon."

When Mr. Allen turned away again John saw Ben Schwartz replacing his books on his desk and putting his hat back on the coat tree. John sighed. It was wonderful, he thought, to have a forgiving nature like Mr. Allen's.

Ben Schwartz was still head of the department three years later, when Mr. Allen died.

Young Hazelton Allen came to run the office. John hadn't seen him since the day, years before, when a little boy with a Lord Fauntleroy

Laura Anne's eyes were very solemn and she listened with respect to her father, but there was something in her expression that made John break off suddenly.

collar had spilled ink over an important report and Mr. Roger Allen had laughed and said, " Hang the report! "

Young Mr. Allen was tall and straight as his father had been, but there was a twinkle in his eye that had no place in an office. One hot day he took his collar and tie off during working hours and ordered every male employee in the place to do likewise. It was the nearest John Dean ever came to disobeying his boss. He wondered what Roger Allen would have thought of that. He sighed and removed his collar.

It was Hazelton Allen who fired Ben Schwartz.

Ben shouted at Mr. Allen during a discussion.

" I can hear you," said Mr. Allen; " don't shout at me."

Ben laughed a little. " Your father and I always shouted at each other," he said.

" Well, I regret that I'm not the good tempered man my father was," Mr. Allen said. " I get mad when people shout at me."

" I always shout when I'm trying to drive home a point," Ben explained. " Your father and I understood each other."

" But you and I don't, Mr. Schwartz."

Ben looked young Mr. Allen over. " You're expecting to change everything, aren't you? " he asked. " You won't get very far."

" No, nor will you if you don't speak to me in the tone of voice that I use when I address you."

" Say, you're the big boss here and you can kick me the hell out if you want to—"

" Yes, even literally," Mr. Allen commented.

" But let's understand each other."

" I'm afraid that that would be too great a strain for both of us, Mr. Schwartz. You're out of a job."

And just like that Ben Schwartz was fired. He didn't believe it until after Miss Kelsey had given him his money and had said good-by to him.

" That young Allen knows his rights," John told Carrie that evening. " He won't let anybody walk over him. As soon as he got in he knew that Schwartz was antagonistic toward him and, by gosh, he discharged him. He'll be as fast to notice who his good men are, too."

" Who did Mr. Allen put in as head of the department? " Carrie asked during dinner a few nights later.

" A fellow named Peake. A young fellow. You see, Allen's young himself and he has faith in youth. In a little while he'll find out that young men are better in small jobs, except, of course, exceptional young men like himself."

John smiled reassuringly at Carrie. She smiled back at him. He was glad to see her smile. She hadn't been very happy since her father's death. He had invested his life's savings in oil stock which had proved worthless, and the shock had killed him. It had been during that trying time that John had noticed how gray Carrie's hair was getting.

He looked at it now and was shocked to see that it was all gray. Poor Carrie. She was getting very old looking. Well, she wouldn't always be doing her own work. John understood that the head of the department received $125 a week. He was now getting fifty. Young Allen had raised everybody's salary the first day he had sat in his father's chair.

JOHN shifted his eyes to Laura Anne. He thought her a very lovely creature. Too bad she had never learned to play the piano. She looked back at him, rather sadly, he thought. Her eyes were very large and extremely blue. John considered them perfect with Laura Anne's curly jet black hair.

" How is everything going with you, my dear? " he asked.

" Awful," said Laura Anne, and she looked at her mother.

" It's like this, John," Carrie explained: " Laura Anne has quit school. Only two months to go to graduating from high school and she has quit."

John's eyes were hurt and accusing. They returned to Laura Anne's face.

" Well, look," said Laura Anne. " I don't give a hoot for a diploma and they've taught me all that they're going to teach me. The rest of the stuff is just review, and I can't waste my time like some of the other girls and fellows can. We're poor, daddy, poor as church mice. I'm going to get a job. Mother's wild, and I suppose you are, too."

" I think you're foolish, daughter."

" Oh, foolish! " said Laura Anne impatiently. " Is it wise to sit in the schoolroom reciting parrot fashion back to the teachers what they've taught me, when I could be out earning a winter coat for myself? "

John knew that she did not mean it unkindly. Laura Anne was the soul of thoughtfulness and gentleness. Still, it hurt a little to see the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page eleven]

color flaming in her cheeks, the blue flashing in her glance, as she pleaded for a chance to do better for herself than he had ever done for her. In that moment, as he faced his daughter across the familiar table, John Dean would have been a very old, old man if it had not been for one thing—his faith in his boss.

"Daughter," he said, "there's going to be a good living for all of us soon. When I'm head of the department—which might be any day now—there'll be plenty of money. Be a good girl, now, get your diploma, and then we'll talk about you working if you still want to."

"Oh, daddy!" Suddenly, without warning, Laura Anne was weeping. "Daddy, you don't know, you never notice, and there are so many things we never tell you—my winter coat isn't fit to be seen! I'm not a quitter, but I've taken so many snubs up at school—I just can't—"

John's eyes rushed to Carrie for help. Carrie was looking thoughtfully over Laura Anne's dress, so neatly patched at one elbow, so gallantly stainless and well pressed.

John raised himself from his chair and went to sit on the lounge. As he passed his daughter he patted her shoulder gently, reassuringly. He did not read his paper that evening. Instead he sat thinking.

The next day he spoke to Mr. Peake about Laura Anne. She was a bright girl, a neat girl. Very conscientious and quick to learn. Would it be possible—could Mr. Dean hope that—

Mr. Peake waved him away carelessly. Sure, they could use four or five more file clerks. The girl should come in at 9 in the morning. They'd start her at thirteen dollars.

THAT night John had a long talk with his daughter.

"You can't fool the boss," he said to Laura Anne. "He knows who his good people are. Don't be a clock watcher. It won't get you anything. I've always said that if you stand by your boss he'll stand by you. Any time at all now I'm liable to be head of the department, and I won't have gotten there by watching the clock."

Laura Anne's eyes were very solemn and she listened with respect to her father, but there was something in her expression that made John break off suddenly.

"I never thought, when you were born," he said, "that you'd ever be going to business."

"No, daddy? What did you expect?" asked Laura Anne seriously.

John smiled at her. "I don't know," he said. "I guess what I expected was so lovely and impossible that I could never pin it down to actual words. But you won't work long, daughter. As soon as I'm head of the department you'll have to quit and take piano lessons."

"Piano lessons, daddy?" Laura Anne laughed and looked at her father, waiting for him to laugh too. She was surprised to see that he looked hurt.

And the next day Laura Anne went to business. John was not sure just where Mr. Peake wanted to place her, so he kept her near him during the hour between their arrival and Mr. Peake's. Laura Anne saw her father changing into the old coat which he wore around the office. She watched him as he dusted off his desk. None of the others changed their coats or even looked at their desks. Groups of men and girls stood about, talking. True, they scattered to their various places when Mr. Peake arrived, but John Dean was the only one who had been working since 9 o'clock. Laura Anne wondered how Mr. Peake could tell that her father had not cheated the Roger Allen Company out of an hour.

Laura Anne fitted snugly into the office routine and loved it. She made friends with the whole office force. She grew prettier, John thought, and he sighed as it occurred to him that perhaps it was only the new clothes which she was able to buy for herself. She had wanted to pay half her salary for board, but John and Carrie had protested. So there were tricky little slippers on Laura Anne's feet now and hats that sat at a rakish angle.

The girls around the office called her Dimples, and John was proud of her popularity. Often she stayed downtown and had dinner with the girls and went to a theater with them afterward. The ride in the "L" in the morning had become a delightful half hour for John. All the rest of the day he would chuckle over something Laura Anne had said in the train.

During her second month in the office she was switched to another department, so John saw his daughter no more during working hours; but nobody could take from him that early morning half hour.

And so another year of John Dean's life passed in the office of the Roger Allen Company. Laura Anne was getting fifteen dollars now, and she managed on her wages an amazing amount of silk stockings and bright scarfs. More and more she stayed away to dine with her friends and less and less did she question her father about the mechanics of an office. But still they rode together every morning in the "L," and it seemed to John that Laura Anne was gayer and happier than at any time of her life.

"But I wouldn't speak back to Miss Hendricks, if I were you," John would counsel.

Laura Anne would laugh and toss her head carelessly.

"I've never replied hastily to a superior in my life," John would tell her.

And Laura Anne would not answer.

One morning John was dusting his desk at two minutes of 9. He was dusting it rather hurriedly, as he had something he wanted to do before it was time to go to work. The day before he had bought a card which had caught his fancy and he wanted to pin it above his desk. It was a plain card with the words, "Work for the Night Is Coming," printed

She watched him as he dusted off his desk. None of the others e

upon it. He was just sticking a thumb tack through the card when the office boy spoke to him:

"Mr. Chase wants to see you."

John turned and followed the boy. Something was afoot when Mr. Chase was in the office so early. Mr. Chase was second only to Mr. Hazelton Allen.

JOHN was ushered into the great presence and the office boy withdrew. Mr. Chase, a giant of not more than twenty-five years of age, rose from his chair and looked down at John. He smiled reassuringly. John was not reassured. He was thinking guiltily that he had been five minutes late on the preceding morning owing to Laura Anne's discovering a run in her stocking.

"Mr. Dean," said Mr. Chase, "I have word from our president that Mr. Peake is about to be promoted."

"Yes, sir," said John.

"That will leave open the position of head of the department in which you have been working."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think that you could run the department?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, beginning tomorrow morning you will take your new position. The salary is"—here Mr. Chase consulted a memorandum—"one hundred and fifty dollars a week."

"Oh—yes, sir."

Mr. Chase sat down and John left the office.

Head of the department! One hundred and fifty dollars a week!

ed at their desks. Groups of men and girls stood about, talking.

John's brain swam with the beauty of it. He went looking for Laura Anne to tell her, but he could not find her. Finally he returned to his desk. People were congratulating him. This was the day he had dreamed of.

"You see," he said to Carrie that night, "I knew that the conscientious application that I was giving my job couldn't fail. The boss won't forget you if you've given him all your loyalty and time. I'm even getting twenty-five dollars a week more than Peake got on the job."

Carrie was strangely silent. Speechless perhaps with their sudden good fortune, John thought.

Laura Anne was not home for dinner. John wanted to talk to her and he waited up till midnight, but still she didn't come.

"I guess," said Carrie, "she went to the theater with the girls and stopped for something to eat afterward. You'd better go to bed, John. You want to be fresh in the morning, you know."

HE was awake a half hour before his usual time on the following day. He had planned it so. He wanted to fuss a little over his appearance. After all, he wasn't a clerk any more. He shaved with unusual care.

"Is Laura Anne up yet?" he called to Carrie.

Carrie tiptoed to the bathroom. "Hush," she said. "Laura Anne has a very bad pain. I think it's pleurisy. She just fell asleep after being awake all night and I want to let her sleep."

"Isn't she going to work?" asked John in amazement.

"She's sick, dear. When she wakes up I'm going to get the doctor if she's no better."

"Oh." John tiptoed about his dressing and spoke to Carrie in whispers. Did Carrie think he should wear his silk shirt today? Of course, his Sunday clothes, and he would stop and have his shoes polished. Appearance goes a long way in holding down a responsible job.

Carrie served breakfast. She forgot to put butter on the table and there was a strange, faraway look in her eyes.

John stroked her hand. "Don't worry. The baby'll soon be all right."

They hadn't called Laura Anne "the baby" for a number of years now, and it sounded odd. Carrie's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, John," she said, "I'm so worried."

"Well, when I leave here, I'll drop in the drug store and phone the doctor."

Carrie shook her head, but said nothing. Her tears fell heavily and John continued to stroke her hand. "We pulled her through pneumonia," he said, "and diphtheria."

Carrie buried her face in her hands and gave herself up to her grief.

"Come, Carrie, now don't cry so."

The bell rang. John went to the door. It was dim in the hall. He did not at once recognize the figure of a telegraph boy.

"Telegram."

"What? Oh, yes."

It was addressed to Carrie. John brought it in to her wonderingly. Carrie never got any telegrams.

She seized it from him and ripped it open in a perfect frenzy of haste. She read it and laughed a little. "Oh, thank God!" she said, and passed the yellow paper to John. It came from a town in Maryland. He read the message:

MARRIED LAST EVENING FORGIVE OUR HASTE WE ARE SAFE AND HAPPY SEE YOU THE END OF THIS WEEK
HAZELTON AND LAURA ANNE

John's eyes blinked stupidly. "Married?" he asked. "Where is Laura Anne?"

"In that town in Maryland where the wire came from, I guess. She's married."

"To whom?"

"Hazelton, of course."

"Hazelton who?"

"Hazelton Allen, her boss—your boss."

"What?"

"It's been going on for ages, John. She's adored him since the moment she first saw him. They've gone out a lot together, but we never said anything to you because you're so funny about some things, and when she didn't come home last night I thought maybe— But they're married. They'll be happy together, too."

"Yes; I suppose so," said John. He couldn't think of anything else to say. "Well, I guess I'd better be going."

He took his hat and left his wife standing with an ecstatic expression on her face.

THERE seemed to be a lot of steps. First the four flights down which he must walk to the street level and then the steps up to the "L" platform. Millions of steps. Somewhere John had heard that at 110th Street the "L" reached its greatest height. Well, there certainly was a lot of steps. Up, up, up.

So Laura Anne was married. Just a little thing like her married. Seemed like she couldn't be more than six years old or so.

The mirror above a slot machine caught John's attention. He stepped in front of it. Perhaps his tie wasn't straight, and it didn't pay in business to look untidy. His train was coming now. The same one that he caught every morning. But, wait, was there a difference in mirrors? He didn't remember having looked so weary and worn before the bathroom mirror at home. Hm, he was old, wasn't he? Funny, those lines that zigzagged across his forehead and the ones that fell away from his mouth. His eyes reminded him of a blue shirt which Carrie had once sent to the laundry. It had returned pale and flat looking.

The door of the train slammed while John looked with terrible fascination into his own eyes. He was alone now on the platform. The train disappeared without his having noticed that it had come.

Yes, he was old—had grown old in the service of the Roger Allen Company. But it didn't matter now. Those years of toil had been rewarded. He had a position of trust now, a well paying position. They had not forgotten his loyalty, his conscientiousness, his integrity. He had gotten where he was on his reliability, his tireless application. Back in the old century he had known that he could not fail if he was dependable and sincere. Young Hazelton Allen had known—

Hazelton Allen! Oh, yes. He had married Laura Anne. Last evening they had married. And yesterday John had been promoted. Funny, two such important things happening on the same day. God, could it be that—

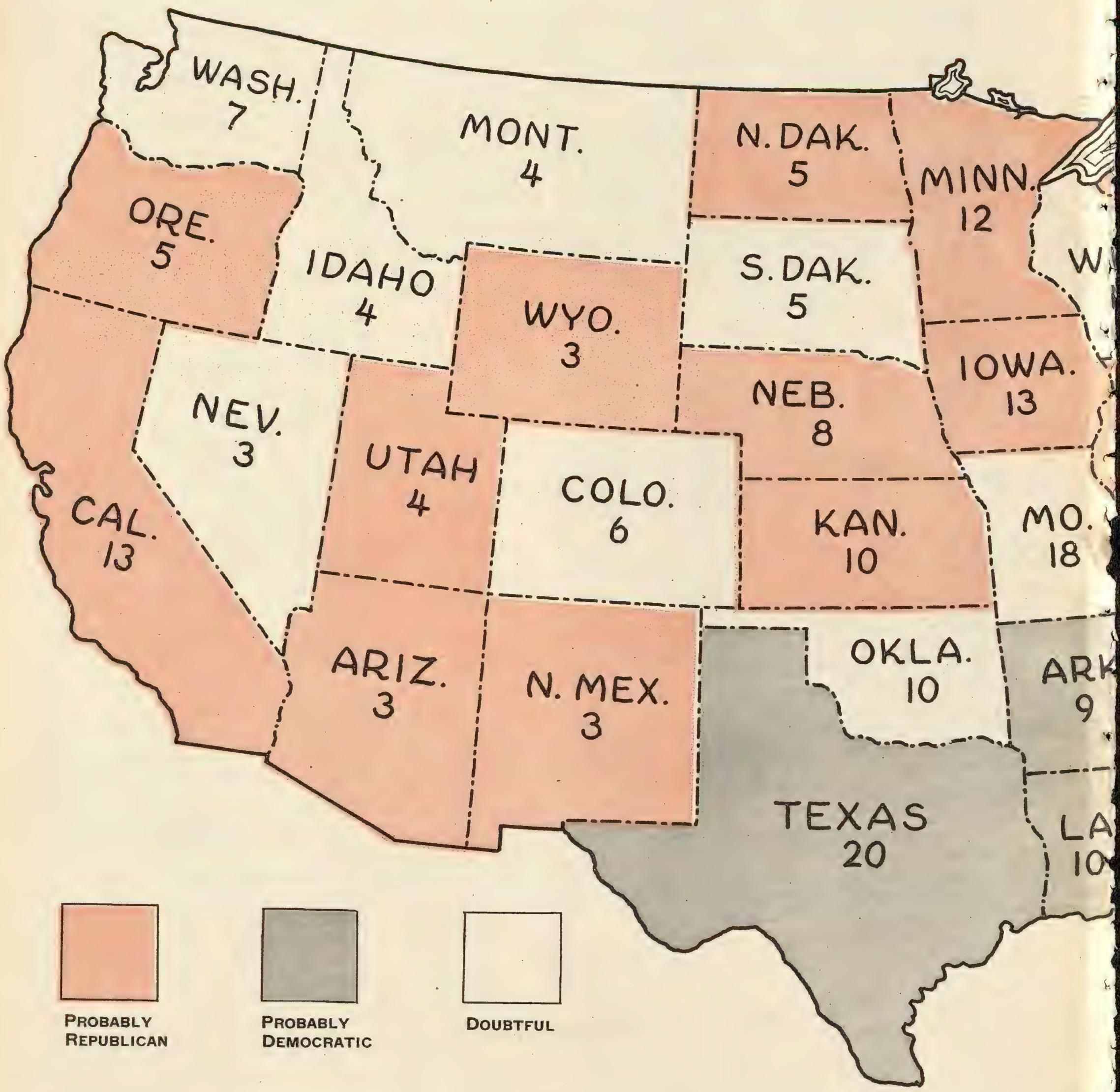
John walked to the rail around the platform. His mouth was open a little. He felt warm and breathless.

On the same day. Funny how small the automobiles looked from away up here. Small and futile. And he had worked so hard. He had given all he had for many years. Small and futile. Now he was head of the department. On the same day. Funny, two such important things happening on the same day. Awfully funny. Sort of laughable. On the same—

MAN HURLS SELF FROM "L" STRUCTURE

Another "Daily Tabloid" story by Viña Delmar will appear in an early issue.

Can You Forecast the Elect



HERE is a game for Election Day or sooner. Try it with your friends.

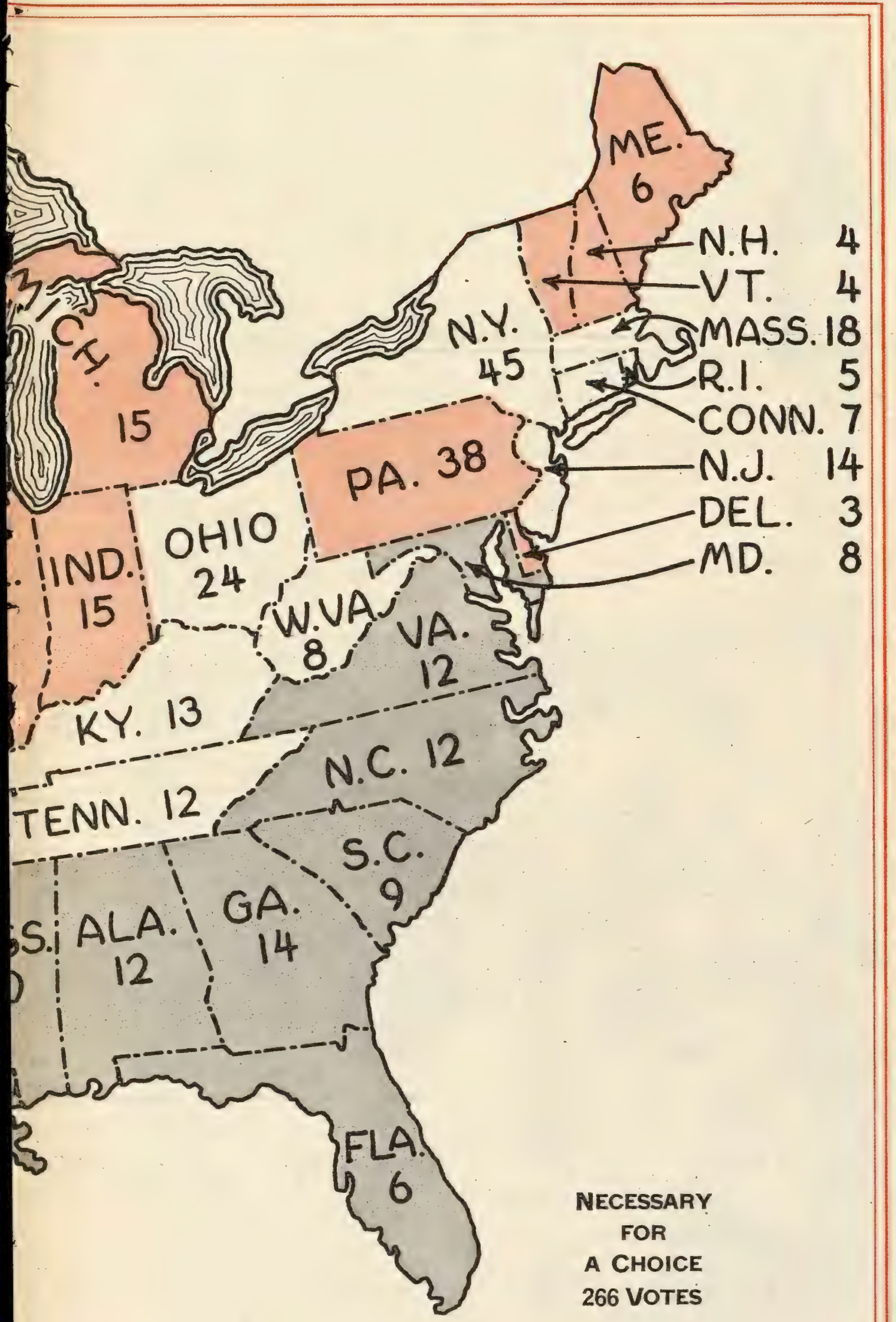
Two or twenty can play—any number you like.

The map shows approximately the political complexion of the United States. That is to say, it indicates, as nearly as may be predicted, how the states are likely to vote for President. With this as a guide (and remembering, of course, that any prediction may fail) enter each state's electoral votes in one of the columns at the extreme right, for Hoover or Smith, according to which way you think it will be.

Challenge your friends, or the members of your family, to do the same thing. If you can not get enough copies of LIBERTY to go round make up tables of your own.

Place each list in a sealed envelope with the owner's name on it, and leave all the envelopes in the custody of one person. After the election returns are in, open the envelopes. The one

n? Try This Game and See



VOTE IN 1916	1920	1924	STATE		HOOVER	SMITH
D	D	D	ALABAMA	12		
D	R	R	ARIZONA	3		
D	D	D	ARKANSAS	9		
D	R	R	CALIFORNIA	13		
D	R	R	COLORADO	6		
R	R	R	CONNECTICUT	7		
R	R	R	DELAWARE	3		
D	D	D	FLORIDA	6		
D	D	D	GEORGIA	14		
D	R	R	IDAHO	4		
R	R	R	ILLINOIS	29		
R	R	R	INDIANA	15		
R	R	R	IOWA	13		
D	R	R	KANSAS	10		
D	D	R	KENTUCKY	13		
D	D	D	LOUISIANA	10		
R	R	R	MAINE	6		
D	R	R	MARYLAND	8		
R	R	R	MASS.	18		
R	R	R	MICHIGAN	15		
R	R	R	MINNESOTA	12		
D	D	D	MISSISSIPPI	10		
D	R	R	MISSOURI	18		
D	R	R	MONTANA	4		
D	R	R	NEBRASKA	8		
D	R	R	NEVADA	3		
D	R	R	N.HAMPSHIRE	4		
R	R	R	N. JERSEY	14		
D	R	R	N. MEXICO	3		
R	R	R	NEW YORK	45		
D	D	D	N.CAROLINA	12		
D	R	R	N. DAKOTA	5		
D	R	R	OHIO	24		
D	R	D	OKLAHOMA	10		
R	R	R	OREGON	5		
R	R	R	PENN.	38		
R	R	R	RHODEISLAND	5		
D	D	D	S. CAROLINA	9		
R	R	R	S. DAKOTA	5		
D	R	D	TENNESSEE	12		
D	D	D	TEXAS	20		
D	R	R	UTAH	4		
R	R	R	VERMONT	4		
D	D	D	VIRGINIA	12		
D	R	R	WASHINGTON	7		
R	R	R	W. VIRGINIA	8		
R	R	★	WISCONSIN	13		
D	R	R	WYOMING	3		
TOTALS				531		

★ Wisconsin for La Follette in 1924

se totals agree most closely with the returns be the winner.

ear in mind that the figures on the map and he table indicate the number of each state's toral votes. Except in certain rare in- ces, the electoral vote within a state is not ded. Whoever wins in New York wins New York's forty-five votes—all of them. Thus New York is worth as much to a candidate as a dozen of the smallest states put together, and it may easily happen that a candidate who wins in the largest number of states is nevertheless the loser, because he does not win the states with the largest number of electoral votes.

Sugar-Coated LITERATURE

The Films Have Their Way with a Couple of Books

A Page of Movie Reviews

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Corinne Griffith playing a strictly nice Lady Hamilton, with Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson, in The Divine Lady.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

THE chief weakness of Hollywood films lies in sentimentalizing and romanticizing its stories. The film capital is as afraid to study truth in a closeup as it is to look a Klieg in the eye.

Corinne Griffith's new " million dollar " First National special, The Divine Lady, is a prime example. It is based on E. Barrington's recent novel of Lady Hamilton, one of the most discussed women of history.

The picture sugar-coats the immortal and broadminded Emma, who passed from one man to another up the social scale until she married Sir William Hamilton and then became the mistress of Britain's great admiral, Horatio Nelson.

As far as the celluloid Divine Lady is concerned, Emma is a beautiful young woman having a whole series of purely platonic affairs.

What might have been a rather passionate panorama of the dying days of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth becomes merely a pretty and tediously censored recital of Lady Hamilton's career.

The film pictures both the Battle of the Nile and Trafalgar, but the effect is repetitious and far from exciting. Even shots and actions are repeated.

The film is done with early Marion Davies lavishness. The photography is gorgeous and Miss Griffith is as lovely a Lady Hamilton as Romney painted. Hers is a ladylike performance and far from the real Emma of history. For instance, Lady Hamilton was fat and forty-one at the time of Trafalgar.

Victor Varconi disappoints as Lord Nelson. The rest of the cast is expensive but actory.

Passing the badly developed film story of Lady Hamilton, you still must face the fact that the picture is long and dreary.

★ ★ ★

Just as The Divine Lady is sentimentalized, so too, in its way, is the Paramount film version of Jim Tully's Beggars of Life. Tully is a writer who deals in the raw. Hollywood just now is annoyed with him because of his articles about its idols.

Beggars of Life is a tale of the renegades and drifters who hover just outside of organized society. Tully, who once rode the rods himself, knows them at first hand as misanthropes, strangely out of step with life.

The central figures of Tully's story are a forlorn girl fugitive, who, in desperate defense, has killed the farmer who adopted her, and a young vagrant beating his way to his uncle's ranch in Alberta. Their greatest menace—and ultimate benefactor—is one Oklahoma Red, a swaggering bully of the box cars.

Tully originally painted Red as a sardonic observer of life struggling in his way against the social system he despised. The film makes him a rough, comic tramp whose sinister and cruel exterior hides a heart of gold.

This is distinctly a man's film. Into it has gone some of the restless, lonely nomad lure. It has a novel background.

You will like Louise Brooks as the homeless girl, Richard Arlen as the young tramp, and Wallace Beery as Oklahoma Red.

William Haines makes a little comedy in shampooing Josephine Dunn in Excess Baggage, a film about show people. Above: Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks find romance in the crude world of Jim Tully's Beggars of Life.

★

When John McGowan wrote Excess Baggage as a stage play, he managed to extract more drama than does Metro-Goldwyn in filming the same yarn. Excess Baggage is the story of a small time vaudeville couple.

Along come the movies to sign up the feminine half of the act, who has been merely excess baggage to the tightwire star of the turn. The positions are reversed. Hubby is excess baggage now.

Sick of it all, he decides upon suicide—a slip from the wire in his " death slide." I shall not tell you what happens.

Director James Cruze tells the whole story carefully and yet the film falls with a dull thud. Perhaps William Haines is too much the smart Aleck for a persuasively appealing rôle.

Personalities—

Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, and his real name is Van Mattimore. . . . William Haines, whose real cognomen is Charles William Haines, comes from Staunton in the same State. . . . Corinne Griffith made her first film for Vitagraph in 1916. . . . Louise Brooks was in the Scandals of 1923.

Do you know that—

The Jazz Singer has passed the $1,500,000 mark in earnings? . . . Eddie Leonard is to do a sound film, The Heart of a Minstrel? . . . Paul Robeson will play the lead in Hallelujah, King Vidor's forthcoming story of Negro life?

Here's the soup that always tempts!

SOUP
and coaxing "our gang" to eat

"WHAT do you mean coaxing? My trouble is to put on the brakes. My children have the appetites of boa constrictors!"

Wait a minute, lady, wait a minute. We know all about that. We have youngsters about the house ourselves. But we ask you if you don't stage a little play in your home just about every day. It goes something like this:

SCENE: The dining-table. Actors: Several young huskies all rarin' to go at their food *if* and *when* they see something that's really interesting. You head the cast, of course. Come the vegetables and other necessaries. General indifference among the youthful players. You give the cue—in fact, you give it several times and there's a slow swinging into action. Pretty soon you notice a let-up and once again you prod the laggards. You speak sharply and by and by, your nerves get on edge. Does it make a dent? It does not. All eyes are set on the dessert and other more alluring dishes. Sly rewards are offered, followed by open threats. And in the end you are likely to have a band of noisy rebels to handle.

And all because you are doing your duty as a conscientious mother and trying to get the children to eat the food you know their health demands. Well, here's something that really works. Start them off with good, hot, delicious soup. They'll eat that—and like it. And it contains precious vegetable foods their growing bodies need.

SOUP, you know, retains far more of the valuable mineral salts of vegetables than if the cooking water is thrown away, as is so often done in the home kitchen. This makes soup especially beneficial to children. Then, too, soup promotes the free flow of the digestive juices and thus helps to keep the little tummies in good working order. That's mighty important, for even the most careful of mothers can't control all a child's eating.

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Keep my tummy happy!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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It also pictures in actual colors the principal living rooms of these homes, and tells just what shades and tints to use for the walls, ceilings, woodwork and furniture. In all, the book contains 56 pages.

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The Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark on the rail. Sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, it is available in three sizes at $8.95, $18.50 and $49.75 at leading stores everywhere.

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Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your Catalog, giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

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One Ball and the Game is Won

Excitement runs high. And although he hasn't played much, the youngster will probably make it. That's why billiards is so fascinating—so absorbing—the unexpected usually does *happen.*

BILLIARDS is never dull, never tedious—but always exciting, invariably entertaining, to both beginner and the more or less skilled player. Unlike almost every other game, it holds the interest from the start. It comes to everyone, young and old alike, from the very beginning. The first game played demonstrates the fascination it exercises.

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And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $8.95 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

P.D.F.

A Story of Love, Luck, and Liniment

He was in a small brown tent, and had no clothes on, and was being rubbed with something which smelled heavenly and to heaven.

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Pictures by PERRY BARLOW

FREDERICK T. BOWERS had neither age nor experience to recommend him. He was not even what is called a "bright" boy. He preferred games to study, synthetic gin to ice cream soda water, and in other ways he was not as sweet and innocent as his parents, out of their accrued wisdom, had always told him to be.

Frederick's father, though not a great golfer, had something mysterious to do with bonds, and in a good year, after unstinting labors, earned an income of seven or eight thousand dollars. In his eyes this was success, and gave him the right to be a little pompous and patronizing in the home, and to give authoritative opinions on any matter whatsoever that came up for discussion.

Frederick's mother also gave herself airs.

The position which women occupy in California and the West generally dates from the early days when to every three or four hundred men there was only one woman. And that woman, whoever she was or whatever she was, very naturally found herself upon a pinnacle of worship. Whoever she was or whatever she was, she was rare.

She is no longer rare—she outnumbers the male, probably; but she still clings to her pinnacle and imagines that she is still worshiped in the glorious old way. Thus clinging and imagining, she does not even take the trouble to improve herself.

Mrs. Bowers gave herself immense credit for being a mother, and a wife, and a housekeeper, and a gardener, and a member of several clubs, and a subscriber to a library, and an indifferent bridge whist player. These things placed her on a pinnacle, and entitled her to love, worship, credence, and obedience.

The fact that she had shrieked unnecessarily on becoming a mother, had shirked her wifely duties for fear of becoming twice a mother, kept her house and garden no better than her neighbors kept theirs, and understood little or nothing of what she read, in no way scratched even the surface of that golden opinion which she had of herself. It never entered her head that great women are as rare as great men.

Nobody really shared the opinion which Fred's father had of himself, or which Fred's mother had of herself. But all the rest of their opinions were probably shared by a large majority of American parents: Young men who didn't like to work never came to good ends; without religion nobody ever gets anywhere (Fred's mother often said that she really didn't know what would become of her if it wasn't for her *faith*—whatever that was); there was something sacred about marriage and parenthood; God not only helped those who helped themselves, but those were the only persons He ever did help.

Until he was three or four years old Fred considered his parents extraordinary beings, world shakers. Then he began to catch them in little lies, little contradictions, and hypocrisies, and selfishnesses, and ignorances. And as he grew older he caught them in more and more of these things. He discovered that preaching is one thing and practice another. And he discovered that the parents of almost all his small friends were almost exactly like them. Nevertheless, he boasted of his parents to them, and they boasted to him of theirs.

HE struggled through grammar school and high school. For his graduation from the latter, Mrs. Bowers had her hair bobbed, and many people said how young she looked to have such a big boy. This flattered her into a lamb chop and pineapple diet and the belief that people—that is to say, mothers—are just as young as they feel. Her weight went down and her skirts came up. When she went to the movies with her son, she hoped that she was sometimes mistaken for his sister or his sweetheart. To her friends she confided: "Fred and I are not the usual mother and son; we are pals, chums. He tells me everything. Don't you, darling?"

"Yes, mother."

But of course he didn't. He told her nothing. As a matter of fact, he didn't tell anybody much of anything. When your crowd got hold of a little synthetic gin you laughed and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Behind her class

perhaps another victim of cachexia (run-down condition)

When lessons become too hard and children fall behind in their studies, consider first their physical condition. Many children, unknown to their parents, suffer from cachexia (run-down condition) and hence are not up to normal either physically or mentally.

Have your child eat Yeast Foam Tablets for a while. This yeast is absolutely pure. It is a food, not a drug or medicine. It doesn't ferment. And it has a delicious taste that everyone likes. Most folks chew these tablets like candy.

For better appetite, and digestion; for strength and energy, eat Yeast Foam Tablets. Five cents for the handy packet or 50c for the large bottle.

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At drug stores everywhere

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[P. D. F. Continued from page twenty-one]

sang, and perhaps boasted, but you didn't tell each other anything. And when your father, softened perhaps by a little synthetic gin that he had gotten hold of, told his friends that you and he were not the usual father and son, but chums, pals, and that you told him everything, and appealed to you for confirmation, you looked guileless and embarrassed and said, "Sure."

FRED never told his parents anything that was of importance to him. It was far better and safer, he thought, not to strain that veneer of chumship and palship. But when his mother, owing to the chops and pineapple, became very sick and was taken to the hospital, he endured a passion of filial anxiety until she had been pronounced out of danger.

If he had been analytical and articulate, he might have said to himself: "This is very queer. My mother is a fool, and untruthful, and vain, and a hypocrite. Nevertheless, I love her, and if anything happened to her I'd just about die."

But Mrs. Bowers was not pronounced out of danger for some time. She had thickly veneered her insides with mutton tallow, and this high polish had to be dissolved before she could once more function as a wife, mother, housekeeper, gardener, club member, chum, pal, and indifferent bridge whist player.

In the meanwhile somebody had to keep house and look after Bowers and his son. A telegram fetched Mrs. Bowers' own mother from Denver.

Fred had not seen his grandmother for five years. He remembered her as a lean woman about whom there was no atmosphere of nonsense. He did not remember her as being so little.

"Hello, grandma. I'm Fred."

"You don't look it," she said. "I suppose you must have grown. How's your mother this morning?"

"A little better. Father had to go to the office. Got any trunk checks? The car's right outside."

They were no sooner in the car than Mrs. Porter denounced both of Fred's parents.

"Such goings on!" she said. "Your mother's a fool to go on a diet without consulting a physician, and your father's a fool to let her."

"She's pretty sick," said Fred.

"Fools can be just as sick as wise people," said Mrs. Porter, "and they're apt to be sick oftener. But your mother comes of a tough, down East barnyard strain, and she'll pull through. . . . So you finished high school? Going to college?"

"No, ma'am. Father wants me to go to work. He has no use for college."

"He ought to know. He tried it and couldn't get through freshman year."

This was news to Fred, but he relished it. Father had always emanated an atmosphere of former scholastic triumphs.

"What are you going to work at?"

"Dunno. Father wants me to begin at the bottom of something or other and work up."

"Wants you to start where he did instead of where he left off? Ain't that parental!"

The old lady chuckled. Then she laid a skinny hand on Fred's left forearm.

"Ever since you was born," she said, "I've been putting money aside for you to go into business with. When you've decided what it's to be, you just let me know and I'll send you the money. You've got ten thousand dollars coming to you."

Fred nearly ran the car into a telegraph pole.

"Gee whiz!" he said.

"Any notion what you'd like to do or be?"

"No, ma'am. I guess I'd better talk it over with father."

"What for? Your father makes a living, and I respect him for that. But if he had business brains he'd be rich, wouldn't he? I gave your mother ten thousand dollars when she married, and your father bought the only piece of real estate in California that hasn't increased in value in the last nineteen years, and now that prohibition is here to stay, it never will increase. I suppose," she chuckled, "none of you young folks knows what a drink of good liquor tastes like?"

Natalie was very little and slim like a boy. She couldn't have been more than sixteen.

"Not *good* liquor," said Fred, "but once in a while we rustle a little synthetic gin."

"Beats the Dutch," said Mrs. Porter, "how prohibition has started folks drinking—folks that never drank before, and folks that was just about sick and tired of drinking. How's your father?"

"Pretty busy, I guess. He don't ever seem to get much time off. He says life is just one damned thing after another. But you know, grandma, he sold that land for mother the other day."

"What did he get for it?"

"Well, he didn't tell *me*, but I overheard him say that he'd pretty nearly doubled the money. That's not so worse, is it?"

"To double your money once in nineteen years—in California! That land cost ten thousand dollars. It's cost more than ten thousand dollars in taxes and loss of interest to carry it. More than likely he's lost about three thousand dollars on the deal."

"I never thought of it that way," said Fred.

"Let's hope your father does better with the balance," said Mrs. Porter.

He did. He bought bonds, safe and stodgy.

Fred's mother came out of the hospital as slim as she had ever hoped to be, and his grandmother went back to Denver.

Upon leaving, she repeated her promise about the $10,000.

"You just let me know when you're ready for it," she said. "Only be sure you're ready. Don't send for the money until you know of something that you know you believe in, and that you can put your heart and mind in."

II

TO any sane young Californian with $10,000 capital the world should be as an oyster, a succulent morsel to be devoured for the mere pains of opening it. Fred was sane and in a sense cautious. Real estate was out. Men of his blood, he decided, with father as a horrible example, did not have the real estate touch. Farming was out. And so, as a matter of fact, was everything he could think of. And this was disappointing, for he was very earnest to be rich and looked up to; he was earnest to be a lavish spender, a snappy dresser, and a well known sportsman.

If he picked on the right investment he would be a millionaire in no time. He knew that. And having the idea that when the right investment came along his instinct would cause him to recognize it, he began to feel like a millionaire. His imagination began to need a great deal of room. He took to roaming the countryside and to climbing small mountains. His dreams seemed so splendid to him that he could not bear to have them interrupted by human agencies.

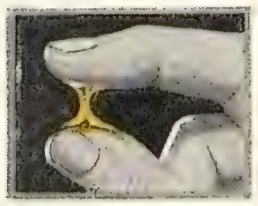
One morning, on his way to climb a precipitous rock known as Sal Si Puedes, he stepped from behind a thick group of lilac bushes directly into the path of a Ford truck, and was left for dead in the middle of a road so little used that it was mostly grass and wild flowers.

He came to with his head in a blue denim lap.

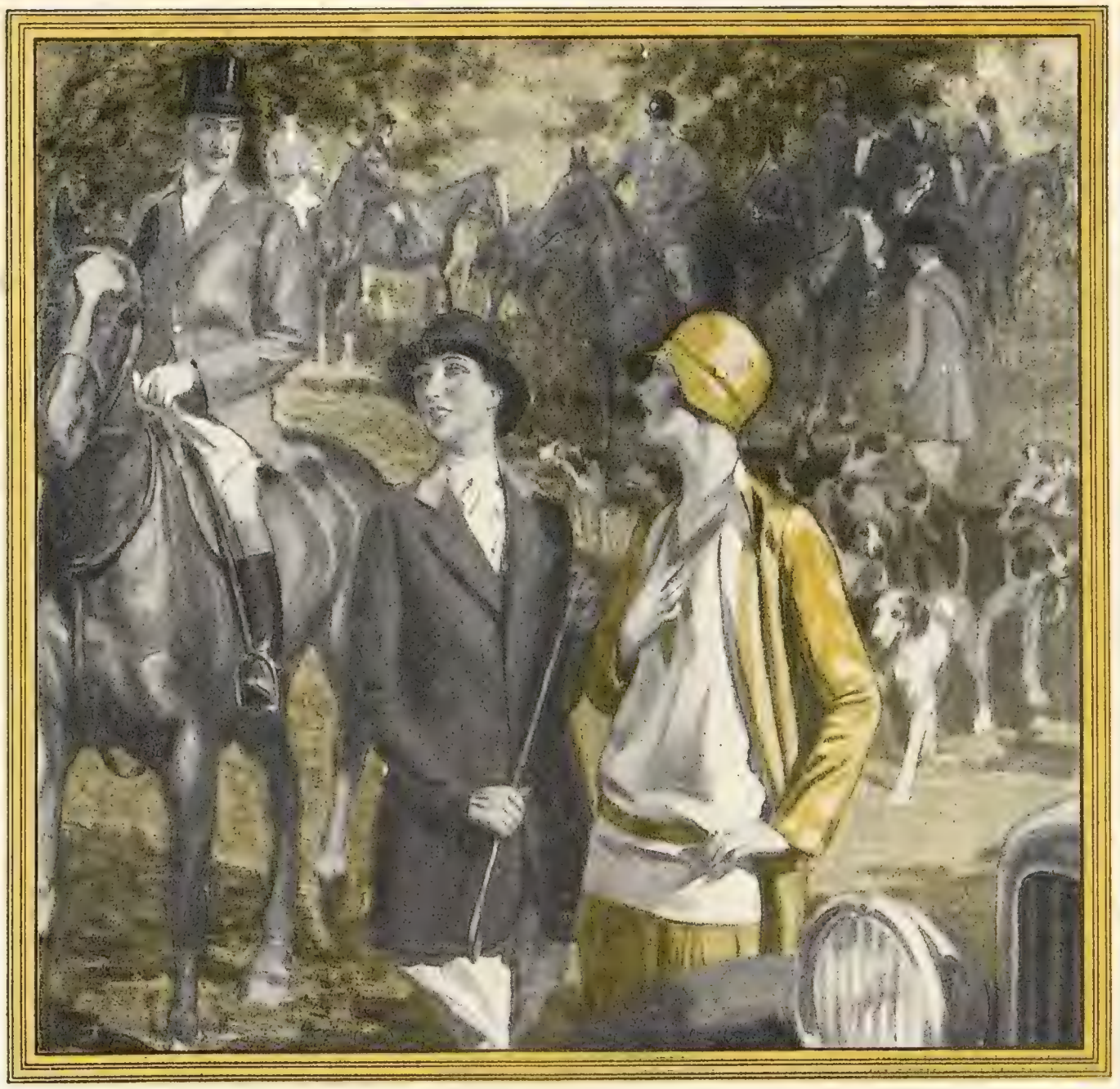
At first there seemed to be three

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

FULL BODY



IN ALL GRADES



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"Fourth Down—One to Go!"

All-Electric
A. C. Combination

(105 to 130 volts; 25 to 40 or 50 to 60 cycles)
7 receiving tubes, with push-pull power stage

This combination of Model 801-A Series B receiver, with Model 435-A Reproducer attached to the cover, is a completely self-contained radio. Built-in light socket aerial. FOUR tuned circuits. ONE tuning control. Gold-plated illuminated dial, calibrated in wave-lengths. Price of set, **$96,** without tubes. Attachable reproducer, **$16.** Price of combination, without tubes..... $112

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TRUE TONE BY TEST

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Same as Model 801-A Series B, but not equipped for attachable reproducer. Without tubes,

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The same style in battery operated set, **$69,** without tubes.

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This reproducer will improve the reception of your old set in a surprising manner.

All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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Fourth down! One yard to go! Thirty seconds to play! What a world of drama surges around those pale goal posts in the gathering twilight!

You can hear it, feel it—almost *see* it, though you're miles away. The new Stewart-Warner Radio brings it to you, play by play—the blare of the band, the stamp of thousands of feet, the cheers, the spirit!

You'll marvel at the absolute Realism of reproduction made possible only by Stewart-Warner's exclusive Electric Ear test. Fidelity of re-creation close to perfection.

This set has pick-up receptacles for playing records through the new reproducer with results equal to a new-type phonograph. Alone the reproducer will work wonders on any set.

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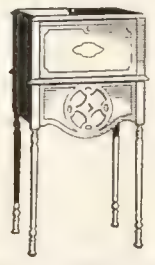

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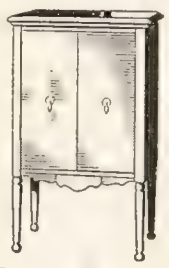

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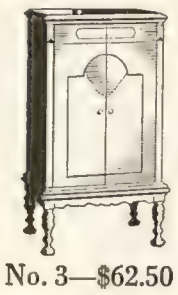

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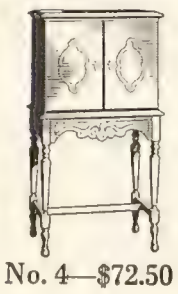

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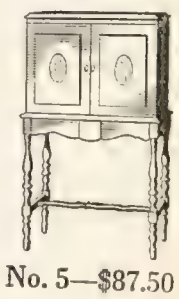

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]
faces looking down at him. The three faces at the end of a few seconds became one face. It was a thin brown face, much freckled. It had rather undersized but very steady blue eyes, and was framed in straight brown hair which had been roughly bobbed. The mouth that belonged to the face was rather large; the jaws seemed to be at work upon a piece of gum.

He closed his eyes and, being in pain from head to foot, whined and said:

"Gee! My back!"

"Pop," said a rather undersized but very steady voice, "will be along soon. He'll fix you—good."

The next thing he knew, he seemed to be coming to again. He had been lifted by an unseen force and was being carried somewhere or other. He heard snatches of conversation:

"I didn't feel no breaks. If his kidneys ain't busted or something, he'll be all right. He's just one big bruise."

"The poor boob stepped right out in front of the truck. Guess the driver must of thought he'd killed him, 'cause the last I seed of him he was doin' fifty across a plowed field."

"Hit 'n' run, hit 'n' run. That's life."

Then he was in a small brown tent, and had no clothes on, and was being rubbed with something which smelled heavenly and to heaven. His head cleared and the pains with which he was involved from head to foot could be borne.

"WHAT you rubbin' me with?" he asked. "It smell's awful good."

"It smells good, and it does good. It's a Indian lotion. If I had the money to patent it and put it on the market, Natalie and me we'd live in a mansion instead of a tent, and I could have my holler teeth filled."

The man kept on rubbing, and the pains with which Fred's body was all mixed up became fewer and less.

"How much would it cost to patent it and put in on the market?"

"It would cost all o' ten thousand dollars; but I'd go halves with anybody that would put up the money."

"You would?"

"And do all the work. . . . Now, young feller, see if you can sit up without help."

Fred sat up.

"See if you can stand up."

Fred stood up.

"See if you can walk."

He could.

"Then get your clothes on and we'll have a bite to eat."

The lotion seemed to have worked a miracle.

When Fred was dressed, his host called out:

"Come on in here, Natalie, and behold the work o' pop's hands and pop's lotion."

Fred perceived that Natalie was very little and slim like a boy. She couldn't have been more than sixteen. You wouldn't have called her face pretty so much as brave. Still, it would be a peach of a little face to kiss, with all that brown and all those freckles. With a good haircut and the right kind of clothes and slippers, she would be as cute as a bug's ear. He looked straight into the small, steady, bright blue eyes, and said:

"I think it might be good luck if we was to call the lotion—Nataline."

III

HE wrote a letter to his grandmother, and by return mail received a check for $10,000. With the check was a note which contained not one word of caution or advice. He indorsed the check to the order of John Aloysius Brown and carried it at a steady run all the way to the tent in the foothills.

"It's fifty fifty," he said. "We don't need to sign any papers. I trust you absolutle."

They shook hands. The big, strong body of John Aloysius Brown trembled and his eyes filled with tears. In this curious world, which gives so many chances to one man and so few to another, this was the first real chance that John Aloysius Brown had ever had.

What Fred's father said to Fred was an earful.

Suddenly he turned to Natalie, and, with an effort at mirth, he said, "Ever kiss a millionaire, pop's honey precious?" and caught her to his heart and became convulsed with sobs. But he was strong and in the pink of physical condition, so that the sobbing was soon over. He released her and said, "Kiss the other millionaire."

"You just bet I will!" cried Natalie; and she flung herself upon Fred, and before a man could have exclaimed "Jack Robinson!" his heart and soul were bound to her forever.

Now Fred Bowers' life became suddenly so full of a number of things that his parents became mystified and suspicious. He came and went in states of the greatest elation. Presently Mrs. Bowers began to think that there must be a young woman in the case, and jealousy moved her to a campaign of spying and letter opening. A letter to Fred from his grandmother let the cat out of the bag.

Mrs. Bowers went through Fred's clothes while he was asleep and found it. She stole back to her own bedroom and waked her husband, and made him read the letter:

DEAR FRED:

The lotion has actually done my knee good. Have you got your patent yet? Don't worry too much if you lose your money. You will have had a great experience, and that's what counts. I wouldn't give a cent for or to a young man that wouldn't take a few risks. As you are going to take the man's daughter's name away from her and put it on the labels, you'll have to find another name for her. I suggest "Freckleine."

Your loving

GRANDMA.

Bowers senior refused to act until morning. But Mrs. Bowers could not contain herself. She returned to her son's room and shook him into a state of wakefulness.

"My son," she said in a flat and ominous voice, "how much money did your grandmother give you?"

"She gave me ten thousand dollars, mother."

"Where is it? What have you done with it? Answer me at once."

"I've gone in with a man named Brown to manufacture and market a patent lotion called Nataline. It's a dandy lotion, mother—just wonderful for sprains and bruises. There's a lot of money in it."

"TO think," exclaimed Mrs. Bowers, "that a son of mine should be a *fool!*" And she shot another question at him:

"Who is the man's daughter?"

"You been reading my letter," said Fred.

"I am your mother; I have a right to read your letters."

"You have often told me that reading other people's letters was dishonorable."

"I'll teach you to talk back to me! Answer my question."

"The man," said Fred sullenly, "is my partner—Mr. Brown; and Natalie is his daughter—"

"Natalie—*Nataline*—FRECKLEINE!" Mrs. Bowers' voice rose to a kind of scathing scream.

"Mother, you've always said that what's done can't be undone. Why don't you hope my business will be a success instead of having fits about it? . . . Every feller likes to have his chance."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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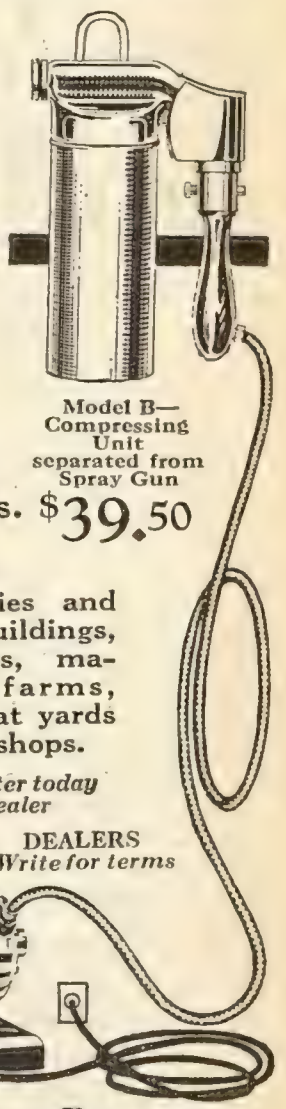

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Fougere Royale Lotion is the equal of one skilled barber, a half hour of your time and the price of a good, brisk massage—every day. It's styptic, too—stops bleeding and heals those nasty, little nicks you can't avoid with the best of razors.

Try it, in combination with Fougere Royale Shaving Cream—the non-caustic, non-irritating shaving cream that vanquishes all smarting and after-shaving burn. Generous in lather, rich in purity, you'll find this cream a suave diplomat between your beard and razor.

A generous sample of both—mildly perfumed with that wholesome, outdoor fragrance, Fougere Royale (Royal Fern)—is yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon below—for twin discoveries in shaving enjoyment.

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P. D. F.

[Continued from page twenty-five]

"I want to know how old this young woman is."

"She's sixteen," said Fred.

"I'll sixteen her!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowers.

"Now, mother, don't carry on—please don't. She's a good kid. And Mr. Brown's a regular old peach, mother. You'll like them."

"Like them! Like them!"

She left him finally with a horrid threat.

"I don't know what your father will say to you in the morning."

What Fred's father said to Fred in the morning was an earful. He scathed him and tongue-lashed him for a fool.

"I'm a business man," he began chokingly. "Why in hell didn't you come to me? I'd have invested the money for you. I'd have put you into something safe and conservative—something that would have paid you a little income always and that might increase in value. But maybe it's not too late. I'll see Judge Sawyer at once. And if this Brown has got any of your money left I'll make him disgorge. What about the girl? Have you been carrying on with the girl? Is she the one that made you go nutty?"

"I couldn't tell mother," said Fred, "she was in such a state. But I guess I better tell you." And he added in a small voice, "We're married."

"Not without my consent you're not. You're only nineteen years old. I'll have your marriage annulled quicker than the jerk of a lamb's tail."

"Why don't you meet Mr. Brown and Natalie before you condemn 'em? You've always told me never to condemn anyone unseen or unheard."

"I'll see *him* and I'll tell *him* what I think of him!"

"Father," Fred pleaded, "he's been awful businesslike—honest, he has."

"You being the judge!"

Fred lifted his young shoulders in despair.

"And what, pray, since you choose to be so sneering, is your idea of being businesslike?"

"Well," said Fred, "I dunno, exactly. But we've sold ten thousand bottles of Nataline, and we've got orders for fifty thousand more. And you don't think I'd be such a fool as to go and get married, do you, if I didn't have prospects?"

When she went to the movies with her son, she hoped that she was sometimes mistaken for his sister.

Fred's father became strangely quiet.

"You've sold ten thousand bottles and you've got orders for fifty thousand more? Just what does that mean to you in dollars and cents?"

"About ten thousand dollars," said Fred. "But we've only been going a few months, and I'll probably put most of it back into the business. Later on, when the real money begins to come in, maybe I'll be able to talk a few bonds with you."

Fred's father was whipped, and he knew it. And Fred knew it. He said:

"Tell mother to lay off, will you? She'll be sorry if she don't."

WHEN Fred had made his first million, he caused to be printed on all the labels of Nataline, in very fine print, the mystic letters, P. D. F. *(Parents are Damned Fools.)*

This was not so much a reflection on his own parents, whom he loved, as a warning to himself and Freckleine.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(*Answers will be found on page seventy-two*)

1—What does *caveat emptor* mean?

2—With what city do you associate gondolas?

3—Who were the Argonauts?

4—Who said, "You may fire when ready, Gridley"?

5—Who composed Humoresque?

6—What is a hedonist?

7—How did Vassar College get its name?

8—What was Flanders?

9—Who wrote Antony and Cleopatra? Cæsar and Cleopatra?

10—What is the usual name for pictures in which the Virgin Mary is the central figure?

11—What is the modern name of the Hellespont?

12—Which is called the Buckeye State?

13—What is the family name of the King of England?

14—What Scandinavian writer was known throughout the world for his fairy tales?

15—What was the port side of a vessel formerly called?

16—What is the name for a green or bluish rust on copper?

17—Who composed the Unfinished Symphony?

18—What is a synod?

19—In which state is most of the Yellowstone National Park?

20—Is Andrew J. Volstead, author of the National Prohibition Act, a member of Congress now?

THE SONORA MELODON

in the homes of Mrs EMILY DAVIES VANDERBILT *and*

Mr ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE Jr

IN the living room of Mrs. Emily Davies Vanderbilt's New York residence stands the magnificent Melodon—the new Sonora achievement that has so suddenly changed all ideas of the electrical reproduction of music.

There it yields to the ears of all its hearers a wholly new concept of the beauty which lies hidden in a phonograph record . . . superb rendition of every nuance . . . the true timbre of the human voice . . . the final purity of tone!

It is only natural that people who know the most about music are most prompt to recognize the perfection of the Sonora Melodon. In a long list of homes of well-known people, the Melodon or the Melodon with Radio, is today installed.

For when these new Sonora instruments were first presented to a brilliant audience in New York, an assemblage of musicians, artists, scientists, patrons of the arts, lovers of music, men and women internationally known, their response was so immediate, their acclaim so enthusiastic, that Sonora stands today with the sponsorship of many experts, for its very evident superiorities.

When Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle Jr., of Philadelphia and New York heard the new Sonora instruments, they chose the Melodon with Radio (Model A-40, shown at left) for the library of their New York home.

The Sonora Radio with or without the Melodon

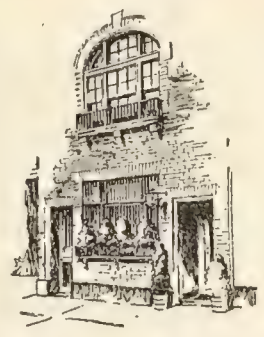
You may have the Melodon alone, or in combination with Sonora Radio as shown here in a corner of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle Jr's., New York home. Or you may have Sonora Radio by its own perfect self.

For Sonora spans the great field of radio and recorded music and its new radios are as distinct and certain an advance as is the Melodon itself.

The Melodonic principle of reproduction permits Sonora to present a radio that for the first time may be called a great musical instrument.

Gone is the consciousness of method and mechanism. You have aerial music in its purest and most lovely form.

For Sonora introduces advances easily perceived. Specifically, it employs the new Sonora 15 volt tubes, of long life and reserve power. This and Melodonic reproduction, brings sweetness, charm, and musical virtuosity to radio music in your home.



Mrs. Emily Davies Vanderbilt's little town house at 176 East 75th Street has, in its beautifully simple living room, this A-20 model of the Sonora Melodon, where it charms the eyes as well as the ears of all.

Get in touch with your music dealer. Hear these Sonoras as soon as you can. They will be for you, as they have been to so many other music lovers, a new conception. And when you learn their cost you will be delighted that so much pleasure may be purchased for so little money!

For, once you hear these new Sonoras, no other instrument will ever seem the same!

Write for booklet to Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc., Dept., L118, Sonora Building, 50 West 57th St., New York City.

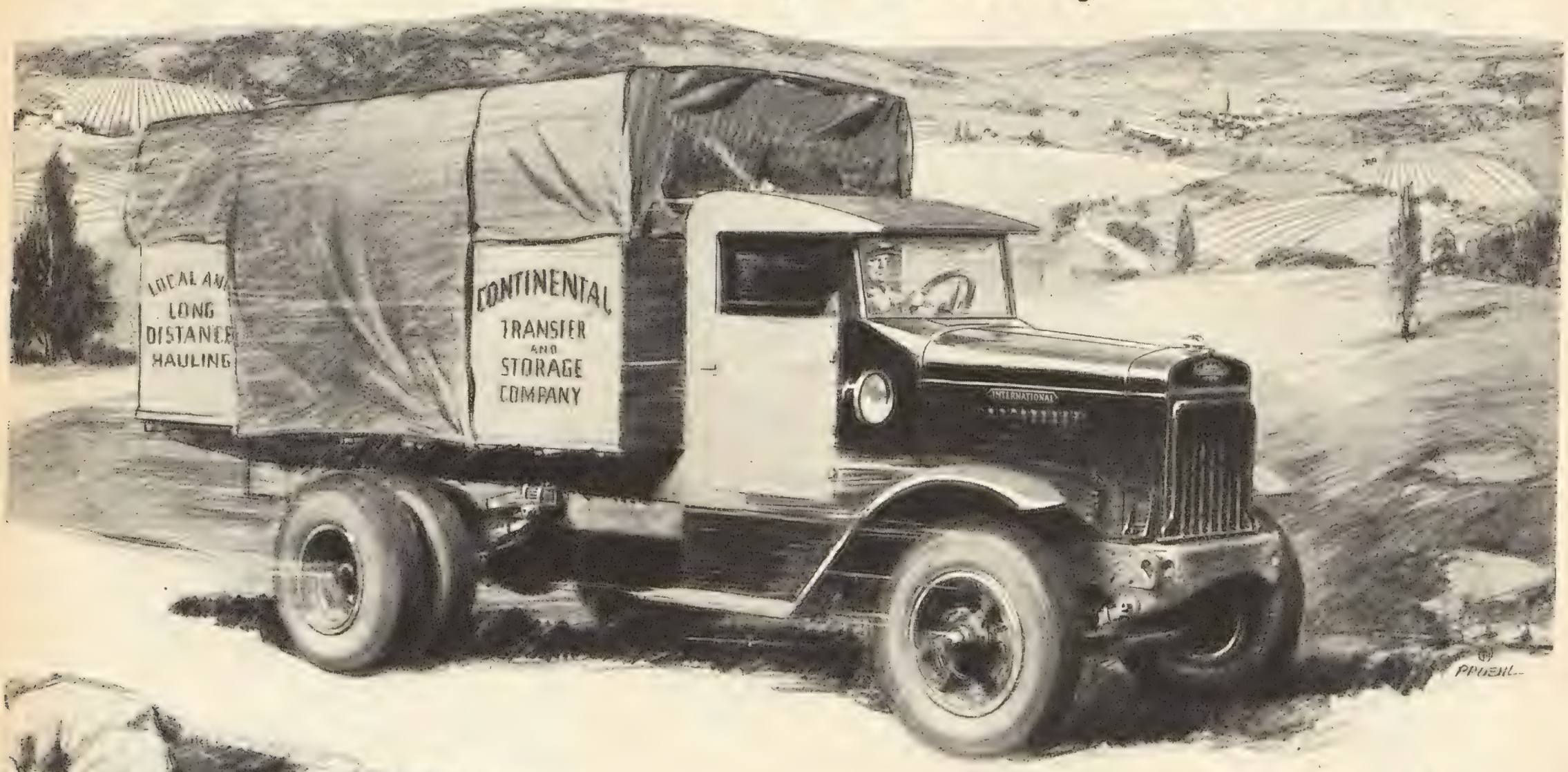
© 1928

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

(Acoustic Products Company)

For 1929, a New and Greater Line of Heavy-Duty Trucks



—and Ready Now!

International
Heavy-Duty Construction

Vibrationless engines developing great pulling power at low speed. Five self-contained engine sub-assemblies, providing accessibility and simplifying service. Unit power plants, cushion-mounted. Clutches with vibration dampers. Transmissions with five speeds forward and two reverse. Internal expanding 4-wheel brakes. Famous International "Steer-Easy" steering gear. Double reduction or chain final drive.

International
Heavy-Duty Trucks

ranging in 2½, 3½, and 5-ton sizes, are supplemented by a full line of

International Speed Trucks

4 and 6-cylinder, 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton sizes. Also ¾-ton Special Delivery and the Six-Speed Special.

Wheelbase lengths for every kind of hauling—short for trailer, medium for dump, long for merchandise, and longer for special purposes—and bodies for every type of load.

International Harvester has engineered a remarkable line of Heavy-Duty models—engineered to the most modern truck standards—completely new, and on view now, in advance of the new year.

Five Forward Speeds in all models, and *Four-Wheel Brakes* on all models, provide the New International Heavy-Duty Line with the essential triple combination of *great pulling power, speed for the straight-away, and the ability to stop!*

New engines, new clutches, new transmissions, more comfortable cabs, easier driving, redesigned hood and radiator, improved appearance—all contribute to the success of these new trucks. Their performance, based on 18 months of engineering and trial, and backed by 25 years of truck building, is vouched for by *International Harvester.*

See and try the New International Heavy-Duty trucks and put them on your job. You will find them ready for every challenge of road and load. They will be safeguarded by the same old reliable, but expanding, *Service*—there are now 168 *International Company-owned branches* in the United States and Canada.

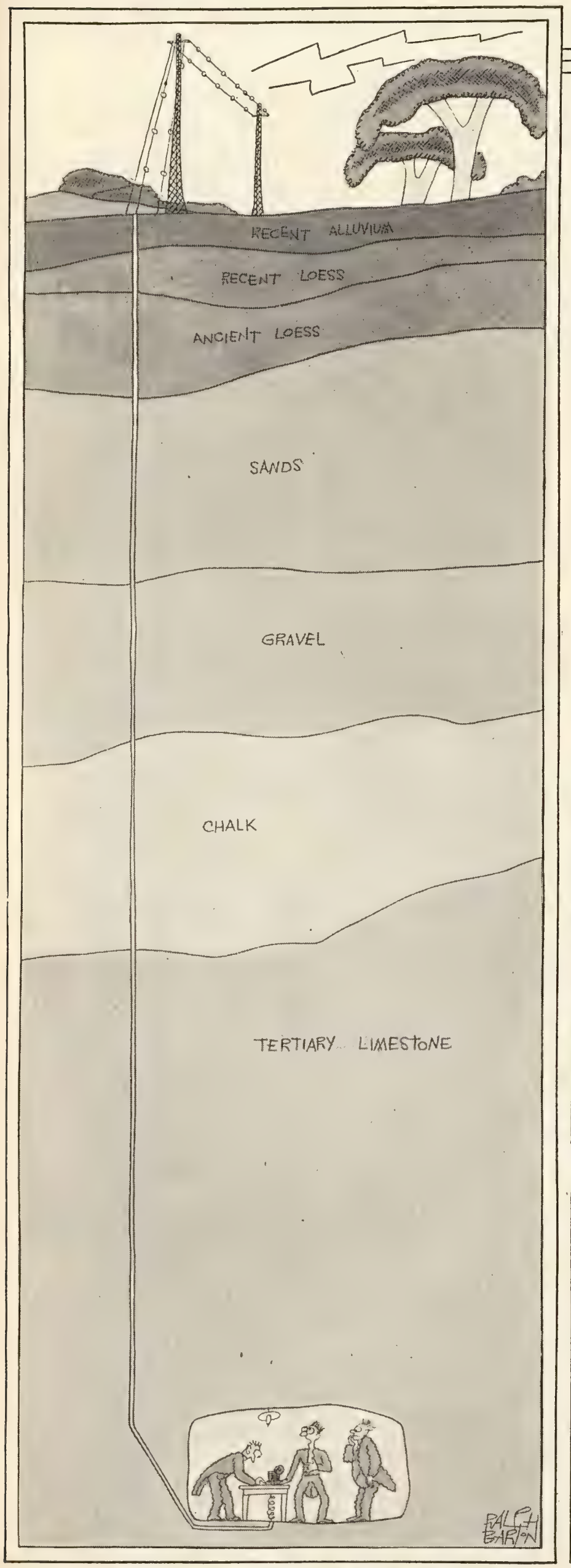
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL

GRAPHIC SECTION

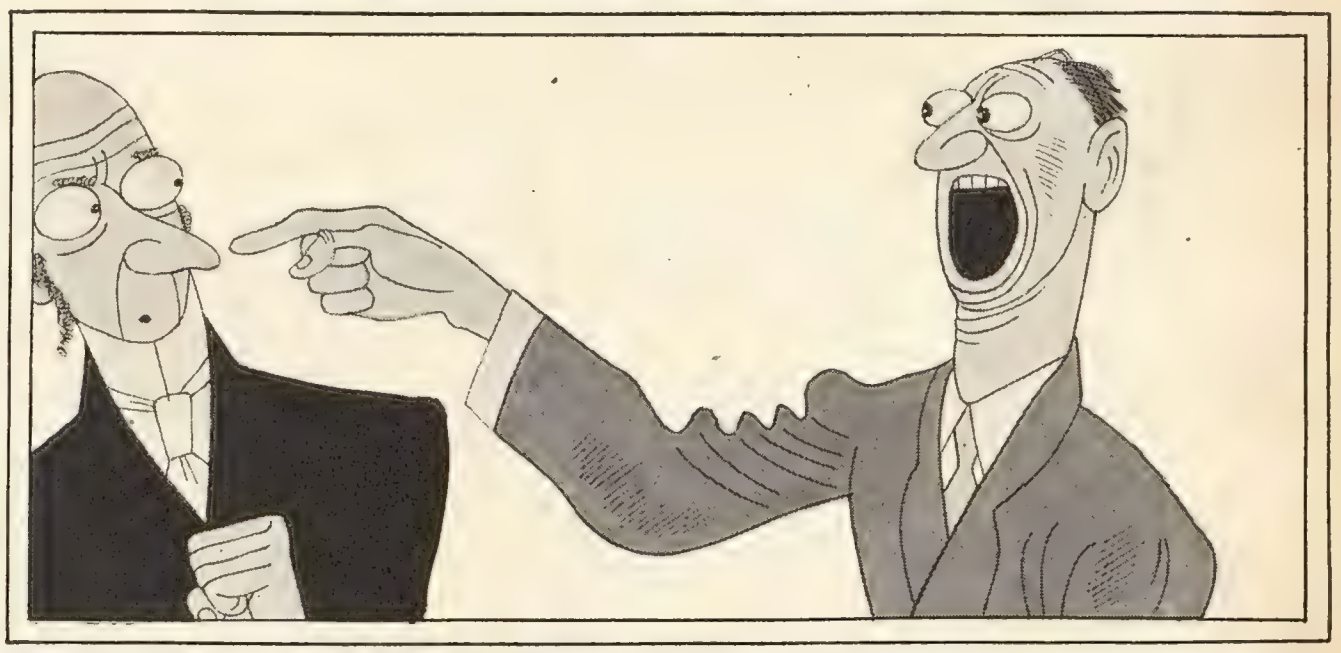
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

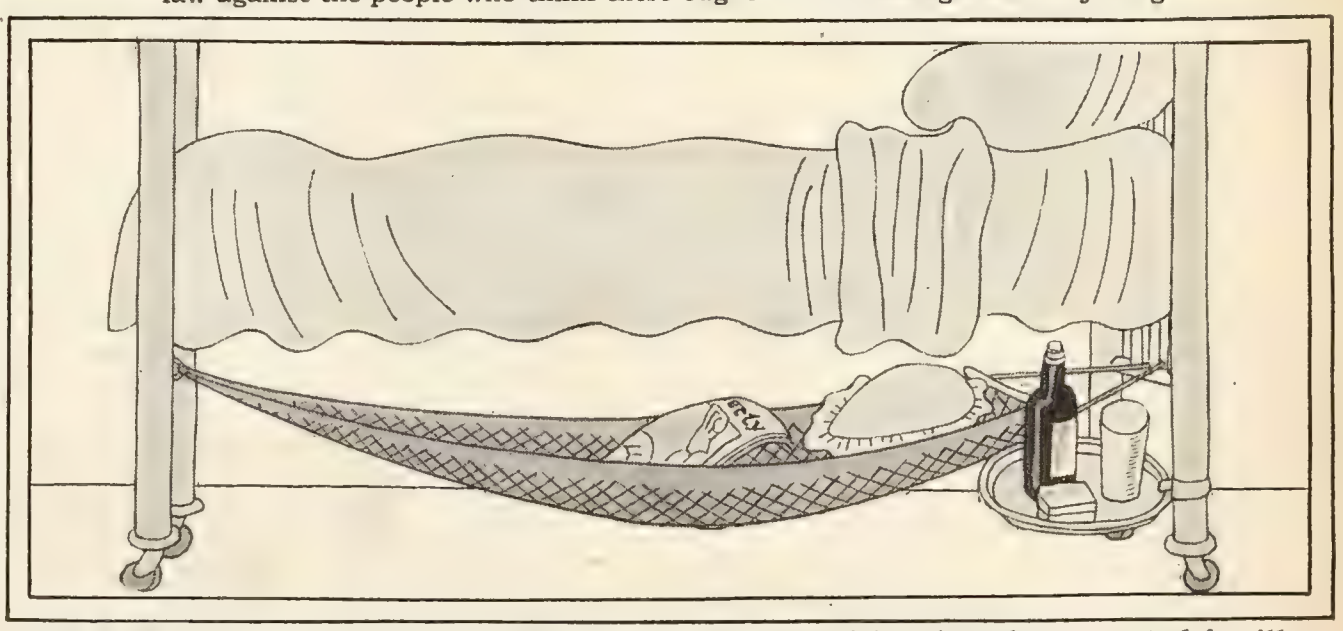


"The next war will be fought with poison gases hurled from airplanes. No one in the belligerent countries, even heads of government in capitals, will be safe."—Military Experts.
GEOLOGICAL DIAGRAM showing approximate position of the heads of government when they hurl the next ultimatum.

SAD PARTING ON TUESDAY NIGHT.
Devoted Voter: "And you are really leaving me, and will I never see thee more?"
Beautiful Campaign Promises: "Ah, yes, my sweet, in 1932!"



THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS. Exasperated citizen declares publicly that there ought to be a law against the people who think there ought to be a law against everything.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*)

ONE FARSIGHTED OLD MAID'S clever handling of the man-under-the-bed problem.
(Idea by H. H. DeVinney, Seattle, Washington)

and your 11th cigarette tastes as good as your first

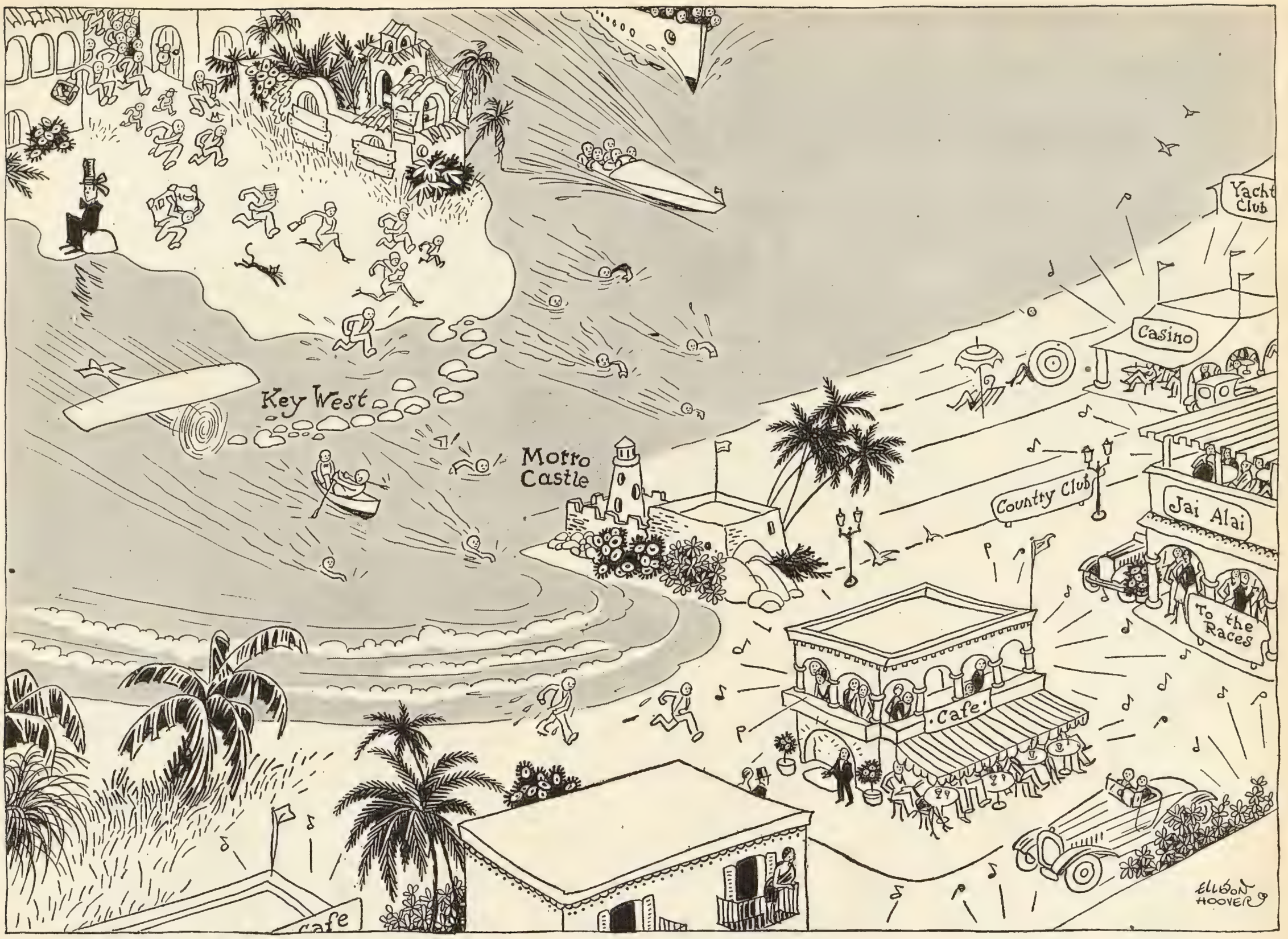
5¢ *In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere*

If you smoke for pleasure—and who doesn't—try this new way to keep your smoke-taste keen and appreciative.

Smoke ten cigarettes—your favorite brand—and then—take a Luden's—

Promptly the famous Luden's Menthol Action cools and refreshes mouth, throat and nose—and your eleventh cigarette tastes as good as your first.

LUDEN'S, Inc.



HAVANA Succeeds Florida

Last winter more than 80,000 tourists used Florida merely as a jumping off place for Havana.

Picture by
ELLISON HOOVER

Misfortunes Pile Up On Our Riviera

By
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

NEVER in America's history has any state suffered so grievous a blow as that sustained by Florida. Loss of life and harm to property have been surpassed in other states—the San Francisco earthquake and fire, the Galveston flood, the Chicago fire, for examples—but Florida seems to have been the target of twin catastrophes which are more serious in their aftermath than any of the other calamities that have visited our commonwealths.

One of these tragedies is beyond human power to forecast, avert, or defend against—the annual peril embodied in the autumnal appearance of the frightful and deadly Caribbean hurricanes. The other blight is man made and wholly gratuitous, and of this catastrophe I shall treat presently.

The whole Caribbean littoral, from Venezuela to Palm Beach, is at the mercy of a malevolent destiny which operates through the terrific windstorms and cloudbursts that come swirling out of the tropics. These phenomena may be expected from August to October.

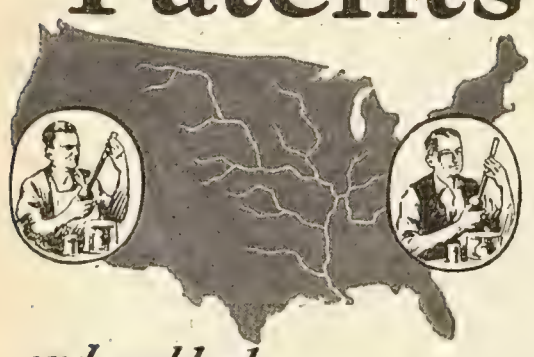
Not only do they destroy lives and property, but they terrify potential investors and discourage permanent residents. It is this aspect which makes so grievous the effect of the hurricanes in Florida. Two years ago, almost to the September day, a hurricane wrecked the eastern coast of Florida and completed the disastrous result commenced by the collapse of the state's real estate bubble.

Thousands of Americans in other states lost heavily when realty values tumbled from their inflated summit to their normal level. Fortunes had been made by this artificial boom; fortunes were lost when the orgy of speculation and avarice was ended. Floridians were to blame only to a minor degree; the boom was engineered by outsiders. Florida supplied the land and the climate; the strangers within her gates furnished the fictitious prosperity, the bogus prices, the mad dreams, and the artificial future.

The 1926 hurricane completed the wreck, and the inhabitants and the investors who had the state's real welfare at heart awakened from the lunatic dream of unearned opulence to a realization that genuine prosperity cannot be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pointers on Patents



and suddenly . . .

They'll *both* get the Same Idea!

IN 1860 Abraham Lincoln remarked: "Two thousand years ago an ingenious toy was made and put into motion by steam, at Alexandria in Egypt. Yet for a long time no one perceived that steam would move *useful* machinery as well as a toy."

Ofttimes an invention will be needed for years—and then, suddenly, the same idea will dawn upon *more* than one inventor. "Simultaneous invention"—independently and unknown to one another by the inventors, has occurred many times in Patent history. The telephone, telegraph, phonograph, electric light, sewing machine, balloon, typewriter, trolley car, gas engine, automobile and many others were each claimed, apparently in good faith, by two or more inventors.

The Patent Office properly gives preference to the inventor who can *prove* the earliest conception and disclosure of the idea, coupled with diligence in reducing the invention to practice. Constructive reduction to practice is attained by filing an allowable Application for Patent in the U. S. Patent Office. Sometimes proof may include a signed and witnessed record drawn up *before* the Patent was applied for.

The Importance of a Record of Your Invention

Establishing priority to his idea is one of the very first steps an inventor should take. Simply a good sketch and a terse description of your invention, properly dated and witnessed, will often provide substantial proof in the event that your claims should ever be contested by another inventor. Naturally the sooner you draw up this evidence of conception the greater will be its possible value to you. On request we will be glad to give inventors free assistance in preparing this evidence.

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection;" it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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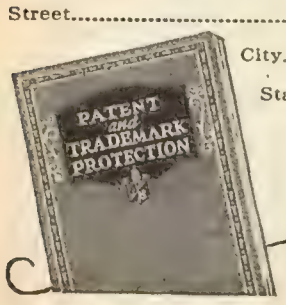


[HAVANA SUCCEEDS FLORIDA]
Continued from page thirty-one

erected on realty juggling. Florida began to beat back; she was rapidly recovering from the spasm of wild speculation, depending meanwhile for immediate rehabilitation on the ample funds fetched southward each winter by the lavish Northern tourists.

Nearly twenty-four months were to elapse before another hurricane wrought havoc, and during that recess appeared the strange phenomenon of a certain type of citizenry deliberately planning a course which caused almost as disastrous a financial catastrophe as that which followed the first storm and the collapse of the realty bubble.

The reformers, local and Federal, got busy. The natural Riviera of the western hemisphere was the scene of their activities, and visitors from outside were forbidden to enjoy themselves. The very sources of the golden stream needed so urgently by Florida to recoup her real estate losses were despoiled by the marjoys who wore a constable's badge or a prohibition enforcement officer's shield. Undoubtedly they have driven more money out of the state than the hurricanes have frightened away.

A COUPLE of years ago the state was the outlet of a pleasure hunting funnel the wide mouth of which extended from New York to St. Louis. Laved by the Gulf Stream and warmed by tropical breezes, Florida was fast becoming the popular winter playground of half the nation.

There were scores of pleasant golf courses, miles of unsurpassed beaches, numerous gambling casinos, a dozen greyhound tracks, a fine horse racing plant at Miami and three others building, *frontons* where jai alai was played and wagered on, teeming fishing grounds, and hundreds of fine hotels.

In every resort along both coasts a gentleman, or a lady, might, and sometimes did, quench an unlawful thirst, for everybody carried plenty of vacation money and bootleggers were unmolested and moderate in their charges for the tidal wave of first rate liquor pouring in from the Bahamas and Cuba.

Proceeding, apparently, on the thesis advanced by Macaulay—that bull baiting was deemed evil by the Puritans of England not because it gave pain to the bull but because it gave pleasure to the spectators—certain Floridians decided to curtail the pastimes of the wealthy Northerners. In this crippling process they found eager allies in the ranks of government dry agents.

Racing was the first target, and a determined assault was made on the variation of the pari mutuel system of betting that prevailed on the dog tracks and the thoroughbred course at Miami. Finally the State Supreme Court found that betting of any nature was illegal. So the tracks closed down, for without betting the horses don't gallop.

Jai alai was then broadsided, and this clever and interesting species of handball died, too, because the game cannot thrive without wagering and its attendant commissions to the promoters who must pay the Spanish and Cuban players large wages.

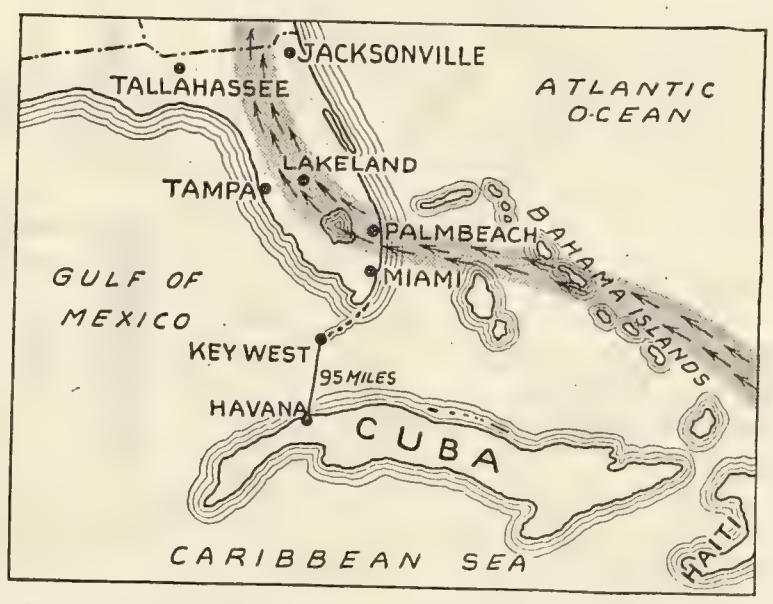
Local authorities then harried night clubs, beach front cabarets, roadhouses, and honest gambling places. Instead, then, of walking openly into a gambling hall and staking your money with a fair chance of winning, the state became infested with clandestine and cheating gaming rooms.

Last winter in Miami in a number of rooms I discovered roulette wheels electrically wired to cheat the chump, dice games where the ivory cubes were switched on the unwary, faro banks where the deal boxes were sanded, and poker games where marked cards and cold decks were slipped in by the house men, who already were robbing the players via a deadly kitty.

My Scotch and rye and Bacardi were not only cut outrageously, but they cost so much that the headache preceded the investment as well as followed it. One formerly paid four-fifty a quart for good Scotch, six dollars for excellent rye, and three for undiluted Bacardi. Last season these cost, respectively, eight, ten, and six dollars!

This lamentable situation was not due solely to Florida reformers. No; Uncle Sam concluded that since there were more thirsty people in Florida during the winter the crime of violating the Volstead act was all the more heinous at that time.

From a few scattered coast guardsmen and an occasional undercover agent, the government forces suddenly swelled to proportions more appropriate to the repelling of a foreign invasion than to the thwarting of smugglers. Here's what Uncle Sam mobilized on the east coast:



The shaded portion shows the path of the recent hurricane which devastated part of Florida while leaving Havana (only ninety-five miles from Key West) untouched.

Six patrol boats. These are 110 feet long with crews of eighteen. There are three-inch guns fore and aft and plenty of machine guns.

Three cutters, each 400 feet long and carrying 125 men. These are coast guard vessels and have three-inch guns, anti-aircraft equipment, and rapid firers.

Thirty patrol boats. These are seventy-five feet in length and are manned by nine men. One pounders and machine guns comprise their arsenals.

Twenty-five picket boats, from twenty-five to forty feet long, each with four men and several machine guns.

Two fast planes—navy amphibians which can chase a booze cargo on land, in the air, and on the surface of the sea.

To these naval and aërial forces was added a land army of enforcement agents, many of them ex-bootleggers, snitchers, snoopers, stool pigeons, double crossers, gangsters, thugs, and gunmen. They were pretty free with their pistols, and at one time five dry agents were facing murder charges for killing a rum runner.

WHEN this formidable land and sea force went into action, traveling by day or by night became a hazardous undertaking along the east coast. Private yachts and sailboats were fired on, halted, and searched; automobiles stopped and examined.

Night clubs, cafés, and roadhouses were raided, customers searched, and flasks confiscated. A somewhat ludicrous raid was staged at the fashionable Venetian Gardens in the Royal Danelli Hotel in Palm Beach on the night of February 4 last.

Al Jolson, a guest that night, had just finished the final quaver of a mammy song, and the 500 wealthy men and women present were shouting for more, when Prohibition Chief W. M. Simmons mounted the stage. They thought he was another performer and gave him a big hand till he announced that he was a Federal agent.

"And I am now about to raid this café with eight of my men who are scattered throughout the room. [Wild applause] We don't intend to arrest anybody [mad cheers], but you must not try to escape or conceal your liquor. Please remain seated and place your beverages on the tables."

It penetrated at last that this was no joke, and a wild scene followed. Nobody resisted, but flasks were sent skidding across the dance floor, and glasses were emptied down throats or on to the carpet. Waiters in tuxedos sat down with the guests and tried to disguise themselves as rich customers.

One man did sneak out, jump into his car, and plan for a fast getaway. But he was a bit muddled and put his car into reverse. The next moment he backed across the sidewalk and crashed through a plate glass window into the very room he was trying to flee from!

The magnificent room was padlocked for a year, and the waiters were all fined.

With similar proceedings elsewhere throughout the state, Florida fell under the mildew of re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Florence Reed,
Popular Dramatic Star

The finest tobacco—long even cut—no dust—"It's Toasted"—all impurities removed—flavor improved.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Slowly Dying . . .
Two Bad Fellows
MR. S.T.A.L.E SMOKE and MR. B.A.D. ODOR

Sad News—But just the same we're glad—and little Nevasmok is responsible.

Nevasmok is an ash receiver but that's not all—it's smokeless and odorless—ab-so-lute-ly, and we guarantee it.

Once you drop your cigarette in a Nevasmok out it goes. You don't see any more smoke nor smell any more unpleasant odors. No more burned fingers crunching out your "fag". No more loose ashes and sparks. No more burned rugs and furniture. No more spilled ash trays—because Nevasmoks can't tip over.

Good looking? You bet! Ideal for drawing room, boudoir or office and simply great for Christmas presents.

You'll love them because they're so handy and good looking.

If your favorite store doesn't handle them, just send us $2 and we'll send you one in a jiffy postpaid. Don't forget to tell us the color you want.

Each Nevasmok has its name clearly stamped on the bottom

Nevasmok comes in the following colors and finishes:

Pastel Orchid	Pastel Rose	Chinese Red
Sky Blue	Canary Yellow	Sea Green
Red Crackle	Green Crackle	Black
Brass	Bronze	Gun Metal

YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. D,507 W. 50th Street, New York

Specialists in Artistic Smoke Accessories

New York Showroom: Fifth Avenue Building, 200 Fifth Avenue, Room 1121.

Chicago Showroom: American Furniture Mart, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Space 618.

NEVASMOK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Smokeless and Odorless Ash Receiver

Patents Pending

[HAVANA SUCCEEDS FLORIDA]
Continued from page thirty-two

form. Yet even the most zealous reformers could not compel the clouds to veil the mellow sun, nor chill the cobalt Gulf Stream, nor shorten the pleasant fairways among the royal palms.

And so there were more visitors to Florida last winter than ever before. With this important difference: more than 80,000 of them used Florida merely as a jumping off place for Havana! And those who stayed differed in one vital particular from the type of tourist that went to Florida in previous seasons. For instance, the average bank deposit of a visitor to St. Petersburg in 1927 was $1,000, money he had brought down to spend on his holiday. Last winter the average deposit was $550.

Well, if the more liberal souls in Florida lament the intolerance of the meddlers, you may be sure that Cuba is voicing prayers of gratitude to all her gods and saints that the curious gringo phenomenon of shrieking *Don't!* to so many human predilections is prevalent in Florida.

The old cathedral in Havana, Cuba.

AND what a town Havana is!

Forty-eight hours from New York City and St. Louis by crack trains and excellent Key West steamers lies the new Riviera of the New World, the Monte Carlo of the western hemisphere, the pearl of the Antilles which is growing more pearly every winter!

Just as the floating Saharas which fly the Stars and Stripes have driven travelers to the floating oases of foreign steamships, so the rigor of reform is driving holiday hunting Americans from the natural winter playground of the nation, Florida, to the jewel of the Caribbean.

But before we hasten down the gangplank to meet the polite customs officials at Havana, let us glance at the island background of this ideal and idyllic winter resort.

Cuba was discovered by Christopher Columbus on October 28, 1492. The original inhabitants were a copper colored, peaceful tribe called Ciboneys. In 1519 Havana was settled by Spaniards.

The Ciboneys were promptly enslaved and presently exterminated. Africans were brought in, and, later, Chinese coolies imported by the tens of thousands. The history of Cuba for nearly four centuries is a sanguinary chronicle of exploitation and of insurrection.

In some respects Cuba is the richest spot on earth. The island is 760 miles long and averages fifty miles in width. The area, including the Isle of Pines and surrounding keys, 45,000 square miles, is about the size of the state of Pennsylvania. It leads the world in sugar and tobacco; while it is surpassed by few countries in its production of coffee, cacao, bananas, coconuts, pineapples, oranges, figs, limes, dates, guavas, pomegranates, yams, and alligator pears.

The stately royal palm, mahogany, ebony, cedar, and rosewood forests are extensive, and 650 species of fish abound in its surrounding waters, headed by the 500 pound man eating shark. Ducks, quail, wild turkey, pumas, and wild hogs are plentiful. There are no venomous snakes on the island, though there is a horrible serpent that reaches the dimensions of a boa. Sinister rumors impute a native worship of this reptile in the dark jungles where pure blacks spend their mysterious lives.

Some 600,000 tons of iron is exported annually to the United States, while asphalt, coal, copper, and valuable manganese deposits are scientifically developed. There are more than 5,000,000 head of cattle, 800,000 horses, and 100,000 mules and asses.

Cuba occupies a vital geographical position with reference to America's military and economic welfare. Stretching east and west like a huge alligator, it is the gateway to the Gulf of Mexico from the east. It is ninety-five miles from Key West, our southern Gibraltar, and 130 miles from the tip of Yucatan. By virtue of the Platt Amendment, presently to be touched on, the island practically belongs in the American military scheme.

In the economic destiny of the western world Cuba is America's Siamese twin. We have a colossal stake in the island and, consequently, we exercise a supervisory status that must gall those dreamers whose impractical vision encompasses a terrestrial state where all governments and all peoples are on an equal plane. Here, briefly, is the story of how we came to be linked forever to Cuba's fortunes:

Like all Latin America there apparently is no sustained capacity for self government in Cuba. Numberless revolutions for centuries have devastated the island.

Such was the turmoil in Cuba that as far back as 1825 President John Quincy Adams tried to buy the island from Spain. President Polk offered $100,000,000 for it, but Madrid again declined. The last of myriad uprisings against the Spaniards began in 1895, and in 1896 the most savage butcher of them all was sent out to quell the revolution—General Weyler. His program shocked the world.

On February 15, 1898, the Maine was blown up and in April we declared war on Spain. The conflict was a joke, and in December, 1898, Spain relinquished her bloody clutch on territory in the western world. Under General Leonard Wood the United States took charge of Cuba for three years, eradicating yellow fever, cleaning up the island, wet nursing the natives into a vague conception of self rule.

The fountain at Casino Nacional.

In December, 1901, Tomás Estrada Palma was *elected* Cuba's first president, and we withdrew the following May, after seeing that the provisions of the Platt Amendment were incorporated in the new republic's constitution.

The Platt Amendment contains five clauses: America has the right to intervene at any time it is necessary to restore law and order in Cuba; Cuba is not to incur any indebtedness beyond her current revenues; Cuba is to continue the American sanitation program; America is to enjoy in perpetuity the right of establishing a naval station at Guantánamo and at Bahia Honda; and Cuba is never to enter into a compact with a foreign power which would impair her independence.

The last arrangement really means that Cuba is the one nation on earth which cannot declare war without another government's approval!

These interfering provisions may chafe the idealist and the pacifist, but the rest of Latin America had a fine chance to study the effect of the interventions and supervision employed by the Colossus of the North when the Pan-American conference was held in Havana last January. If they compared the beauty and health and prosperity of Cuba with their own miserable conditions, they certainly didn't voice their conclusions!

FOLLOWING the withdrawal of American troops in 1902, the Cubans characteristically reverted to Latin American dissension and corruption, and in September, 1906, President Palma screamed to Washington for succor. So we went in under Secretary of War Taft and stopped the nonsense. In 1909 we again got out, and two years later threatened to take over the country again.

Intervention was averted and things were fairly peaceable until 1919, when it was necessary for General Enoch H. Crowder to proceed to Havana and warn the belligerents that American troops would arrive promptly if they didn't behave. He wrote a new electoral law and retired. Since then things have been quiet.

After discarding most of the Spanish practices and theories and reorganizing the political situation in Cuba, her financial system, her physical welfare, and her internal affairs of all categories, American capital poured in.

Here is a table summarizing the size of the Yankee stake in Cuba:

Sugar industry	$750,000,000
Railroads	110,000,000
Public utilities, telephone and telegraph	100,000,000

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Many a ship comes in on an ocean of lather

WHAT is the port for which you steer? Is it business success?

Successful men are clean-cut men. Cleanliness, they know, makes the going easier.

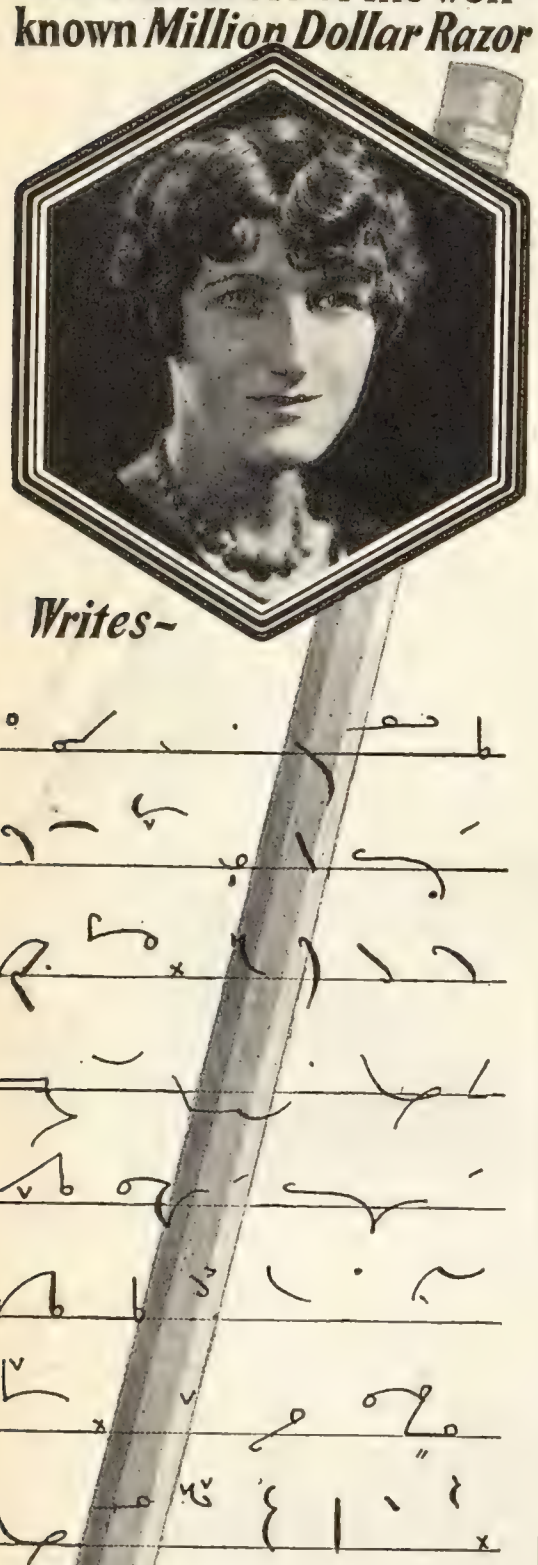
Or is it popularity, respect, friendship that you seek?

Then trust to cleanliness in clothes and person — for the world smiles on clean people and helps bring their ship to port.

THERE IS A DEEP PROMISE IN SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

Miss Celia Lowe
Private Secretary to the President of the
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc.
Manufacturers of the well-known Million Dollar Razor



Writes-

The Pitman Shorthand above, written with a SEMI-HEX Pencil, when translated, reads:

As secretary to a busy executive it is very important that my notes be clear and legible at all times. I have been very careful in picking a pencil which writes smoothly and clearly and holds its point for a long time. I use SEMI-HEX Pencils because I find that they do all of that.

—Celia Lowe

SEMI-HEX

Please send me a copy of "Points and Tips" and two SEMI-HEX Pencils for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Address.....

GENERAL PENCIL COMPANY
Jersey City - New Jersey

[HAVANA SUCCEEDS FLORIDA Continued from page thirty-four]

Hotels and other real estate	80,000,000
Tobacco and cigars	50,000,000
Miscellaneous manufactures	40,000,000
Other agricultural lands	35,000,000
Merchandising	30,000,000
Banking	20,000,000
Docks, warehouses, and terminal facilities	10,000,000
	$1,225,000,000

More than $110,000,000 of Cuban government bonds are held by American investors. As a customer of Cuban products the United States is far in the lead of the rest of the world, buying from the island last year $256,552,033 and selling to Cubans $155,382,755, a balance which exceeds $100,000,000 favoring the pearl of the Antilles.

Mexico, which has all the self government it can ask—and seems to regurgitate on the diet—last year bought from us $109,151,831 and sold to us $137,815,044. And Mexico's area is more than 760,000 square miles, as against Cuba's 45,000; and it is an infinitely richer country.

British investments in Cuba total £14,000,000.

The estimated national wealth of Cuba is $3,209,000,000, a per capita holding of $1,021. The island furnishes one-fifth of the world's sugar and more than one-half of all the sugar used in the United States.

THERE are other interesting data in connection with Cuba. Did you know that:

Havana is the second port in the western world in volume of shipping, being surpassed only by New York City? And that more than 8,500 foreign vessels and 12,000 coastwise ships put into Cuban ports every year?

Cuba is the only ally or enemy of the United States in the World War that did not ask for readjustment of its indebtedness to us? If its $10,000,000 debt to us might be regarded as a small sum, nevertheless the Cubans sought no moratorium or funding or refunding, but paid us promptly?

The day after General Wood died, the Cuban Congress, convened in extraordinary session, unanimously passed a measure giving Mrs. Wood a life pension of $5,000 per annum?

During the Pan-American Congress last winter, with all its delicate problems to be discussed by the United States and its impatient, envious, fiery Latin American confreres, President Machado sternly enjoined his delegation to remember one thing: that everything the United States did or said was right; and instructed it to support Charles Evans Hughes in every contingency that might arise?

And not the least of Cuba's industries, one that will inevitably grow larger and more profitable each year, is the tourist crop it harvests from the United States each winter. More than 200,000 visitors invade the lovely island during the cold season; and Cuba's average winter temperature of seventy-two degrees insures straw hats and surf bathing every day in the year. There has never been an overcoat sold in Cuba.

Havana, with its 550,000 inhabitants, is probably the cleanest city in the world. It has the lowest infant mortality in the world, and Cuba has the lowest death rate per thousand persons of any nation.

The Maine Monument, Havana.

Except for a three dollar head tax, payable on departure from Cuba, no passports or income tax clearances are required of United States citizens to enter or leave the island; and from the moment you surrender your luggage to the courteous customs officials you commence to absorb the charm of this incomparable winter resort.

At the wharf you behold the first of countless delightful proofs of Cuba's colorful, exotic, genuine hospitality. It seems that every man and woman and child in Havana is trying to be nice to the American visitors! There is a special corps of amiable policemen—tall, stalwart chaps—in distinctive uniforms on whose arm bands are these words: "Special Police. I Speak English."

Indeed, everybody seems to be animated by an identical sentiment. The clerks in the stores and hotels, the ticket sellers, bartenders, waiters, cab drivers, licensed guides, and newspaper men all speak enough English to relieve any American's perplexities. Restaurant menus, jai alai and racing and theater programs, wine lists, lottery tickets, newspapers—all contain English translations of their contents.

The amusements offered to visitors by the enterprising and ever polite government and municipal officials cover a wide and engrossing range.

Not the least appealing Havana amusement is the opportunity to drink liquor without violating a statute. Nearly every man and woman of the scores of thousands who spend from ten days to three months in Cuba goes there largely for the reason that they can obtain excellent beverages at modest prices!

Morro Castle guarding Cuba's gateway.

A journey up and down and to and fro across the wine cards in every restaurant affords the visitor a trip that is endless in its variety, unplumbed in its possibilities, ever interesting in its aspects, and incredibly inexpensive!

The Casino in Marianao, a beautiful suburb of Havana, is the finest gambling palace in the western world. Roulette, faro, baccarat, chemin de fer, chuck-a-luck, wheels of fortune, dice, a dozen kinds of card games are available.

There are many roadhouses dotting the miles of smooth highways. The night clubs in town purvey any kind of divertissement from professional entertainment that rivals the best of Broadway and Montmartre to the blush evoking frolic of ribald honkatonks.

The theaters offer French farces and Spanish dramas and films from every studio on earth.

Jai alai is a nightly rendezvous for Americans and natives. The ball is bounced against a high wall at one end of an immense court and caught and returned by a Spaniard to whose right hand is attached a curious wicker contrivance. Betting is heavy and quickly understood by the foreigner.

SURF bathing is provided in Marianao. The sand and sunlight are dazzling white, and the water is curiously streaked on calm days, Nile green and ultramarine lines alternating from the beach to the northern horizon. There are many *cabañas* and public dressing rooms, and a few miles farther west the Bowman-Biltmore interests, under Vice President Charles F. Flynn, are feverishly working on a development that will become one of the show places of the world: hotels, casinos, clubhouses, golf courses, miles of boardwalks, etc.

Yachting and motorboating and sailing are popular with those who can afford to frequent the imposing yacht club; and polo, tennis, and golf are available for their devotees.

Horse racing is one of Havana's chief magnets to sporting Yankees. Oriental Park runs 100 days each winter. The betting is terrific and 10,000 spectators a commonplace.

The ancient and the modern mingle in confusing and alluring fashion. The oldest building erected by Europeans in the New World adjoins a telephone exchange.

Old churches and convents, cockfight pits, natural caves, beautiful valleys filled with royal palms and tobacco plantations, crumbling forts, and a harbor unexcelled anywhere; fashionable shops and department stores filled with Parisian frocks and American shoes and Spanish shawls and Cuban merchandise; the finest hotels, where you may telephone to America or Europe from your room; and quaint little cafés where native food and drink are sold—and over and under, permeating everything, the hospitality of the Cubans and their exquisite climate.

All these combine to answer the prayers of Americans who, seeking the tolerance and liberality and amusements formerly procurable in Florida, now feel that they must journey to a foreign soil to enjoy themselves without being molested by reformers and fanatics.

THE END

A Few REMARKS

Some Current Observations, Comic or Important, from Here and There

Registered by

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

A famous dressmaking establishment in Paris has just installed a completely equipped American bar—"to keep the men who are dragged there by their wives from getting impatient and pulling out." That's what they call commercial strategy or, more specifically, washing down sales resistance.

NEW YORK TAXI DRIVER:
picks out the greatest city traffic trouble.

"The traffic and the she drivers and them Cossack cops is bad enough; but these here backseat lovers—they make you right *nervous*."

JACKIE COOGAN:
most famous of child screen stars, tells what his mind does while he's acting.

"Sometimes I think about my swimming pool, sometimes about the lion hounds on our ranch in New Mexico, and sometimes about an ice cream soda."

"DR. ROCKWELL":
in one of the current shows.

"Curiosity is the mother of window shades."

BERNARD T. PARSONS:
eighty-one year old Civil War veteran of New Jersey, married two years ago, defending a suit by his wife for separate support.

"She was a very adorable woman. I chased her for three years, she turned me down three times, and finally the knot was tied. But then she and her daughter would sit on the bed eating crackers, and she would often wave a dish towel and screech like an owl."

A group of Cambridge, England, students were hypnotized before examination by Dr. D. N. Buchanan twice a week for three months: "Then we told them they would be able to do anything they wanted to do more easily, accurately, and quickly than ever before. With one exception, all passed." College football coaches, sleepless over the eligibility of some behemoth who thinks with his feet, should note this bright ray of hope.

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON:
Sensational evangelist, who has made a "sin tour" of Paris, although explaining beforehand that "Alas, I do not parlez-vous."

"I stood on the brink of hell tonight and looked down inside."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN:
master fun maker of the screen.

"The foundation of all success is only a knowledge of human nature."

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD:
airship explorer of the poles.

"If I had a son twenty years old today and he came to me with the question, 'Is it all right to fly?' I'd answer, 'Go to it.'"

A Cincinnati woman, who went into the ice business in competition with her husband, explained to inquiring friends that her love "had cooled."

DAVID, PRINCE OF WALES:
when tackled on the question of his marriage.

"England had a virgin queen, why should it not have a virgin king?"

DR. ROBERT MILLIKAN:
physicist, declares the universe is being recreated as it disintegrates.

"In the hot stars and the sun, matter is being disintegrated into energy or radiation; in the unimaginably cold expanse of infinite space, radiation or energy is being reintegrated into matter."

BABE RUTH:
explains why he refused to be photographed with Mr. Hoover.

"Mr. Hoover was the center of attention, and I thought it would look odd for me to go to his box at that time."

PRESIDENT CALLES:
announcing his permanent retirement from the presidency of Mexico.

"To the whole Mexican family the opportunity has come to . . . pass from the category of a people governed by a dictator to the higher, more dignified, more useful, and more civilized condition of a nation of institutions and laws."

DR. FRED FLETCHER:
to a national conference of dental technicians.

"The fact that a man has a jaw like a mastodon by no means implies that he is fearless or aggressive. The man with a squirrel-like jaw may be a stick of dynamite by comparison."

The Eskimos' only way of counting is by their fingers and toes, so when occasionally they have to get beyond twenty, matters get rather complicated. Their word for twenty-one is a series of grunts and clicks as long as Lafayette's string of Christian names, meaning "one finger on the other man's hand." Fancy the Armless Wonder, from the museum of freaks, trying to figure a bill!

KING BORIS OF BULGARIA:
regarding his reported engagement to an Italian princess.

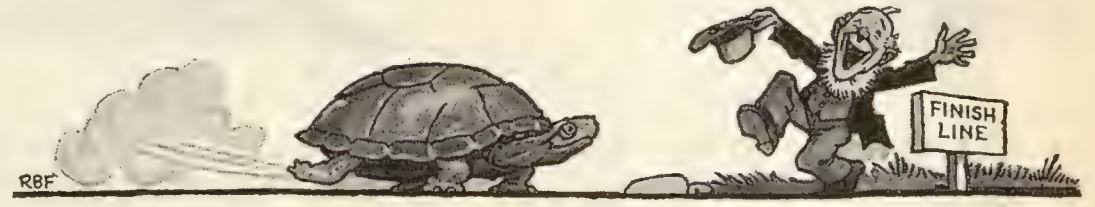
"I am too busy putting Bulgaria's house in order to get married."

BOBBIE RANDALL:
in Good News.

"No matter how you slice it it's still the same boloney."

ARNOLD BENNETT:
English novelist and instructor in the art of living.

"After mutual affection, the most important factor in the success of a home is business methods."



M. W. Caffey, sixty-five year old gatekeeper, of Ponca City, Oklahoma, found a terrapin crawling along the dusty road one Sunday morning recently. Two weeks later he won $4,500 when "Sunday" took first prize in the annual terrapin derby—racing 75 feet in 1 minute and 47 seconds.

LORD DEWAR:
British distiller of humor.

"Motorcars are increasing by leaps and bounds, and pedestrians survive by the same process."

MAURICE BOKANOWSKI:
French Minister of Commerce and Aviation, to his brother, before starting on the fatal airplane trip when he and four companions crashed to death.

"Flying is a means of locomotion for people in a hurry. Leave that to the Minister of Aviation, who should give an example of confidence in this way of traveling."

DAVID SARNOFF:
who has gone from Russian immigrant boy to head of the Radio Corporation at thirty-seven.

"I am not sure that struggling up on your own does not leave some hard spots on one's character which are not always desirable."

A Nevada woman has a suit before the Supreme Court, asking damages from her husband's club because it took so much of his time and money as to cause her "worry, humiliation, sickness, and grievous mental pain."

THE END

Hands *that haunt and threaten*

A HAUNTING NIGHTMARE of hands, shadowy and menacing . . . . What about them could possibly make this roaring lion of a politician cringe before the very hands which he has shaken so glibly all day?

Germs!

Politician or poet, salesman or sob-sister, musician or mother; all must face this fear. Every time the clasp of greeting or friendship is extended, millions of germs may "change hands."

They may be the germs which cause you to catch cold, sore throat, or even worse. The germs that enter your nose and throat passages from your hands which have touched those of a person with a cold, or which have merely touched something that he has handled.

Protection and peace of mind is assured with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Mild and soothing even to tender tissues, full-strength Listerine has deadly power against germs. Repeated tests, separately conducted in three noted Bacteriological Laboratories, have agreed in proving that Listerine kills Micrococcus Aureus (the pus germ) and Bacillus Typhosus (the typhoid germ), in less than 15 seconds! In all tests, the average number of bacteria was more than 200,000,000 per cubic centimeter (a cube less than four-tenths of one inch on each side).

This germicidal power of Listerine, demonstrated on the standard bacteria used by the U. S. Government in testing antiseptics, explains its 47-year proved effectiveness as a gargle for sore throat, and as a safeguard against infection.

This winter learn how Listerine can help you. Gargle with this pleasant antiseptic morning and night, and repeatedly after exposure to bad weather or large groups of people. And before every meal, before touching the face at any time, rinse the hands in full-strength Listerine.

We believe that you will be pleasantly surprised by a winter in which colds trouble you much less than previously. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

FOR SORE THROAT

TO AVOID COLDS

Listerine kills germs

Aspens in the Rockies—a trophy of Miss Robinson's camera.

"How'd yuh like tuh go to a movie tonight, kid?"

The tall and fragrant pines that caught the author's fancy.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

Gasoline Gypsies

Adventures in New Mexico—Continuing the Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Gotham

By GRACE ROBINSON

VENTURING westward on an auto trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific with her sister, Miss Robinson has kept a detailed diary of her experiences. She has told of the journey through upstate New York, to Niagara Falls, Canada, Detroit, Chicago, and across the Middle West to Colorado. This installment takes the gypsies into New Mexico.

THE NIGHT ON THE MESA

Tuesday, August 7 (continued).

TODAY my sister and I finished our two day horseback trip into the wild Rockies, returning to Idaho Springs, Colorado, at 5 in the afternoon.

How to relate the wonders of this day! The tall and fragrant pines through which we passed! The brilliant flowers—the Indian paintbrush, looking like a tiny jester with its orange points; the white prickly poppies with stalks like thistles; and, above all, the columbines—the exquisite blue and white columbines, as delicate as orchids in a florist's window!

As we went through big game country, Jack Nankervis, our guide, told us of bear he had killed and deer he had brought down.

At noon we halted, turned our horses to graze, and had sandwiches and hot coffee from a thermos bottle. And at noon, too, Jack's inevitable story:

"Many years ago three Eastern men came out here and hired a guide to take them on a prospecting trip. It was late fall. They camped at Campbell's Plateau, and there it snowed.

"On that day they disappeared. Their relatives could never trace them. Local authorities found pieces of their bodies at Campbell's Plateau. Months after, the guide, Alfred Packard, was found in Wyoming. He was brought to Hinsdale County, Colorado, for trial.

"He had eaten his companions, the jury decided. Desperate, probably half crazed with hunger, he had killed the three Easterners as a man might butcher a cow. Packard denied the charge. He told the jury he had gone hunting

Ester Robinson and Jack Nankervis, who acted as the Colorado guide for the Gasoline Gypsies.

game, and when he had returned, one man had come at him with an ax, and he saw this man had killed the other two. But he was convicted, nevertheless.

"He was sent to prison for life. When the judge in Hinsdale county court sentenced him, he said:

"'Stand up, Mr. Packard, you man eatin' son of a ——! They was only six Democrats in Hinsdale County, and you've been and eaten three of 'em!'"

Wednesday, August 8.

TODAY my crew mutinied. In other words, my flapper sister, Ester, pulled out of our big car and declared she had suffered enough.

If James Peak had moved from its lofty place and offered me a cocktail in Idaho Springs, I could not have been more surprised.

We had planned to start for Colorado Springs at 9 A. M. At 8:58 I ran into a quaint, tobacco spitting old miner who knew Colorado "away back, when." He remembered when the vigilance committee rode through the mountains and, without recourse to any legal procedure, hanged all the notorious bad men in the state. He recalled when there were no "good wimmen" in Colorado—only the beer drinking lights o' love that traditionally inhabit a cussedly mean mining town.

I found him living in the former residence of one of the historic questionable ladies. There were bullet holes above the windows. I listened in awe. I had never known anybody in my life like this old miner.

I forgot time. Ester became tired waiting. It was no wonder. Later, in front of the hotel, she packed a knapsack with clean shirts and tooth paste. She unbuckled our auto trunks, and there on the sidewalk packed some dresses into a big Quaker Oats box obtained at the grocery.

Jack Nankervis rushed out and gave a noble imitation of a World Court settling the disputes of nations. With the same probable effect.

"You don't know what *I've* put up with," the rebellious little nation answered his arguments. "I'm going to hike."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Here's a Pair You Won't Wear Out in a Hurry!"

WEARITE SOLES—the sure answer to the question of longest wear and at a lower cost. For the scuffing, grinding wear of children's shoes... the rugged needs of outdoor workers, those continually on their feet... Wearite Soled shoes serve longest and best.

This wonderful Composition Sole is a laboratory product, made especially to give you the combined qualities of wear, comfort and economy. And because they are so good-looking on the feet, salesmen, firemen, policemen, etc.—men who require both long wear and good appearance—insist upon shoes that are Wearite Soled.

Buy Wearite Soled shoes for economy and real comfort. Have your old soles replaced with Wearite. If your repair man does not carry them he can very easily get Wearite for you.

WEARITE
SOLES
ESSEX RUBBER CO.
Makers of TITE EDGE Rubber Heels
Trenton, N. J.

Have your old shoes resoled with WEARITE SOLES and TITE EDGE HEELS

GASOLINE GYPSIES

[Continued from page thirty-nine]

I suppose two persons never crossed the country by automobile without reaching at some time an actual or a theoretical parting of the ways. I was to learn later that Colorado is the breaking point in cross-country nerves. I reflected that the modern flapper is utterly able to take care of herself.

I drove alone to Colorado Springs, and came to Pike's Peak Cottage City tourist camp. This is a vast encampment of persons from every state in the Union, housed in 148 cabins and on several acres of tenting ground. The camp is divided into factions—those who have been up Pike's Peak and those who have not.

I listened to nine separate fights among groups of tourists who are fed up with one another and with their trip.

"She wants to do *everything* at Colorado Springs. We won't have any money left for California." . . . "Says I, 'Mamie, you know perfectly well we can't afford a two-dollar cabin—we oughta camp in our tent,' but you might as well talk to the wind." . . . "Now, papa, you mustn't lose patience with Junior. . . . Of course mama's baby can have the gumdrop elephants—and the gumdrop donkeys, too." And so on and on, far into the night.

Thursday, August 9.

TODAY I drove through the Garden of the Gods—an astonishing array of bright red rocks that resemble church spires, steamboats, mushrooms, and seals. I saw the Balanced Rock. I drank at the Seven Minute Spring. It did not spurt periodically like a geyser, but trickled out miserably in drops from a cement casing.

"Why does it trickle like this?" I asked a knickered lady wearing a small Ohio pennant.

"It used to spurt every seven minutes," she said. "But the tourists didn't have time to wait for it. So now they keep it sealed in cement and the water accumulates in there and comes constantly. So nobody is delayed."

I began to weaken in my intention to climb Pike's Peak in the car. Colorado Springs seemed to exist for the sole delight of chattering tourists with mattresses and coffeepots roped on the sides of their cars and license plates from every pinpoint on the American continent.

Nature was quite out of it. I sickened on the whole stunt. Without waiting for dinner, I turned my car right about face and drove toward Pueblo, Colorado. The road was a washboard. Nevertheless, I stayed between forty-five and fifty most of the way.

"I've certainly become a driver," I reflected, hanging to the wheel with a death grip as the road tried to wrench it from my hands. "Speeding, at night, over a road like this, when I don't know the way."

I noticed a car behind me. Its light bothered me, shining in my windshield.

"Trying to catch me," I reflected. "Fat chance they have, eh, baby?" giving the car more gas.

In Pueblo I slowed, trying to locate the main part of town. A battered Ford coupé drew up beside me. Two grimy men in overalls called:

"Want us to direct you somewheres, lady?"

"Yes; I want to find the Congress Hotel. Are you the car that's been behind me?"

"Yes, it was us. You sure was steppin' along, lady. We know these roads by heart—and you sure was steppin'."

An old flivver. And I thought I had been *driving!*

Monday, August 13.

I HAD curious companions today for the 300 miles between Pueblo, Colorado, and Santa Fe, New Mexico. A young woman dressed in blue shirt and levis, and her eight year old daughter, Betty. Levis are blue trousers similar to overalls, but without tops, and in addition to being sewed they are riveted with copper rivets. They are popular among girls in the great Southwest. Both adventurers wore shoes, but no stockings.

"Where are you going?" I asked, after the child was settled among the blankets on the back seat.

"To where we live in Arizona," replied the mother. I shall call her Red Head. "We've been visiting my mother in Chicago. She's been sick. My husband never came across with the dough for our return fare. So we're hoofin' it."

I have always wondered about cowboys—their emotional and erotic life—and particularly how a cowboy goes about the delicate business of making love. From Red Head I found out. She is a waitress and she is married to a cowboy. His name is Tex. He is her second husband.

We had not progressed fifty miles before Red Head had confided her whole history, involving two courtships and marriages, two operations, one childbirth, the previous marital record of her first husband, and her present domestic difficulties, including the rank disloyalty of her favorite girl friend, who had brought about the infidelity of one of Red Head's husbands.

Tex had deserted Red Head during her absence in Chicago. She read me his letter of defection. Then she related the ardent manner of his wooing, only a year before.

"I wuz workin' for the Chink—in a restaurant, y' know, honey. This 'ere Tex come in and ordered

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

It'll never bully you again

End freeze-up worries with the anti-freeze that won't evaporate

G PA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This seal protects you against substitution. It appears only on standard glycerine solutions vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association.

Give your car this permanent, safe, anti-freeze protection.

No evaporation, no odor, no constant worry. Harmless to car and finish.

Does not boil away.

RADIATOR Glycerine

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

You don't have to worry . . . because glycerine will not evaporate!

Thousands of motorists are bullied by their cars in winter. They fear a freeze-up. They put in anti-freeze but it evaporates. They keep running for more solution. They worry every time they park their cars in the open or in an unheated garage.

And even then, too often, they end with the very freeze-up they feared—with a fat repair bill to meet, and their car out of service

The better way

Thousands of other motorists have learned a better method. They get their cooling system tightened up, put in one filling of Radiator Glycerine and say good-bye to freezing worries for the entire winter.

They know glycerine can't evaporate. They know it won't boil off.

They know they are safeguarded for the season, not only against freezing, but against the worry and bother that ordinary anti-freeze solutions require.

You know what glycerine is. You know it is bland and harmless. It cannot corrode or attack any part of the cooling system. It will not spoil the car finish. It has no odor of any kind to "perfume" your car when the motor warms up

A well-known, reliable product

Radiator Glycerine went to the North Pole with Amundsen. It is recommended by motor car manufacturers and also for use with radiator shutter fronts. Its virtues have been pointed out by the U. S Bureau of Standards Thousands of motorists use it with perfect success.

Have your car serviced

One precaution is necessary. Be sure your cooling system does not leak. Have your garageman check up on it before putting in Radiator Glycerine, for glycerine can only be lost through leakage or carelessness — it cannot evaporate. Complete directions are on the container.

Put it in NOW

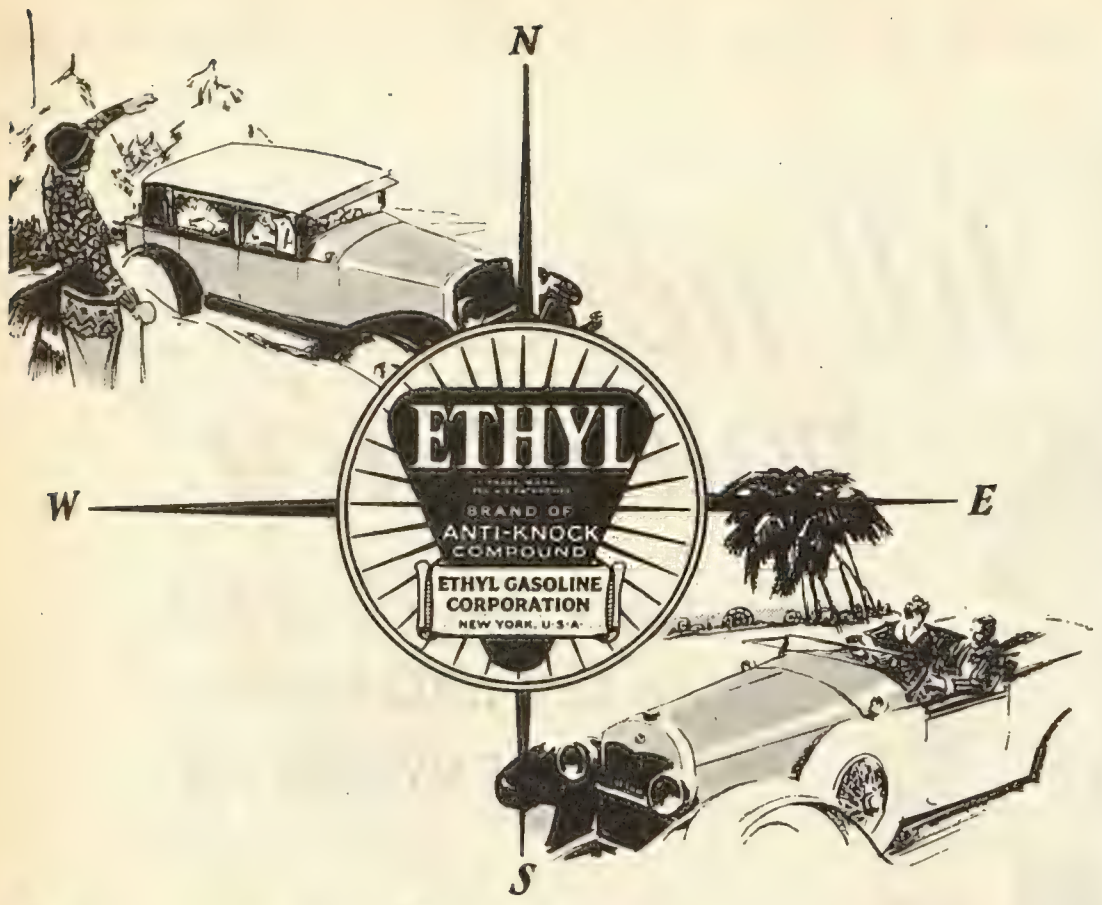
Get full benefit of your Radiator Glycerine by putting it in your car now. It won't evaporate no matter how warm it gets, so there is no reason to wait. Let us send you the Radiator Glycerine booklet with full details of how it works and how to use it. The coupon will bring it immediately.

Fill it in and send it today.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 East 17th Street, New York City
I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the booklet.

Name.....

Address .....



Everywhere—

ETHYL

Knocks out that "knock"

WHEREVER you live, whatever the climate, you will find one or more oil companies putting Ethyl fluid in gasoline suited to your driving conditions.

What is responsible for this widespread distribution?

Appreciation by thirty-six of the leading oil companies of the merit of Ethyl, which was developed by the General Motors Research Laboratories in its years of search for something that would eliminate the "knock" inherent in gasoline.

These major companies have found Ethyl fluid so effective that they are mixing it with their already good gasoline to provide a still better fuel—*Ethyl Gasoline.* They are meeting the demands of the motoring public in making this fuel available in every community—through their own stations, hundreds of resellers and thousands of dealers.

Ethyl Gasoline improves the performance of any car. It turns the higher compression created by carbon into extra power. It gives a special thrill in the high compression motors now being manufactured.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City · 56 Church Street, Toronto, Canada
36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page forty]

a chop suey. He looked at me awhile. Then he sez, 'How'd yuh like tuh go to a movie tonight, kid?"

"I sez, 'Oh, you'd be s'prised.' Yuh see, honey, I always used to spring that. I learned it from a girl friend. She would always say, 'Oh, you'd be s'prised," and then a fellow wouldn't quite know how to take her and he'd make himself more plain.

"Tex looked kinda hurt. Then he sez, 'Honest, all I mean is go to a show.'

"Well, he seemed so earnest and like he wasn't used to girls much, so I went.

"Then we went out for several nights to shows, and one night Tex sez, 'Do I go home with you or do you go home with me?'

"Gee, I sure wuz sore. 'Listen,' I sez; 'I ain't that kinduva girl. Here's where *you* get off.'

".I figured he was just tryin' me out, yuh see, honey.

"He went wild then. He told me how he liked me. 'Honey,' sez he, 'we gotta get married. I can't *live* without yuh.'"

BY the time we reached Raton Pass, in the mountains between Colorado and New Mexico, Red Head was glibly launched on the subject of her operations. I have never known anyone who has had such intriguing operations as Red Head.

In southern Colorado I stopped to let a herd of horses go by. I had never seen such miserable, starved looking creatures in my life.

"Where did you get them?" I called to the cowboy.

"From the Apache Indians. They've got twenty-five thousand horses like these. The government's encouragin' them to sell their horses off. They're not good for anything, y' know. Just goin' to be killed in Pueblo and used for glue and hides."

"How horrible!" I exclaimed. "Couldn't the poor things be fattened up and sold for work? You've no idea how much horses cost in the East."

"No. You couldn't do nothin' with these horses. Well, I got to be gettin' on. We been on the march twelve days now. Good-by." And off he galloped.

It was long after midnight when we reached Glorietta Pass. Here was the Fountain of Youth—an ancient Spanish well, more than ten feet in diameter. It was screened in by chicken wire, and travelers paid ten cents a glass for water. At this hour, all was deserted and locked.

We drove twenty-five miles farther through the cool, still desert. Suddenly low adobe walls rose up on all sides.

"Santa Fe, honey," remarked Red Head.

A map showing the area traversed by the Gasoline Gypsies to reach Santa Fe and Acoma, New Mexico.

Sure enough, Santa Fe! I could hardly drive, for looking eagerly about me.

Old Santa Fe—more ancient, more Spanish than my imagination had ever pictured it! Narrow streets, thick walls, square tops to the houses—no tall buildings anywhere. The city seemed to hug the ground. It was after 1 in the morning. There was hardly a soul on the streets.

I could not dump Red Head and her sleeping child out on the pavement. I drove to one tourist camp—it was full. I drove to a couple of cheap hotels Red Head knew of, and to others suggested by loungers in late lunch rooms where she made inquiries. Apparently every bed in the city was occupied.

She would sleep in the railway station.

"Don't think of it," I urged. "Come to the hotel I'm going to try. Perhaps there'll be something there." We went to the Franciscan Hotel—suggested by the helper at a filling station.

At the Franciscan they had no rooms—but wait, the drowsy clerk and his Mexican bellhop might fix us up. There was a porch with two beds—one dollar a bed, if we wanted them. This was great—we would all three have a place in which to sleep.

The garage was full; even the street in front of the hotel was crowded with cars. I left my big bus in a mud puddle in the center of the road, and went upstairs, taking one small bag and a flashlight. The door of the porch could not be locked, only closed.

I left my clothes on a chair, locked my bag and put it beside the bed on the side near the wall. I took my pocketbook under the covers with me; also my heavy flashlight. It might serve as a weapon in case this powerful looking girl in the blue levis decided to rob me. If my clothes were gone in the morning—well, I had others in the car.

It was nearly 3 A. M. before I was settled for the night. I heard Red Head, in the bed three feet away, waken her little girl; heard the child say a drowsy Our Father in whispers—and then I slept.

Tuesday, August 14.

AN imagination is a dreadful thing—or perhaps it is genuine acquaintance with crooks, in my newspaper experience, that has made me so suspicious of strangers.

I wakened at 6:30 this morning, and felt ashamed of my doubts of Red Head.

Already she and her child were gone—on their way to the highway to try to flag an early automobile headed for Arizona. Everything of mine was undisturbed. On the chair by my bed I saw an

envelope. I picked it up and read: "Thank you, honey, and God bless you." It was signed with Red Head's real name, which up to that moment I hadn't known.

Down below, early tourists were already about. From my porch bed I, in pajamas, was plainly visible to them. I wrapped a blanket about me, ran down the hall to a bathroom, and there dressed.

During the morning I walked about Santa Fe. I heard more Spanish than English. Eighty per cent of the people here are Mexican.

I saw a silver dome. It topped a yellow building. It seemed too low for a public building, but it was the state Capitol. Walking farther, I found myself on what appeared to be the main street of the town.

Ester Robinson digging sand away from the car wheels when stalled near Acoma.

At one end were two square towers. Joyfully I recognized them. The Cathedral—nothing less—the Cathedral of Willa Cather's book, Death Comes for the Archbishop.

The building is of yellow sandstone; acacia trees grow before the door. And in the yard a bronze statue of Archbishop J. B. Lamy—the Jean Latour of the book.

SANTA FE is delightful. Everyone garbs himself as he chooses. The only people who bother about fashions are the dressier tourists, and some of them appear quite silly with their unbecoming short skirts and their artificial looking hats.

Today I intrusted all my soiled shirts, knickers, and so forth to Pansy Chavez, the soft voiced Mexican girl who waits in the dining room at the Franciscan Hotel. Her mother would wash and iron them, she said.

My sister reappeared tonight. She reports having traveled up and down Pike's Peak on foot. Hitch hiking, she reached Santa Fe before I did. She looks well and was resplendent in civilized hat, flowered dress, and patent leather slippers, having shipped these clothes to herself, care of General Delivery, Santa Fe.

We ate in a Spanish restaurant—tamales with chili sauce and frijoles (Mexican beans). Near us sat two handsome Indian men, with their black hair in tight braids, red blankets about their shoulders, and their dark wrists gay with turquoise studded silver bracelets.

They smoked endless cigarettes, with a grace and sang froid I have never seen equaled by a New Yorker.

Later Ester was violently ill. It was the hot Mexican food. I like highly seasoned edibles, but I must confess dinner tonight was the most fiery meal I ever downed. I've plastered my lips with cold cream to ease the burn.

Wednesday, August 15.

AT breakfast I learned that all the hotel's kitchen and dining room help quit last night in a huff. And Pansy has all my clothes! I wonder whether I shall ever see them again.

Today Ester and I visited the church of San Miguel, the oldest church in the United States. The windows were all built high, far above men's heads, for protection against the arrows of hostile Indians. We bought a red Indian necklace for one dollar, and spent fifty cents more for postcards. The fat padre who showed us about overlooked collecting his regular admission charge of twenty-five cents.

This evening I bought myself a velveteen Navajo shirt and a knitted belt to wear with it. It is poppy red in color and is being made to my measure. There are slits under the arms. What a figure I'll cut in New York this fall!

Thursday, August 16.

MY laundry came back! Pansy did not quit her job when the other help struck. She was ill yesterday—that was the reason she did not appear.

Today I bought myself a pair of levis and a broad brimmed Mexican hat. I don't need the hat—in the car I wear a bandanna around my head—but this lurid headpiece with the red tassels bobbing from the brim will *stun* the folks back East!

Sunday and Monday, August 19-20.

I WILL set down the events of these two days simply and without any effort at rhetorical effect. But I do not expect to be believed. The folks back East will laugh at me as they sit in their safe, comfortable subway and read what happened to two girls who yielded to an innocent desire to have a look at the Indian pueblo of Acoma, New Mexico.

Acoma was twenty miles off the highway—we could dash out there and back in a little more than an hour.

The road proved sandy and treacherous. Trying to bring our heavy car through a small arroyo, we became stuck in the sand.

"We'll have to dig," announced Ester.

We had no shovel. With our bare hands we dug. Dug away part of the road—dug under the heavy wheels.

I could see for miles. There was no house, no human being, in sight. For half an hour we worked. Suddenly I felt a presence. I looked around. There stood two Indians. They seemed to have risen out of the ground.

They were friendly enough, however, and, adding their strength to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ask your OWNLY face and

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

FRIEND Face is the great judge, after all, as to what is best for shaving. Suds may be *your* idea . . . but your *Face* may want to know our *cooler, cleaner, smoother, faster* BARBASOL.

Why not let your face decide?

Make This 3-day Test

Apply any shaving soap the usual way—hot water, brush, rub-in, hot towels, more soap, more brush, more lathering, all the "breaks" that Soap & Co. call for—*but only on one-half of your face.*

Now wet down *the other side* with hot water or cold. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Only this:

1—Wash the face (and leave it wet)
2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub-in)
3—Shave!

Do this three shaving days. And then—

Just Listen to Your Face!

"Always use Barbasol on me! I never felt those whiskers slipping off. No burn or after-sting or smart. I feel all fresh and cool and soft, with the natural oils left right in the skin, because Barbasol is 100% beard softener; no air bubbles. And, you just watch and see, every Barbasol shave lasts longer!"

Do it now. And take Barbasol with you wherever you go. It's such an *easy* shave-companion. No brush, no mug, to pack around and lose. Just Barbasol, razor and you!

And by the way—B.S.F.

Have you heard about this grand new pick-up for the tired skin—Barbasol Skin Freshener? Try it. After-shaving, after bathing, any time. Refreshing, stimulating, soothing . . . men like it, women love it!

Big handsome bottle of Barbasol Skin Freshener, 65c. Big he-man tube of Barbasol 35c and 65c. At all druggists.

The Barbasol Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page forty-three]

the struggles of our hind wheels, soon had us out on firmer ground.

We drove miles over a sandy, winding road and came to the Enchanted Mesa. On this great rock, 430 feet high, Indians once lived, according to legend. A great earthquake came while they were working in the plain below and carried away the stairway which was the only means of access to the rock, and three women perished up there from hunger.

Over the difficult road we pushed, going as rapidly as Ester dared to drive in the sand. Ahead we saw the village of Acoma, on a natural fortification 357 feet in the air—hanging on a great white rock mesa that is older than the Pyramids of Egypt, older than man himself.

The trip to Acoma had already taken five times as long as we had expected. We put on more speed. The car skidded—for a moment we seemed to be tipping over—and then we stopped, one side of the car atop a four foot bank.

"We must dig," muttered my sister.

Again we dug, trying to remove the bank with our bare hands. It was hopeless. The sun went down—with the alacrity of a stage sun yanked down by backstage hands.

An old Indian appeared. His black hair hung in a long bob. He wore a Mexican straw hat and blue levis, and carried a lariat. He surveyed our plight.

"Too late," he remarked, looking at the sky. "Too late for fix tonight."

"Oh, but we *must* get back to the highway," I insisted. "We must get back tonight. Can't you get someone down from the pueblo and haul us out? We pay him, you know."

He promised to try. Perhaps his son would come. The old Indian started off on a run through the deep sand—a steady dogtrot run, his body swaying in a strange side to side motion that seemed to be a natural gait with him.

In an incredibly short time he returned.

"My son—he gone. Tomorrow he works on section gang—long ways off—already he has gone."

This was great news. Here we were, stuck, without food or water. (There was nothing but sickening cherry cider in our thermos jug.) We were more than twenty miles from a white man, in a sandy plain that was probably alive with rattlesnakes and deadly Gila monsters.

UNDERSTAND—dear, safe, secure Easterners—that an Indian pueblo today is exactly like an Indian pueblo was 500 years ago. There are no hotels, no filling stations, no traffic policemen, no telephones. Your purse may be full of money; but you can't eat United States bank notes, nor can you drink even the most glittering of silver coins.

"But where will we stay—is there any place up there where we can stay?" I asked the old Indian, glancing at the rocky mesa above us.

"In my house," he said briefly.

Indians never waste words. They state a fact, and that ends it.

My heart sank. Still, it seemed the only thing to do. Better trust ourselves to the protection of this one old Indian than to stay on the plain where ruthless young bucks might roam in the night.

"Your wife will be there?" I asked, desperately hanging on to the last shreds of civilized decorum that lay in me.

"My wife—she live with me. She fix you some food." Then, as if reading my mind, "Nobody will touch you."

Ester managed to whisper, "Hide your money." Under pretense of sorting baggage, I thrust a $100 bill behind the back seat. I took out the small bag that held pajamas and toilet articles, and Ester took her heavy brown bag that served the same purpose for her.

The car refused to lock. It refused even to close, due to the angle at which it was tipped.

"Nobody will touch," the Indian assured us.

So we went off, leaving an expensive car, with two spare tires, $100 in cash, two portable typewriters, riding boots, clothing, blankets, books, and camping paraphernalia to the mercy of Gila monsters and possibly light-fingered Indians.

"My name is Charles Dixon—D-i-x-o-n," announced our Indian, as we started after him. "What you called?"

"Our name is Robinson," I replied in the most affable tones I could muster. "I, Grace Robinson—she, Ester Robinson. She my sister."

We trudged along through the sand, doing our best to keep up with Charlie Dixon. He didn't take a sheer ascent up the mesa, but led us a great distance around, to the back of the strange sky city.

"I take you on burro trail," he explained. "Indian way too hard for you."

After half an hour of trudging we started up. We were on the burro trail—*El Camino del Padre*. I remembered it from Willa Cather's book. It was built by an old Spanish priest who labored at Acoma early in 1600.

"I'm glad for this easy burro trail," I muttered to Ester, when our guide had proceeded a few feet ahead.

We plowed through sand that came over our ankles. We went on all fours over steep rocks, sweating and puffing as we struggled under our baggage, and wondering whether we would ever be at the top.

And all the while my mind was full of wild misgivings.

You wonder why? Very well. Not so many years ago these Acoma Indians had a priest who tyrannized over them. One day he unintentionally killed an Indian serving boy. That night, after the moon had risen from the plains below, the Indians carried him to the highest rocky, precipitous side of their mesa, and, taking him by the hands and feet, swung him over the edge to be shattered to bits 400 feet below.

I had read all about it, and besides the story is known in these parts.

I had never seen such miserable, starved looking creatures in my life.

"I'm glad for this easy burro trail," I muttered to Ester.

Now, as we climbed this tortuous ascent, every detail of that unfortunate priest's end stood out cameolike in my mind. The moon came up over the crags—a great pink moon with mauve edges. (I am perfectly aware nobody will believe me.) That pink crescent hung above the jagged points exactly as it had hung while Friar Baltazar, helpless on this white rock, had awaited the coming of his swarthy executioners.

PRESENTLY I realized I was ahead of our little party. I looked back. Charlie Dixon was bending over Ester. She was stretched full length in the sand. Apparently she had fainted. Her bag was heavier than mine, and she was exhausted from driving all day.

I plowed back. "Ester, what's the matter?" I cried.

She moved her head.

"I got so dizzy," she gasped.

Two small Indian boys appeared. The bigger one took her heavy bag. The smaller one took mine. Charlie Dixon took our leather windbreakers. He made Ester lean on him until she felt stronger.

We reached the pueblo, narrow white streets lying between sheer white walls. And high above our heads, in the small square windows, a dull glow proceeded from within. For an instant I was completely transported. This was not America—this was not the New World. This was the Far East—a Moslem city—and these silent brown figures were Asiatics.

I recalled the famous church atop this mesa—the largest church in the United States, with the exception of St. John the Divine in New York City.

"Do you attend the church here?" I asked the older Indian boy.

"No."

"How often do they hold services?"

"Once a month."

"Who is the priest that comes here?"

"He comes from another pueblo — I don't know him," finished the boy coldly. Apparently this Indian lad had little use for the religion of which the executed priest had been an exponent. I wished I had evinced no interest in the church.

We met an Indian woman, wrapped in a bright blanket, a papoose at her back.

"My wife," said Charlie Dixon.

I gave the boys seventy-five cents between them, and we followed Mrs. Dixon. Down the white rock street, with Indians staring curiously at us. A halt before a kind of cliff dwelling.

"My house," said Charlie Dixon. A ladder leaned against the side. We climbed up its round rungs, hauling our bags after us, and emerged on a narrow ledge which apparently was the approach to both Charlie Dixon's dwelling and that of his next door neighbor. One step, and we were on a pleasant second story balcony formed by the projection to the street of the first floor below.

Adventure awaited the Gasoline Gypsies in the Indian dwelling. Read about it in an early issue of Liberty.

Take your first bite. Isn't the crust short and tender? And the rich, luscious mince meat—Heinz Mince Meat—tasting of juicy apples and plump raisins and currants . . . of tender little morsels of meat—of candied citron and lemon peel. What a mince pie—every delicious, fruity bite of it!

flavor

flavor 57

We don't wonder that most women have given up making their own mince meat. For it does take such a lot of time and patience and skill.

We *know*. For our own mince meat, we go to extraordinary pains to find the ingredients that give us exactly the flavor and "mince-meatiness" we want.

"Four Crown" Valencia Raisins from Spain, Grecian Case Currants, candied Leghorn fruits — citron and lemon peel—juicy apples, prime beef . . . And—most important — to secure our spices we send our representatives to the very ends of the world.

Then the blending according to an exclusive Heinz recipe. And the *experience!* For, after all, it is our 59 years of experience that has made the name Heinz mean Flavor.

* *

Another holiday suggestion—Heinz Fig Pudding made especially light; and Heinz Plum Pudding, as rich and plum-y as you could ask for. We print the recipes for delicious sauces right on the label.
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A NEW radio receiver! . . . The 1929 leader! . . . AC electric from the light socket! . . . Operates the desired dynamic type of power speaker—The Crosley DYNACONE (pictured) $25.

Powerful! Efficient! Selective! Sensitive! Illuminated dial!

At the low price of $65 only by virtue of the experience, rigid economies of marketing and manufacturing and straight line production methods of America's outstanding radio leader—The Crosley Radio Corporation.

This amazing set is the most discussed radio in the popular priced field today!

Go to the nearest Crosley dealer. Ask to see this success! Ask to have it attached to your antenna for a FREE TRIAL that you may decide privately and uninfluenced that the selectivity—the sensitivity—the power and the quality ARE ACTUALLY SUPERIOR to many a radio twice and more its price.

Crosley also makes an 8 tube AC SHOWBOX with push-pull 171 output tubes $80., and the same thing for DC current at $85.

If you cannot locate the nearest dealer write Dept. 76 for illustrated literature.

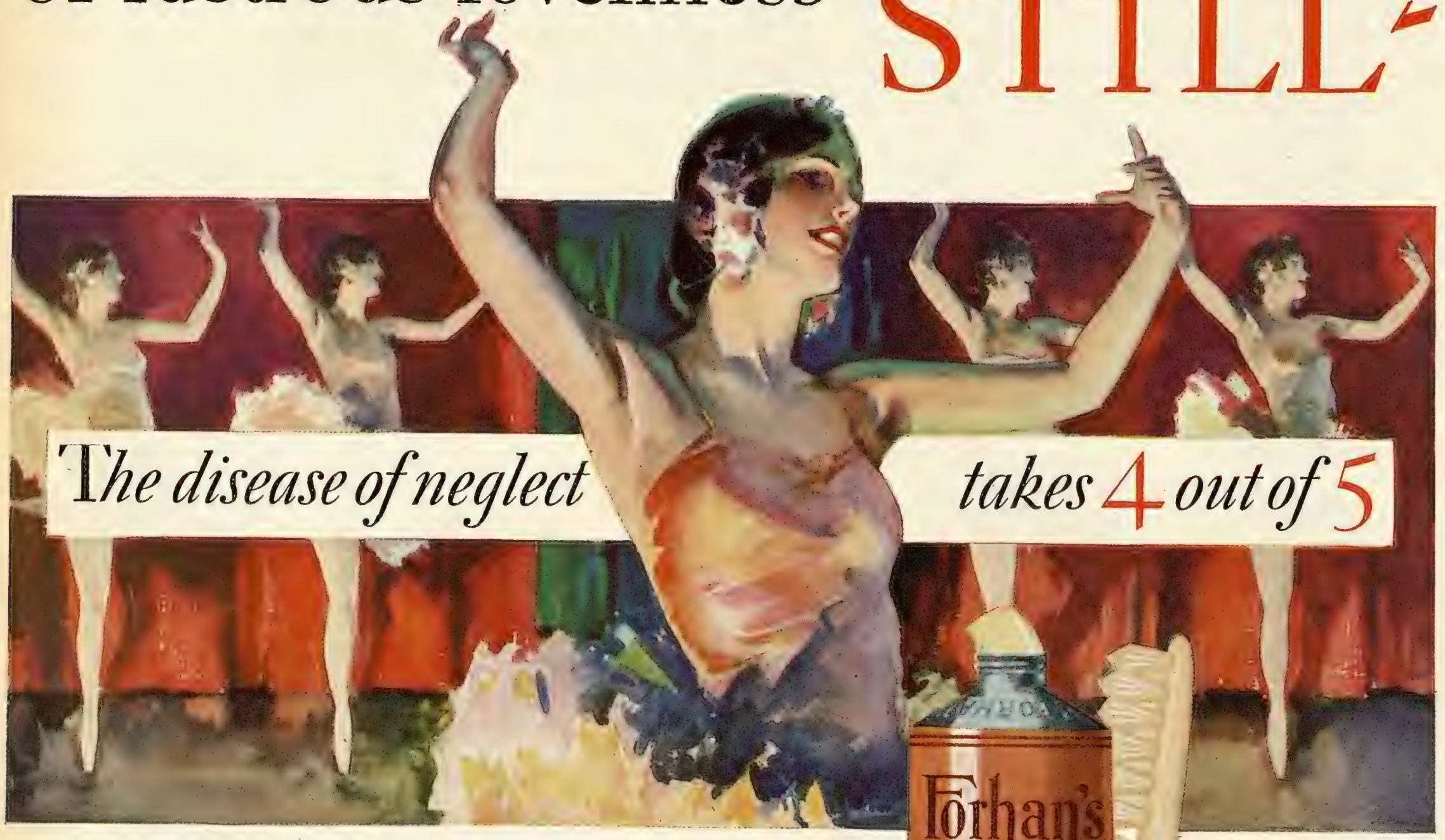
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher

Prices of Crosley receivers do not include tubes

Crosley" $65.

Enchanting smiles may reveal pearls of lustrous loveliness STILL



WHITE teeth flashing behind smiling lips are so attractive; but lurking in the background is danger. Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger surrender to that insidious disease of neglect, Pyorrhea. (*Figures of many dental clinics are even higher.*)

If neglected, this grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums, stealthily steals from health and youth and beauty. Its poisons sweep through the body, often causing a host of serious diseases.

For Health's Sake

Take care of your teeth. Keep them glistening white and sound. But also take care of the gums. See that the dentifrice you use helps to firm gums and keep them healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

And millions of men and women will tell you that Forhan's for the Gums is such a dentifrice.

More Than a Tooth Paste

Without the use of harsh abrasives it cleans teeth, restores their natural whiteness and removes acids which cause decay. In addition, if used regularly, every morning and every night, Forhan's helps gums to resist infection.

It is the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., and it is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent used by dentists in treating the gums.

You'll like the taste of Forhan's. It is refreshing, mild and clean. So don't wait until the *signal flashes red on your toothbrush,* until gums recede from teeth and teeth loosen in their sockets. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums today. Teach your children this good habit. It protects their precious health in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, 35c and 60c.

Forhan Company, New York

Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

This Mouthwash Works!

The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouthwash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

The Waxen Saint

The Story of a Substitute Wife

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Pictures by WILL PERRIN

During the honeymoon he had been jealous of Drina for the intimacies of Sophie she shared with him.

HIS bride fell overboard one night in the fourth week of their honeymoon while the yacht was a few miles off the Florida coast. When a steward told him what had happened he sat up and looked at the other twin bed in their stateroom. The imprint of her body was still on the lower sheet. He sprang to his feet and pawed stupidly at the tumbled covers, as if he thought she was hiding under them. Then he called, "Sophie! Sophie!" and lunged frantically toward the companionway.

On the rear deck Captain Byroads and Mr. Prince, the first officer, caught him as he made for the rail. Far out on the heaving swell four sailors in a boat were splashing at the water with weary, futile strokes. The yacht had swung about and was retracing its own troubled wake. A dozen life preservers bobbed in the pale, cruel moonlight. The yacht's beacon searched them uselessly.

"She is lost, sir," said Captain Byroads. "You'll not do any good out there. Steady now, sir."

Doerr Haslam blinked, closed his eyes, and wavered, sleep drunk, on bare feet. All this was a nightmare; he would go to sleep again and dream another dream. Tight grips on his arms shut off this retreat. The sailormen were strong and very much alive. He heard Mr. Prince say:

"I had the watch, sir. I saw her come on deck and walk forward. I heard nothing that would give me any idea that she— But after fifteen minutes or so I walked forward to see if she was all right. I thought maybe she had a touch of seasickness and had come up for the fresh air. She was gone, sir, and I stopped the ship immediately and—"

The captain and the first officer continued talking. Haslam realized, vaguely, they were assuring him it was an unavoidable accident, and everything had been done that could have been done.

"If she had been able to swim, sir—" he heard the captain say many times, as if that made it all Sophie's fault. And part of his numbed brain remembered he hadn't allowed Sophie to learn to swim.

He had been afraid for her in the water, and he did not want other men to see so much of her body in a bathing suit.

His officers steered him firmly away from the rail, not liking the expression in his eyes as he stared at the black, sullen ocean. Captain Byroads exchanged a glance of compact with Mr. Prince. They would not tell this stricken man, whom they loved, their suspicions, or mention the radio message in code Mrs. Haslam had received early in the evening.

Haslam had a blurred impression of other members of the crew standing about, and heard, with an odd sense of surprise, a woman sobbing below. It was Sophie's maid, Drina. Save for those sounds and the swirling of the wake and the click of oarlocks nearing the yacht, everything was very still. It was the silence of an ending.

Such happiness as he had known for two months was unearthly. To awaken and find Sophie vanished—it was what some intuition had made him fear each nighttime of their romance. Life was not so beautiful, men were not so blessed. Somehow he had known tragedy was inevitable. He had whispered his terror to Sophie during long embraces, and she had said, "Oh, silly sweetheart." But she had not laughed. Perhaps she felt it, too.

Captain Byroads touched his arm.

"We shall continue the search till morning, sir?"

Until morning? And then leave Sophie?

His calm was swept away in hot tears and a rending, tearing ache so deep and painful that for the first time in his life he felt recesses in his being deeper than chest or throat.

"No," he said. "You will please put the ship on the spot where you think she—died—and hold it there until further orders, captain."

THE captain was profoundly touched. Two or three times before in his life he had seen grief hit men of Haslam's sort. Haslam's kind didn't evade grief with platitudes about the hereafter, or let it bowl them over and wash itself out in blubbery tears.

Haslam was tall and lean, hawk nosed and disciplined. Sundry persons had called him hard, but Captain Byroads knew better. When Haslam allowed emotions to penetrate his reserve there was bound to be something fine about them and they were locked in the exquisitely furnished chambers of his soul. Although they raised all kinds of hell there, he would keep them. Captain Byroads had learned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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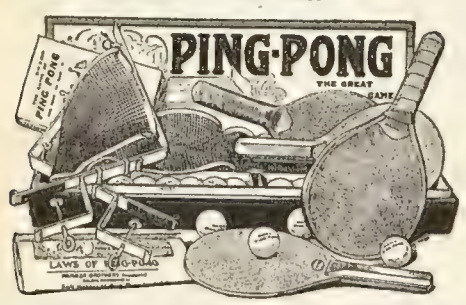

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[THE WAXEN SAINT Continued from page forty-nine]

this much about his employer during nine years of sea roving with Haslam. What could the captain do but grip Haslam's hand firmly and say, "Very well, sir"?

For twenty days the Wind Sprite rode at deep anchor or slowly circled an unmarked grave in the sea. Its owner, guarded night and day by Captain Byroads or First Officer Prince or a member of the crew, seemed to take inhuman satisfaction in his grief.

His eyes had a madman's focus on the water about the yacht; he appeared to regard it as sacred, and cursed all profanations. A supply boat summoned by radio from Miami sent him into a rage and he fired on it with a big game rifle, and could not be quieted until the smoke grimed craft stood its distance and delivered the supplies by dory.

A HYDROPLANE, bearing reporters, was warned away, the Wind Sprite's crew refusing to lower a boat to bring them aboard. Captain Byroads' report of the drowning of Mrs. Doerr Haslam was taken ashore by motorboat.

Haslam's sister in New York, cousins in Washington, friends in San Francisco, London, and Paris radioed messages. His sister announced her arrival within three days. He ordered her not to come. She came anyway. He shut himself in the stateroom he and Sophie had occupied and refused to see her.

In the captain's cabin the sister discussed it with Byroads and the first officer. Mrs. Henry van Studdiford, wife of a man almost as rich as Haslam, was noted for her strength of will and blunt speech.

"He's making a fool of himself," she said. "But then, he always made a fool of himself. Of course he was devoted to the woman and all that, but this is plain insanity."

By the words "the woman" Mrs. van Studdiford meant she had not approved of Haslam's marriage to Sophie. "Have any of her relatives been heard from?" she inquired, and when the officers replied negatively, she shook her head.

Haslam had met and married Sophie at Biarritz, and the only details concerning her family he had supplied in letters to his sister were, "She is an English girl, and I suspect her home life wasn't happy. We never refer to each other's families, sis. She knows nothing about me and I know nothing about her. We took each other on faith, and details do not seem to matter."

The captain and the first officer sighed. They had their secret thoughts concerning the late Mrs. Doerr Haslam, having picked up certain gossip about her past in Biarritz. But this information was not for Mrs. van Studdiford, with her narrow, sardonic face and lovely eyes saying, "I might have told him so." Nor did they care to comment on her declaration that Haslam always had been a fool.

It was true enough, measured by Mrs. van Studdiford's notion of foolishness, so they essayed no defense of him. Men like Haslam, with deep set, restless ice blue eyes and quixotic humors hidden in the lines of straight thin lips, are difficult for women to understand. These sailors who had knocked about the world in Haslam's company were silent now, and sad.

"Never do that, if you love me," he said.

"I shall stay, of course, until he comes to his senses," Mrs. van Studdiford announced, after a long pause.

HASLAM sat, gaunt, windburned, salt whitened at the temples, trying to remember Sophie. He had closed the portholes of the suite and shut the doors tight. By his orders the ship had been turned so a porthole to starboard bore on an imagined spot in a waste of green water, where white froth breaking against the bow trailed like a funeral wreath across the swell. Sophie's grave.

The first week he had liked to sit with the maid, Drina, listening to her wordy grief. She was a dumpy girl of mysterious ancestry who spoke broken English. During the honeymoon he had been jealous of Drina for the intimacies of Sophie she shared with him. But common grief had erased all that, and he felt fond of Drina as she moaned and snuffled and wailed, "Oh, Mees Sophie, po' leetle w'ite theeng—she out there all alone, Meest Hassam—all alone—down in ze watair—deep—deep—deep—"

But Drina was young and he watched the tears dry on her cheeks and saw with horror that her grief was passing. One day he heard Drina outside the suite giggle in flirtation with a sailor. One week to mourn for Sophie? He turned on the girl and cursed her in a terrible rage, and after that could not bear the sight of her.

Brooding over it, he came to a certain satisfaction that Drina's memory of Sophie was fading. She was too dross a thing to hold memories so beautiful. Soon he would have them all to himself.

HE grew to despise the yacht above deck. At first everything had stopped; it was a stricken ship and had a mourning sound of its own. That seemed meet and right. But the ship's routine, after a brief, tragic gasp, went on as before. Young sailors began to whistle at their work, officers' orders rose to the old crispness, odors of cooking stole in upon Haslam with jeering regularity. It had comforted him to think of the white, slender Wind Sprite as a bird that had lost its mate, loyally circling the spot where she fluttered down to death. Heartsick at the sights and sounds of the normal world, which was covering over his tragedy, Haslam shut himself in the bedroom of the bridal suite.

Here, with a jumbled disorder of Sophie's clothes spilled from a drawer of a wardrobe trunk, with Sophie's small shoes kicked into opposite corners of the room—she always kicked her shoes off in haste to wiggle her toes—with Sophie's dressing table a littered hodgepodge of girlish things, he made his stand.

The January nights were warm, but he opened portholes the barest crack. Sophie's perfume was in the air and he did not want it to escape. It recalled the feel of Sophie when he had first taken her in his arms in a corner of a moon drenched balcony. It had the savor of Sophie's kiss. They had paused behind a fountain in the park near the Casino for one of Sophie's kisses, and he still could hear the silver splashing of the water.

But the perfume was fled away one morning, and in terror he searched among her things for the bottle. Improvidently, she had had only one, and there were but a few drops left. The bottle bore no label. This discovery shook him; it must have been a perfume of Sophie's own concoction. That was like Sophie. Almost all her things were her own in some subtle way that defied imitation. He

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

LUMPS in his throat...

The little something that's gone wrong . . . it isn't serious, perhaps, but it seems very big to him just now. And it gives him that horrible choky feeling in his throat . . . as though his heart were there and couldn't be swallowed down.

Every mother knows those pitiful sobbing days, when her child grieves and will not be comforted. And she knows too that they come when serious dangerous things are happening inside the child's body . . .

THE poisons of fatigue, of course, get bottled up in children's bodies just as they do in adults'. And in children's bodies also they mean bad irritable tempers, dreary little heads, woebegone faces. Yet mothers feel particularly unwilling to shock delicate little bodies by giving harsh, ordinary laxatives . . .

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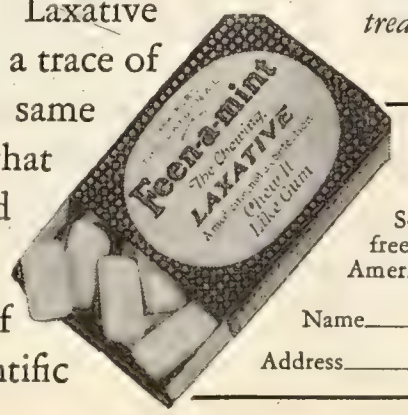

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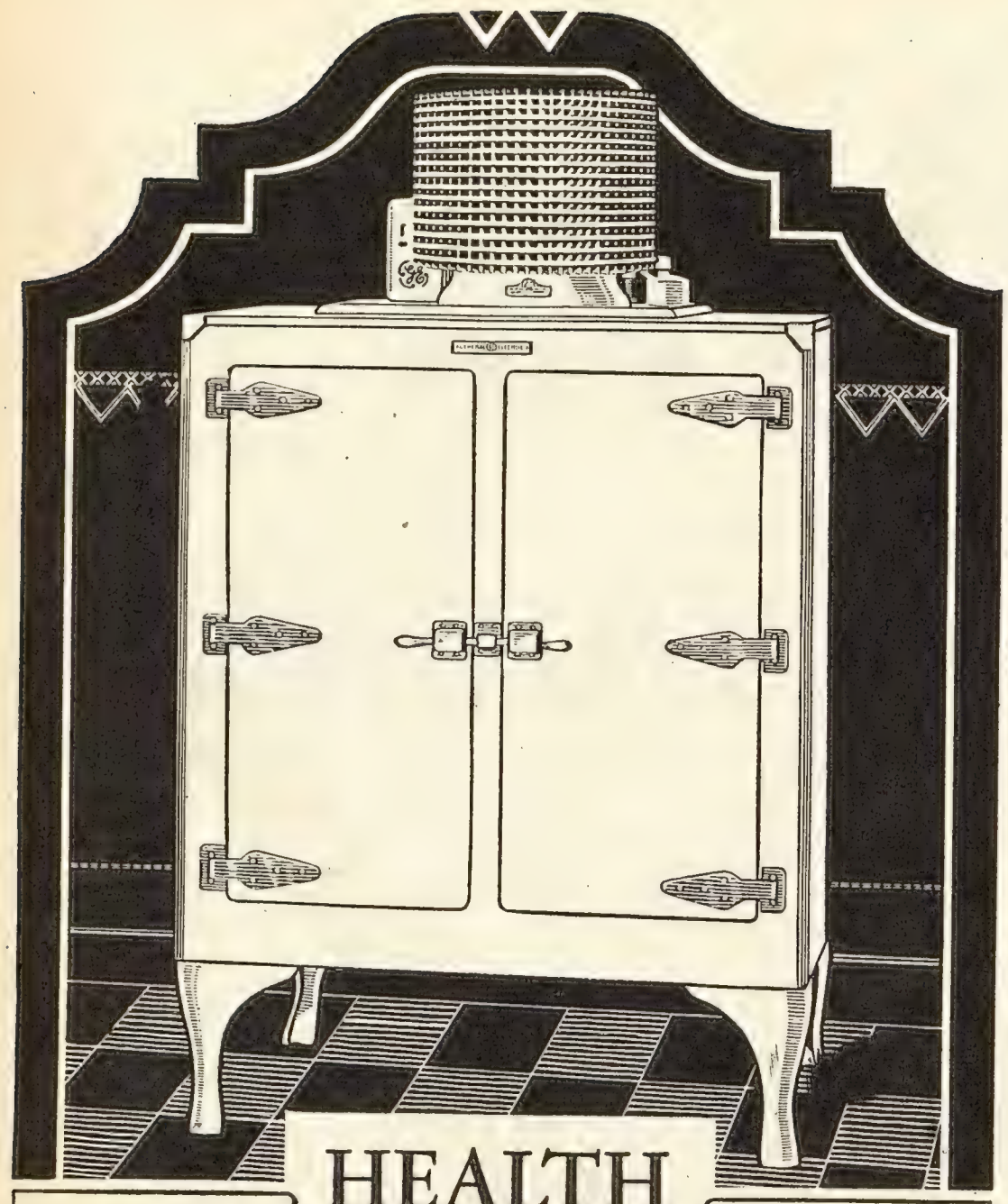

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[THE WAXEN SAINT
Continued from page fifty]

wrapped the perfume bottle in a silk handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

Nights he still could see her clearly. But in daytime it was harder. What was she like? Why, in the dark, when you felt her face, her forehead was soft and very cool, and her brows had the feel of a tiny kitten's head. And when you rested your fingertips upon her closed eyelids you could feel them quivering, and the traceries of veins like a pattern in gossamer. Her nose was straight and narrow, and when you tweaked the end of it she laughed. The lips were full, so you never felt her teeth through them unless you kissed very hard.

He must remember her mannerisms. He must get them clearly in his mind. He must repeat them over like this: "Sophie always gave a little half skip with her foot when she crossed a room," and "Sophie always held her breath a long time while she waited for a present," and "Sophie always clapped her hands with the thumbs digging into the palms." And Sophie's voice—unusually rich for so willowy a girl; she slurred words, too, like "dorse" for "doors" and "buerful" for "beautiful."

BUT, try as he would, Sophie was slipping away from him. He no longer had that complete and instinctive realization of her. He cursed himself for not letting her keep the pictures she had taken in Rome. He had destroyed the pictures, considering them a desecration, but now he thought desperately hard to recall the name of the photographer. He must cable, and if the fellow had lost the plates he would kill him.

One day his sister forced her way into his self imposed prison.

"Well, Doerr," she said, "it has been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Eight years," he said gruffly, a mite ashamed of himself.

"Yes. You did the war and then South Africa and then—Brazil, wasn't it? And then—Biarritz."

"Yes. Biarritz."

"I'm awfully sorry, Doerr."

"All right, sis."

They kissed each other.

"You're going to take this like a man, aren't you?" she asked, placing a hand on his shoulder.

He shook his head and his eyes strayed out to the wreath of foam to starboard.

"No. A man would be out there with her."

"Nonsense. You're too brave to do that."

"Not brave enough." His voice broke. "I haven't the faith that I would see her again, if I did. Alive—I still have memories. Dead—I might not."

"But, Doerr—time will—"

It brought a shudder over him. Time? A treacherous foe. It buried loved ones in the sea and then buried them in living hearts. Sophie, ah, Sophie was fading.

"Nothing will ever do that," he said savagely. "Nothing. I will remember Sophie. I will remember her. You hear?"

MRS. VAN STUDDIFORD had made up her mind that a dash of cold water would bring him to his senses.

"Of course you will always remember her," she said. "But you are still young, Doerr, and life moves on. You can't mope over this tragedy forever. Sophie was very dear and sweet, I am sure, but there are other girls in the world, Doerr. And—"

He read in her voice that she already had another girl picked out for him and was bent on carrying him back to New York. A jumbled paraphrase of poetry went through his head:

And she will sleep beneath the grass,
And you beside another lass.

Another memory stirred him. It was of a play, Mary Rose, he had seen some years back. The haunting irony of the theme was torture now.

What if Sophie came back years hence? Would there be a place for her in his life? A frenzy gripped him. Obsession of an idea born suddenly in his anguish filled his mind.

"It's a gypsy thing," she admitted. "They're all gypsy things."

With groping hands he pushed his sister aside and made for the companionway. As Mrs. van Studdiford followed, calling, "Now, Doerr, control yourself," he was

on deck, giving his order to Captain Byroads:

"Put in to the nearest port."

He left the Wind Sprite at Tampa, and after wiring his New York bankers dropped out of sight. Not even Captain Byroads knew where he was. Mrs. van Studdiford, convinced that he had lost his mind, returned to her Park Avenue apartment and engaged private detectives to search for him. It was kept out of the papers.

In the two months after Sophie's death he traveled constantly. Atlanta, New Orleans, Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha. On trains, in railroad stations, on boulevards, at theaters, he searched women's faces. Had he been less good looking and less obviously wealthy, more than one girl might have resented the intensity of his furtive stares. But he did not follow them with advances, and in the women he watched he aroused only wonderment.

HE first saw Marjory Blair on the stage of the Brandeis Theater in Omaha. She was the leading woman of a road company playing To Love, a romantic comedy. Haslam gripped the arm of his chair when he saw her. She was tall and willowy, with blonde hair, a small straight nose, and full lips. Her eyes were blue and looked like the eyes of a Maltese kitten. She spoke her lines with a slurring of words and when she moved it was with a diaphanous grace that brought tears to his eyes.

"Sophie!" he said to himself. "Sophie! Sophie! Sophie!" the name lilting in his memory like the words of a song.

There was a desperate earnestness in his pursuit of the girl. The pleading emptiness of his eyes and the shadow of spiritual tragedy on his distinguished face and the air of mystery about him caught her fancy. After three rebuffs, she agreed to go to dinner with him at the Fontanelle. With a pretty woman's self sufficiency she said, "Oh, all right, then, Mr. Haslam. But we'll have to eat early and we won't have much time. And"—quickly, pointedly—"the company leaves for Denver at midnight." She considered only that he might relieve her boredom for half an hour. His name meant nothing to her; Mid-Western papers had carried brief stories on the drowning of Mrs. Doerr Haslam, but she had not noticed them.

She was ill at ease with him during dinner, and he exerted himself to be charming. He knew how. She began to give less attention to her plate. Before they reached the salad she was sending small, probing questions across the table.

"You don't sell anything, do you?"

He shook his head.

"I'm a wanderer. I'm one of the chaps who couldn't settle down after the war."

"Oh, I see." And then, mischievously, "Are you a professional patron of the drama?"

He did not smile. He was watching her slender hands to see if they trembled at poignant strains in the music of the orchestra. Sophie's had always done that.

"It is my first experience of this sort."

She knew he told the truth. His fascination for her began at that moment.

Before the show reached Los Angeles she was in love with him. He had told her all about himself, except his marriage to Sophie. In the face of her love she found all her sophistication and canniness vanished. Somehow she knew that this man had an inward wound, hideous and terrible. But she was afraid to know his secret.

Jimmy Malloy, manager of the show, threw out a veiled warning. One night he remarked in a philosophical way, "I never knew a girl who married a man blind who didn't have an awful eye opener sooner or later." Mrs. Crofts, who had one of the character rôles in To Love, added her advice: "Don't you think you ought to write to the Explorers Club or his sister or someone, young lady? I think you should know a *little* more about him."

She shuddered at their talk, feeling intuitively that whatever this thing was in his past, it could not be cheap or sordid.

Once she thought of asking carelessly, "I say, you haven't been married before, have you?" The sound of the question in her head made her ashamed. It couldn't be said.

She had tried to pry, now and then, by laughing allusions to her own past love affairs. He always listened gravely and volunteered nothing on his own account.

The nearest she came to a direct question was, "You seem so gloomy sometimes. What's the matter?" He had gone taut, but his reply was merely, "Sorry, I didn't mean to be."

ONE evening after the theater they took a long auto ride together into the hills. The varicolored lights of the city arched behind them like a bower of leaves in some unearthly electric autumn. There was the same moon that had shone on Biarritz, a sad, limpid jewel, spilled out helterskelter with the crystalline stars on a black velvet counter. In the tonneau of the touring car as it scudded along a wide highway Haslam sat silent, with the girl beside him. He was remembering Sophie. By glancing quickly at Marjory Blair he had the perfect illusion—this was Sophie come back to earth. He would never leave Marjory Blair.

The girl turned to him suddenly and said:

"You know I love you, don't you?"

He asked, not looking at her,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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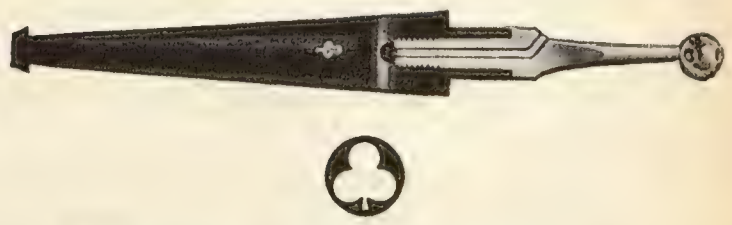

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[THE WAXEN SAINT Continued from page fifty-three]

"Did you make those inquiries about me?"

"No."

"Why didn't you?"

"You've never made any inquiries about me. I told you to write to my folks in Brooklyn. You haven't, have you?"

"No."

"Well—I'm just as good a sport as you are."

"You love me enough to marry me tonight?"

"Yes."

"Even when I must tell you I do not love you?"

The words were a knife thrust, and she sank back, her face white.

"I thought you did," she managed to say, after an intolerable pause.

"But I want to marry you," he said.

"Why? If you don't love me?"

She saw a burning, mysterious, fleshless hunger in his eyes.

"Because I want you with me always. I couldn't be without you."

It gave him back to her. Her bosom lifted in a long sigh. She smiled in superior happiness.

"Old silly!" she said. "That's love."

They were married that night, and left on a morning train for Florida.

IN the handsome Spanish villa he bought for her at Miami—palm trees and sunken gardens and lovely pools—she soon discovered what a strange sort of love it was. He would kiss her with his eyes closed, and finger her face in a dark corner of the back garden, but his intimacy ended with that.

Bewildered by the unexpected status their marriage assumed, she tried to ask him why.

"I told you I didn't love you," he reminded her.

"Not that particular way, Doerr?"

"No."

"I ought to—leave you—don't you think?"

At that he grabbed her in alarm and drew her to him, pressing her head against his shoulder.

"Never do that, if you love me," he said.

She did love him so much that the thought of leaving him made her hug his neck fiercely. She believed time would solve the enigma.

"You need clothes, don't you?" he asked, the second day they were in the house. "I will buy your trousseau."

"Won't you even let me go with you?" she laughed.

"I want to choose them," he said intensely.

And then, in lighter voice, "It will be a surprise."

He sent a telegram to Captain Byroads at Tampa that morning:

PLEASE PACK EVERYTHING IN MY SUITE AT ONCE AND SHIP TO ME HERE CARE OF AMBROSE INC

HIS sister's private detectives, having picked up his trail in Denver, reported that he was in Miami living at such-and-such a street address with a woman. Mrs. van Studdiford, greatly amused, wrote him a chiding little letter,

"She is lost, sir," said Captain Byroads. "You'll not do any good out there."

convinced of his return to a normal state of mind.

He did not show the letter to Marjory. The letter took for granted that he was not married to his companion, expressed ironic surprise at his quick forgetfulness of Sophie, and invited him to New York "at such a time as you can travel conventionally."

Marjory enjoyed the game of going to the modistes to be measured for clothes the pattern of which she knew nothing. But when her trousseau was delivered she was startled at the frocks and gowns and underthings, the shoes and stockings.

"Why, Doerr!" she exclaimed. "Did they come from Paris? They're—they're so foreign looking."

"Do you like them?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course I do," she replied, telling a white lie.

"Put on the flame colored one for dinner," he begged. "Will you? For me?"

She did not know that in trunks in a storeroom downtown there were exact replicas of everything in her trousseau. In her boudoir, before dinnertime, she picked at the flame colored gown, her tears making it shimmer wickedly on a chair.

"It's a gypsy thing," she admitted to herself. "They're all gypsy things."

But the look in his eyes as she came downstairs in the gown repaid her for the distaste of wearing it. He started as if at an ap-

parition, and when she was before him in the candlelight of the hall, he whispered, "Sophie!"

"What was that, dear?" she asked, and then, thinking she had not heard a name, she said, "Do you like me in this dress?"

"Lovely. Lovely," he said.

She clapped her hands in happiness and he caught them in both of his. She wondered why he looked at her hands so closely.

"Aren't they clean?"

He fingered her thumbs.

"Those little thumbs," he said, "should be turned in like this when you clap your hands."

"Silly! Why?"

"I like them that way."

It began to dawn on her in the next few days that Doerr was trying to make her different. The clothes had started it and her suspicions were strengthened when he suggested by some subtlety she could not quite define that her blonde bob should be clipped more boyishly. Bobs were going out and she had intended letting her hair grow.

But it was nice to feel his hands stroking her head when she came home with the short bob, and it was nicer to see the shine in his deep set eyes when by accident one night a throaty note sounded in her laughter.

"Do you like me to laugh that way?" she inquired.

He nodded, and his eyes moistened with unaccountable emotion.

A GOOD little actress, Marjory began to experiment with artificial mannerisms. She always clapped her hands now with the thumbs turned in, and that gesture suggested that she play little girl and hold her breath when he brought her presents.

She discovered he liked her to skip and dance and flounce around in her gypsy clothes, and once when, strutting away from him in mock majesty, she dragged her right foot half a step, he groped for her in a blind fuddle of sentiment, and she felt her growing power over him as they embraced.

But the artificiality of it all palled on her quickly, and she began to make him real and herself real by talking of their families.

"Could I have mother down here for a visit?"

He looked annoyed, but said heartily, "Of course. What is her address? I'll send her a check for the trip."

SHE decided not to have her mother awhile yet, and turned the talk to his family.

"I have no one but a sister in New York," he told her.

"Is she rich, too?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does she know we're married?"

"No. Nobody knows but us."

Letters came from banks and she heard him telephoning stock quotations in his tense, nervous voice. That reassured her somewhat.

She could not understand one habit of his. He was fond of sitting on a balustrade in the garden, looking out to sea. The ocean seemed to have a fascination for him which he never voiced or hinted at.

"Couldn't you have a boat?" she asked one day, finding him lost in reverie, his eyes mirroring waves of white green water. "I think that would be fun."

"I own a yacht," he replied. "We will make a trip on it some day soon."

"Doerr?"

"Yes?"

"Did you have another sister once, who died?"

He stood up, avoiding her glance, and shook his head.

"What made you think I had?"

She hung on his arm.

"I wondered. You like me to pretend things, don't you? I thought maybe—"

"Don't think," he said hastily, catching her up in his arms. "That is one thing I won't allow. You musn't think."

Some faintly bitter timbre in his joking voice hurt her heart. A hideous thought, which had been in the back of her mind from the first, got larger all of a sudden and frightened her. She put her arms around his neck and hugged him tight. But she felt no answering pressure and knew she was not yet in his heart. Not she—Marjory Blair.

Only when she was pretending for him did she feel inside his life.

Had there been someone else?

He got a telegram the next day from Captain Byroads.

"I'll have to run over to Tampa, Marjory," he told her. "They're reconditioning the yacht for our trip and want me on hand. Will you come with me?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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LIBERTY'S circulation is the only 99% newsdealer circulation of any national magazine in America. This week more than 1,500,000 representative, prosperous, ready-to-pay American citizens will buy this colorful, swift-moving, dramatically presented magazine! Next week they will do the same. And the week following. And the week following that. They will pay cash for their favorite magazine. They buy it because they want to read it. When a man drops a nickel in the subway turnstile change-box he intends to ride on the subway. If a woman doesn't want pork chops for dinner she doesn't buy pork chops.

Every copy of LIBERTY is read by at least the original customer. Every copy works for the advertisers. Drones are automatically ruled out of this busy circulation. And because LIBERTY is bought to be read—and not to help the youth of the land through college—the advertiser gets immediate action from LIBERTY circulation!

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

[THE WAXEN SAINT
Continued from page fifty-five]

Everywhere he went he wanted her to go too; but this time she said no.

She wanted to be alone, away from him, to think. The time had come for her to clear her head and face this thing.

With Doerr away she might forget her infatuation long enough to do what she should have done before they married: solve the riddle of this strange man's life.

A few hours after Doerr had gone, she had reached the point where she believed she would have courage to say, "Doerr, were you ever married before? I want the truth."

The downstairs maid broke in on her determination with word there was a man at the door.

"He wants to see a Sophie Douglas, ma'am," the maid explained. "I told him there wasn't anyone here by that name. He said there was—that Sophie Douglas had married Mr. Haslam. What shall I tell him?"

It required all her newfound courage to say quietly, "Tell him I will be right down."

WHEN she entered the hall the man called through the door: "Hello, Sophie!"

He was a jaunty, well dressed, foreign looking man with a spiked ustache.

Marjory frowned.

"You have the wrong house. There is no Sophie here."

The visitor chuckled and pulled at his mustache.

"Come, come, Sophie," he said. "You've changed a little, but not enough to fool me. I have known you too well, Sophie dear. Save your fibs for the husband. Is he around?"

"My husband has just left on a business trip to Tampa. He will be back in a few days. I do not know what you are talking about. You had better see him."

Her tone caused him to look a little closer, and his manner was not so assured.

"You mean to tell me you are not Sophie Douglas, who married a chap named Haslam not six months ago in Biarritz? You don't know *me?*"

She caught at the doorknob for support and shook her head. The horror in her eyes almost convinced him.

"I'm sorry," the stranger muttered. "I—I thought the yarn about Sophie's going over the side was faked. Are you by any chance Sophie's sister?"

The revelation burned like acid into her brain.

"No," she said thickly. "I am Marjory Blair, Mr. Haslam's second wife. My resemblance to his first wife is—a mere coincidence."

Still the stranger was skeptical.

"Well," he said, "if you *are* Sophie you have become a very convincing actress. Just in case you *are* Sophie"—he bowed—"allow me to say that your old flame, Pierre, has called out of the goodness of his heart to inform you that Scotland Yard is investi-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKETS

Attention
Elbow Busters

WHAT would you give for a knit jacket with reinforced knit fabric at the elbows?

Doesn't cost you a cent more if you buy a Nockabout Knit Jacket. The reinforced sleeves give much more service and keep your Nockabout looking neat.

Beside this exclusive feature, Nockabout has others—shaped shoulders, reinforced pockets, stronger buttonholes and some superior style knit fabrics that are dandies. Sold at popular prices.

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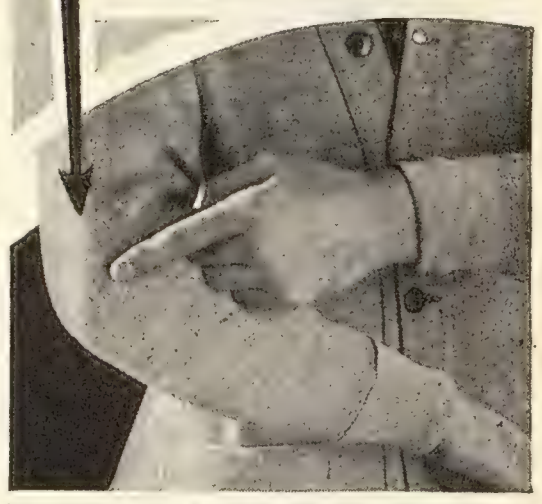


for COLDS

"The Doctor's Cocktail"

2 ounces Martini & Rossi Vermouth
1 ounce Amargo Bitters
juice of one lemon
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
fill glass with boiling water and drink before retiring.

Medical Note: Martini & Rossi Vermouth contains cinchona from which quinine comes.

Send for "Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes" and Bridge Score Pad to W. A. Taylor & Co., 94-B Pine Street, New York City

MARTINI & ROSSI
NON ALCOHOLIC
Vermouth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

gating your supposed drowning. If it is Sophie to whom I speak, I am sure she will recall Pierre's radio message to the good ship Wind Sprite. In that message I warned Sophie that Scotland Yard was waiting for her in every port in Florida. Don't *you* recall that message?"

"I do not. I was never on that yacht."

The dull sound of her words, and the direct stare of her eyes which did not see him at all, at last convinced him. His manner and tone changed.

"I am very sorry, madame. And I apologize to Sophie. I did not believe the report of her drowning, you see. I thought it was faked. It is all—very strange—and sad. . . . Well, I suppose after Sophie got my message she couldn't face the showdown. It's a queer world, madame. Well . . . I'll be shoving off—but, really, I'm awfully sorry."

"Wait! Tell me. What did this Sophie do? Why were they hunting her?"

"The charge, I believe, was murder. She killed a—friend—of hers at Torquay. I always thought it should have been justifiable homicide, but then, Scotland Yard is not so broad-minded. I'm sorry for the intrusion, awfully sorry."

When her head cleared, he was gone.

She went back upstairs, climbing slowly, like an old woman. There was cold rage in her heart. She saw through it all now. It was not the past tense of this tragedy that hurt. It was the living present. . . . He still loves her . . . he still loves her . . . he still loves her . . . beat the horrid refrain, like a mocking requiem over the grave of her own love for Doerr Haslam.

THIS gypsy dress she wore, these shoes and stockings, the very cut of her hair, the gestures that had become a habit with her, the smiles and the kisses—they were not *hers*. They belonged to Sophie. She was but a manikin Doerr had used to remind him of his dead wife.

She was a waxen saint. A waxen saint.

She lay on her bed for hours and did not shed a tear. Her body became sore and stiff from the anger in her muscles. She, Marjory Blair, tricked into marriage in order to help a man remember—what? His passion for a light o' love and a murderess.

The aftermath left her shrewd and cruel.

She ripped off her clothes and donned the suit she had worn at her wedding.

She repeated all the mannerisms Doerr had taught her, and burlesqued them, laughing mirthlessly. Worn out with this, she schemed long over her revenge. It must be as ruthless and selfish as his plot had been.

Late in the day she telephoned the modiste's where Doerr had bought her trousseau. She had some difficulty in convincing them that she really wanted what she ordered. They finally agreed to send it out at once by messenger.

. . . . . .

Haslam returned to Miami after two days. He had got the work on the yacht well under way and was anxious to see Marjory. Away from her he had nothing but the old, blurred outlines of Sophie. More and more the illusion of Sophie was taking form in Marjory. There were precious moments in the garden when he believed in reincarnation. Sophie spoke to him. Sophie lived in a space of moonlight and shadow. Shutting his eyes, her kiss was warm and sweet upon his lips. On the yacht it would be lovelier — like a voyage which life had not been able to interrupt for long.

HE ran up the stairs to Marjory's sitting room. It was evening. There she waited on the quaint Venetian divan, wearing the flame colored gown. His heart quickened. Sophie had sat thus on the same sort of divan in her apartment at Biarritz. Marjory's back was turned. He would tiptoe in and surprise her.

Quickly his hands in the half light passed from behind over Marjory's eyes.

As quickly, his hands faltered and came away and the glad sound in his throat died.

On his fingers was the feel of wax.

Long he stared at this thing Marjory had left to keep him company through the years. In the silence of the room there was nothing alive but him, and maybe something that lived in the weird perfume of the manikin's flaming gown.

"Sophie!" he said brokenly. "Oh, Sophie, dear. She wouldn't stay and help us. She wouldn't stay and help us!"

THE END

LIBERTY Is Still Paying $50 Apiece for Cover Ideas

What shall Sandy, Lil, and the baby do next? LIBERTY will pay $50 for every idea accepted by Leslie Thrasher for the continuation of his remarkable series of covers. If your idea provides for a series, $50 will be paid for each one used. Mr. Thrasher will determine who gets credit for the ideas he accepts.

Because of the time it takes to make cover paintings and reproduce them in four colors, the first idea will be used and the first $50 payment announced in the December 8 issue.

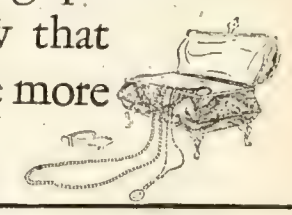
Everyone except employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY is eligible to compete. Address your suggestions to Leslie Thrasher, Cover Contest, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Suggestions may include the actual title of the picture or simply a short description of the LIBERTY cover. No communication will be returned or correspondence entered into relative to this contest.

Get busy now!

JEWELED ANNIVERSARIES *are Remembered*

THOSE days that live a lifetime . . . . jewel-mark them in memory. Jeweled gifts possess an enduring charm, a subtle something that makes them appreciated records of each anniversary.

Your jeweler's cases are laden now with wares designed to solve your shopping problem. And how pleasant it is to know that these treasured tokens will become more valued with each passing year.



for GIFTS *that* LAST

Consult your Jeweler

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

Vox

For Mr. Stubbendorff

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Knut Stubbendorff's articles, "The Inside Story of the Nobile Tragedy," gave the most prejudiced account I've yet read on the subject.

Thus, according to Mr. Stubbendorff's idea of fair play, when, in 1910, a Norwegian quietly sneaked in on the Robert F. Scott expedition and beat it to the South Pole, it was sportsmanship; but when an Italian expedition openly started for the North Pole it was a Fascist conspiracy against the world.

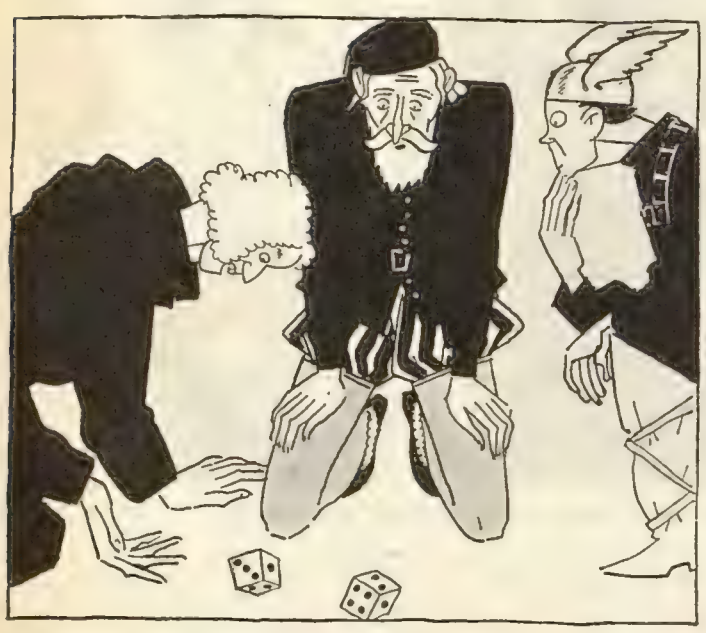
Mr. Stubbendorff said that both he, Amundsen, Ellsworth, and a few more knew that Nobile was a person quite unfit to be trusted. That being so, why didn't they prevent Dr. Malmgren from joining him?

And I would like to ask Mr. Knut Stubbendorff if the airship Italia is the only airship that has met disaster, and if Umberto Nobile is the only man who has failed in this world.

No, Mr. Stubbendorff, you did your stuff very clumsily. And in your articles you proved only two things. First, that you let your prejudices get the best of you. Second, that you Scandinavians, obsessed as you are by your idea of Nordic superiority, are becoming a nuisance.—*Frank Luis.*

We Hadn't Thought of That

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Hey! You're getting us all tangled up on our history and origins, with that article,



"Well—Who Did Discover America?" by Norman S. Hall.

There's only one way to settle it. Let Columbus, John Cabot, and Leif Ericsson, those three contenders for the honor of being the original "I Saw It First" guy, fight it out in a good, rousing crap game. Then we'll know whether to celebrate Columbus Day, Cabot Day, or Ericsson Day.—*Scrambled Brains.*

Those Cannoneers

MCMECHEN, W. VA.—Take the series, "War Bugs." It may be that the author got nothing out of his experience but drunks and laughs.

Perhaps back of the lines, safe from rifle fire, grenades, shrapnel, machine guns, bayonets, and everything except a direct shell, the artillery found the war a huge joke. But I know of a few acres of crosses "over there" that stand for boys from Iowa, Alabama, Ohio, and New York who did take the war seriously.

And there are a few thousand former Rainbow Division men today who carry more vivid and worth while memories than those of liquor, women, and crude stories. They were busy fighting while the rollicking artillery brought up the rear.—*W. L. Wagner.*

BENTON, MO.—"War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, was good until he tried to make us believe that the Y. M. C. A. gave free chocolates to soldiers. The only thing they ever gave us was their hand—and they took that back.—*E. M. Heisserer, Private, A. E. F.*

REGINA, SASK., CANADA — Down with that noisy ex-Canuck sergeant from Kitchener, Ontario, who doesn't like "War Bugs."

Maybe the English and Canucks did take three times more prisoners during the late war than the American soldiers did. The Americans didn't want the Heinies, so instead of *taking* them they *left* them on the battlefields—where they still remain.

Vive la "War Bugs"! It's the best of the best.—*Wilson Robbins.*

DES MOINES, IA.—That boy MacArthur who writes "War Bugs" must have kept a diary, else have one of the keenest memories in the world—or else is one of the most glorious liars that ever survived the battle of Château-Thierry.—*A former veteran, 82d Division.*

Yes. That Isn't So Sappy

CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm not as hard hearted as some of the gangsters that come up from Cicero, nor as soft as some of our "sob sisters," but after reading Ernest Poole's "Within the Safe," I felt like doing some funny, sappy things.

Try and get him to give us some more like that and, by gravy, I'll buy two LIBERTYS a week, one to read and one to keep. Hear me talking to ya?—*Gar-feeld.*

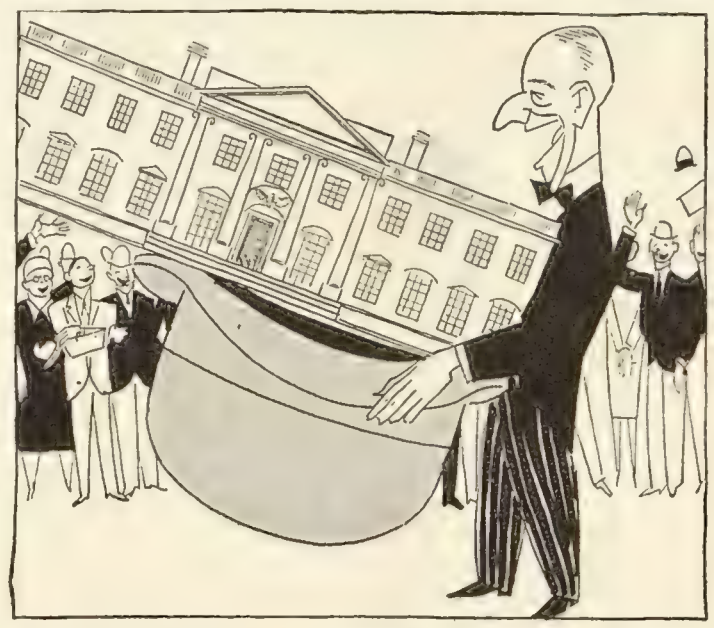
Sorry. Haven't Room

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In reference to your very interesting cross word puzzles, please have a heart and print a list of Greek letters.

Same will be greatly appreciated by all addicts.—*T. T. Wright.*

Last Call for Letters Like These

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Al Smith has traveled the road dear to every American's heart: the road from newsboy to governor. Since then he has been



patiently holding his brown derby out to the nation. And I am confident that this country will put the greatest gift within its power in that hat: namely, the White House. —*S. Sturgis.*

NEW ALBANY, IND.—From the beginning of time the Negro was a curse on earth and always will be, but as badly as I hate the Negro I would rather see one the head of the White House than Al Smith, the wet Catholic.—*100 Per Cent American.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—What kind of a man do you want for a guide—a man who likes beer and lets you have it, too, or a man who drinks beer and takes it away from you?—*A Reader.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—

I have heard it said that Al Smith never made a mistake.

Well—

That is pretty good. Sounds nice, anyway.

But—

"To err is human."

That means that Al is going to make a mistake

Some time.

Why not wait till he makes a mistake before we run him for President?

We are taking an awful chance if we elect him, *knowing he is due to make a mistake.—E. G. Piper.*

Jackson and—

MONTREAL, CANADA — Regarding that letter on Al's "synthetic culture." Let us compare Al with President Jackson.

To quote a well known author: "Jackson chewed tobacco and went about unshaved for days; he told naughty stories that would have shocked Boccaccio.

"He was known as 'that brawler from Tennessee,' and not without reason, for Jackson was vituperative in a vernacular all his own."—"*Owl.*"

—Lincoln

BEAVER FALLS, PA.—So very nice of you, "Southern Woman and Patriot," to worry about the severe social strain the Smiths will have to undergo if put in the White House!

Deah me! I'm *so* glad that you didn't exist in Abraham Lincoln's time. Imagine the *awful strain* then. Bah!

Gwan! You're still wet behind the ears. Children should be seen, not heard.

'Ray for Smith!!! —*Jewell.*

Sure You're Not Mistaken?

DAYTON, OHIO—I was married by a Protestant minister. According to the rules and beliefs of the Catholic Church my children are illegitimate and we are living in adultery.

How can any sane voter among the more than 75,000,000 Protestants vote for a Presidential candidate who has been taught this belief?

Intolerance has been written about and used in Al Smith's speeches, but I know of no Protestant church that teaches us to believe that a Catholic is not legitimately married.—*Kelley.*

But Wings Look So Funny on Dogs

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Well, well! I was hoping you'd give us a dog story soon, and you went ahead and did it in "The Wolf and the Fold," by Arthur Chapman.

Jet is the kind of dog I like: a dog that's faithfulness and strength right from his muzzle to his tail.

I've always felt that those who're blameless enough to go to heaven will find the canine race well represented there. Just think how much more deserving of wings a good hound is than most humans.—*Susan G.*

Gene Should Worry

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I certainly think that the vehement and drastic ar-

Pop

ticle by Sidney Sutherland on Gene Tunney, called "A Gentlemanly Brute," needed a lot more apologizing for than there was in the note below it. It was a disgrace to your magazine.—*G. S. R.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Gene Tunney is the best fighter the United States ever produced. Just because he wants to retire from the public ring and enter a private ring of his own, why do a few bloodthirsty people who want a knockout or a murder in every battle have to hound him all over the continent?—*Howard E. Parks.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Practically the only presentable and truthful article ever published in LIBERTY was the one called "A Gentlemanly Brute," by Sidney Sutherland.

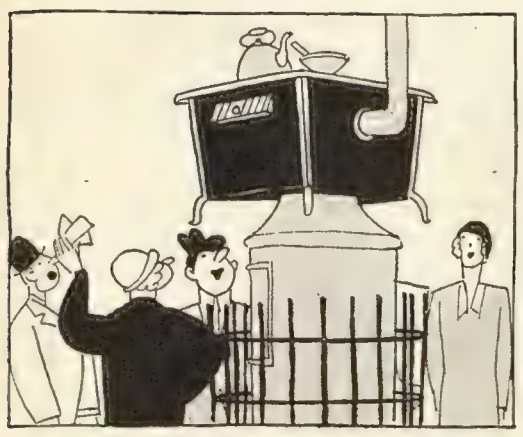
I have read a lot of LIBERTYS, but that is the first time I've seen an article in one that had an ounce of sense, or truth, or what have you.

Durk and Sutherland sure know their fighters and anyone that does not agree with them should keep on reading LIBERTY because he can be easily amused by a foul ball fighter and a punk magazine.—*A Dempsey Man.*

How About a Nice Tomb for the Vacuum Cleaner?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please thank Ethel Somers for me, for her recipes. Sometimes my husband comes home from the office just a wee bit frazzled and peeved, but after an Ethel Somers meal he relaxes.

'S matter of fact, I don't think the kitchen has ever got the credit it deserves as a civilizing agency. Somebody ought to put up a monument to the cookstove.—*A Wife.*

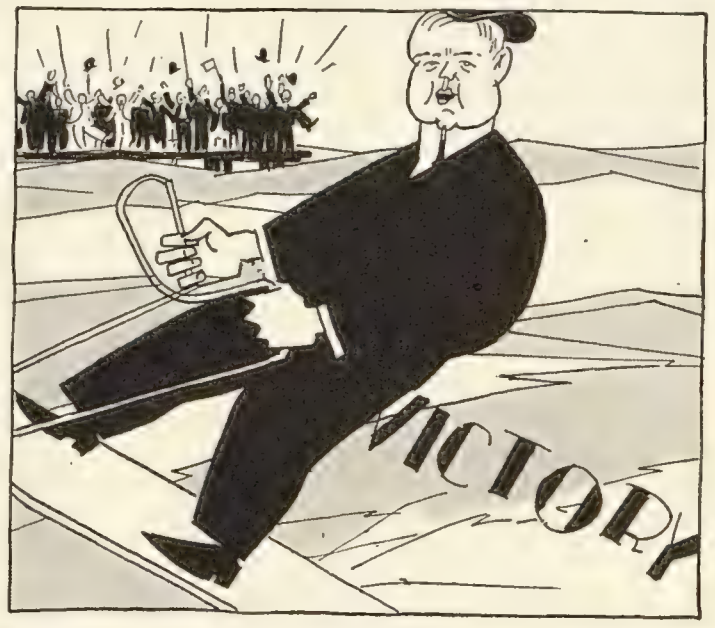


Result of Profound Thought in Beverly, Mass.

BEVERLY, MASS.—In reply to Trowbridge Gail of Birmingham, Michigan, who said, in Vox Pop, that one of his regular customers died while reading a LIBERTY—Little wonder!—*Frank Durock.*

With These Few Words, the Campaign Closes

CHICAGO, ILL.—Al Smith is picturesque, yes, and has run a good race. His slang has kept the public amused and his colorful personality has added zest to the campaign.



He's a good comedian. But when we push the froth and fireworks to one side and choose a solid citizen who'll maintain our solid prosperity, Herbert Hoover's that citizen.

Yea, bo, Herb will come riding in on a surf board, on the crest of a tidal wave of victory.—*One Who's Helping Him Win.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Whoever saw a jolly smile on Mr. Hoover's physiognomy? I don't blame him, really. With his record, I wouldn't feel like smiling, either.—*A. E. D.*

NEW CASTLE, PA.—I am too young to vote—sixteen—but I have decided political views in regard to the coming election of President.

My views are not prejudiced by religion or prohibition, neither do I care about political parties. If I had the privilege of voting, I would vote for the *man* who, in my opinion, is best qualified for the high position of responsibility.

Al Smith is a good governor but he has a Manhattan mind. Hoover has a world mind. In this case, Hoover, as an individual, is greater than party or platform and he is well fitted to be our next President.—*Janet Kissinger.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—If Hoover is elected it will be for the welfare of England, where he has spent most of his time.—*Mary Philliber.*

LA FAYETTE, IND.—In regard to politics, it isn't so much what one party will do that the other failed to do, as I see it, but the whole question is, if we get Al as our President we will have our beer (maybe) and if we get Hoover we will have the money to buy the beer.—*L. E. S.*

BURRWOOD, LA.—I am a Democrat when it pertains to matters of white supremacy and a Republican when it comes to matters of tariff and Protestant supremacy.

Weighing one against the other, I am going to cast my vote in the Democratic state of Louisiana for the Republican—Hoover—just the same as thousands upon thousands of Democrats will do.

This country has operated without a Catholic President for over 150 years and I am well satisfied that such administrations have been a success.

I consider Al Smith's candidacy an insult to myself and all other American Democrats.—*Robert G. Lynn.*

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—If the people vote for the more honest man, then Hoover has about as much chance as a leaf of cabbage at a rabbit convention.—*H. J. C.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—An innocent bystander or a foreigner reading the Republican and Democratic papers can draw but one conclusion, namely: The conventions have picked two of the greatest blackguards in these United States to run for President.

Al Smith's platform will turn every corner into a rum hole, Tammany will put a mortgage on the Capitol, and the United States navy will be employed to bring all the Catholic clergy over to these shores.

Mr. Hoover evidently intends to rob every farmer of a livelihood, sell out the entire oil reserve from government fields, drink all he can hold of prewar rum, and chuck every common citizen into Atlanta jail for possessing an expensive breath.—*W. L. Buchanan.*

Boston News from Alameda

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—Here's something for that Vox Popper M. M. and the rest of the so called "Protestants" who think that this campaign is not a religious issue, to put in their pipe and smoke.

Four hundred nuns from one of the convents near to Boston registered in a body. This is the first time in the life of this particular convent that any of its inmates have gone this far toward exercising their franchise.

I do not know the name of this convent at this time, but can obtain it if wanted.—*G. A. MacCormack.*

We've Spoken to Lil

BRONX, N. Y.—Isn't it about time you changed your artist? He surely won't be able to complain, because he has been on your staff a long time. Or is he your wife's aunt's second cousin, so that his involuntary retirement would interfere with peaceable domestic relations?

The illustration upon the cover of your October 13 issue is not in good taste. I shall not throw up my hands in holy horror at the sight of Lil thumbing her nose. It is not a crime, nor a sin, nor immoral. It is just unpleasant.—*L. Wack.*

ORRVILLE, OHIO—The other day I sent my little girl to our local news dealer to get a LIBERTY. When she brought back the October 13 issue I was embarrassed.

The heroine of the picture on the front page is depicted as a cheap and vulgar woman.

I hope no one saw my little girl with the magazine. You can be sure I will not send her again to get a LIBERTY.—*Wm. Schmid.*

They Learn So Fast!

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I read that story by Gouverneur Morris, "Bully Missionary," aloud to my wife. We didn't realize that our little girl, aged seven, and our little son, aged eight, were listening.

But—when I'd finished—I looked down, and there the children were, on the floor. The little girl had her brother's hand in her teeth, and was holding on. When we pulled them apart she said, "We was playing cannibals and I was eating him."

So *that's* the effect your stories have on the younger—the much younger—generation, huh?—*F. Brooks.*

Coward!

GARY, IND.—The Nineteenth Amendment is *the* sore spot on the Constitution of our country. Giving the women the franchise was absolutely wrong, as they are incapable of competing with men in the major walks of life—and especially in the serious business of the handling of national affairs.

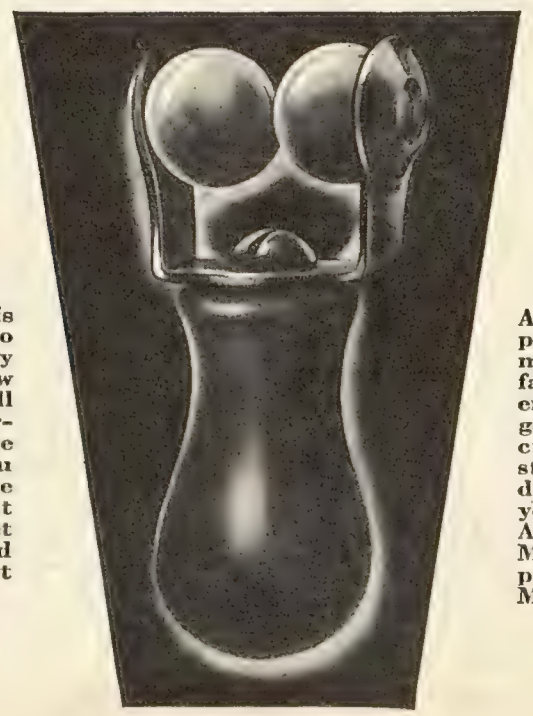
So, therefore, *out with them!* And the sooner they are back in the home, where they belong, the happier we poor henpecked "other halves" will be.—*(I don't dare sign my name.)*

WILL YOU BET 50c AGAINST A FUTURE OF SMOOTH, QUICK SHAVES?

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY

3 strokes—3 seconds—through the balls of the Ace Razor Blade Stropper and your blade edge is as keen as new. No fuss, adjustments, or effort of any kind. The Ace simply straightens out the curved teeth, cut and curled back during shaving, and irons them back into perfect alignment in the simplest, most logical way possible. As it costs only 50c, it pays for itself with the extra shaves from the first few blades.

ACE RAZOR BLADE STROPPER



Just a feather touch is all that is necessary to strop any blade, safety or straight, with this new Ace. Any pressure at all will only defeat its purpose, and since the Ace is fully guaranteed, you are asked to read over the directions carefully. It can't wear out, can't get out of adjustment, and can't harm the most delicate blade edge.

Ace Razor Blade Stroppers are made by the manufacturers of the famous Ace Knife Sharpener, and are sold at all good drug, hardware, cigar and department stores. However, if your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c direct. Address Ace Hardware Mfg. Corp., Philadelphia, or Ace Hardware Mfg. Corp., Chicago.

"We the People—"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

ELECTION DAY! Lil's first vote! No wonder the 8 A. M. whistles were wheezing like supersirens and that boys on roller skates dragged cowbells rattlety-bang-cling-clang down the street. Or that the organ grinder was Il Trovatoring extra early in hopes of at least four bits for a bountiful onion omelet breakfast.

The Morses' home town was experiencing the national before-the-curtain suspense! Gentlemanly Smith sponsors tipped their hats to ladies flashing Hoover buttons. You Know Me, Al, licensed sedans gave friendly bumps to Who But Hoover roadsters.

Smith or Hoover? The uncertainty was more fun than horse races, whippets, or cockfights. Betting soared in office, factory, and quick lunch wagons. Everybody's eyes shone with a victorious glint. *Their* candidate would enter the White House. They were as sure of that as they were that the "dead man's fingers" in a crab would kill them and that a hen crosses a road to get to the other side!

This week's cover picture

"Should the blue field of the flag be on the left or the right?" Lil asked Sandy. She asked this on Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Isabella's little mariner's birthday, and Election Day.

"Search me," he told her, slipping a new yellow sweater on the baby. "Look it up in the almanac under flag."

"Ith-ith-ith! Ooo-ooo-ooo! WAAA-AAAAAA!" little Ulysses cried. The straitjacket was too tight in the arm-holes.

"Keep still," Sandy told him, nearly saying "Shut up" by mistake. "It's mama's first vote. You're going to the polls."

"I've caught my French heel in the fire escape," Lil called. "Help me, dear. It'll be such fun when we have enough money to build. Then we can hang the flag out on a pole and not over a rail like wild Italian underwear flapping on the Bowery."

Sandy extricated the suède heel with its area the size of a dime, made square knots in place of Lil's funny humps in the flag cord, helped her through the kitchen window, bumped his head getting in himself. Lil ran to see if the front of the baby's new sweater graced his chest or spine.

"Doesn't he look cute?" she asked Uncle U., who was reading in the *Daily Tabloid* about a man hurling himself from an "L" structure. "He looks like Sandy around the mouth, and he has your eyebrows."

"If you're set on taking the baby," Sandy said, "who'll hold him while who votes?"

"Why, my dear," Lil smiled, "I'll go in the booth first while you hold the baby. Then, while you go in, I'll hold him. Then I'll drop my ballot in first while you hold him—"

"Hey, hold your horses!" Uncle U. said. "I'll go along to mind my namesake so you can vote like respectable citizens."

"I'm so thankful I live in a republic," Lil owned up a few minutes later when they were parading up the street. "A Presidential election puts some spice in life. How awful if the United States were a monarchy and we got stung with the same stupid king year after year!"

Uncle U. had sent his absentee vote back home. And he'd made a bet with Lil—a downfall for her if her candidate lost!

The polls were in the school building on the corner. The large room had a stage at one end with a brilliant curtain decorated with Grecian maidens petting swans and looking into urns. The sky was plastered with signs advertising local meat markets and a painless dentist whose specialty was fillings at $1 per.

"I gave my exact age when I registered," Lil whispered to Sandy. "But after this year I'll just say twenty-one plus."

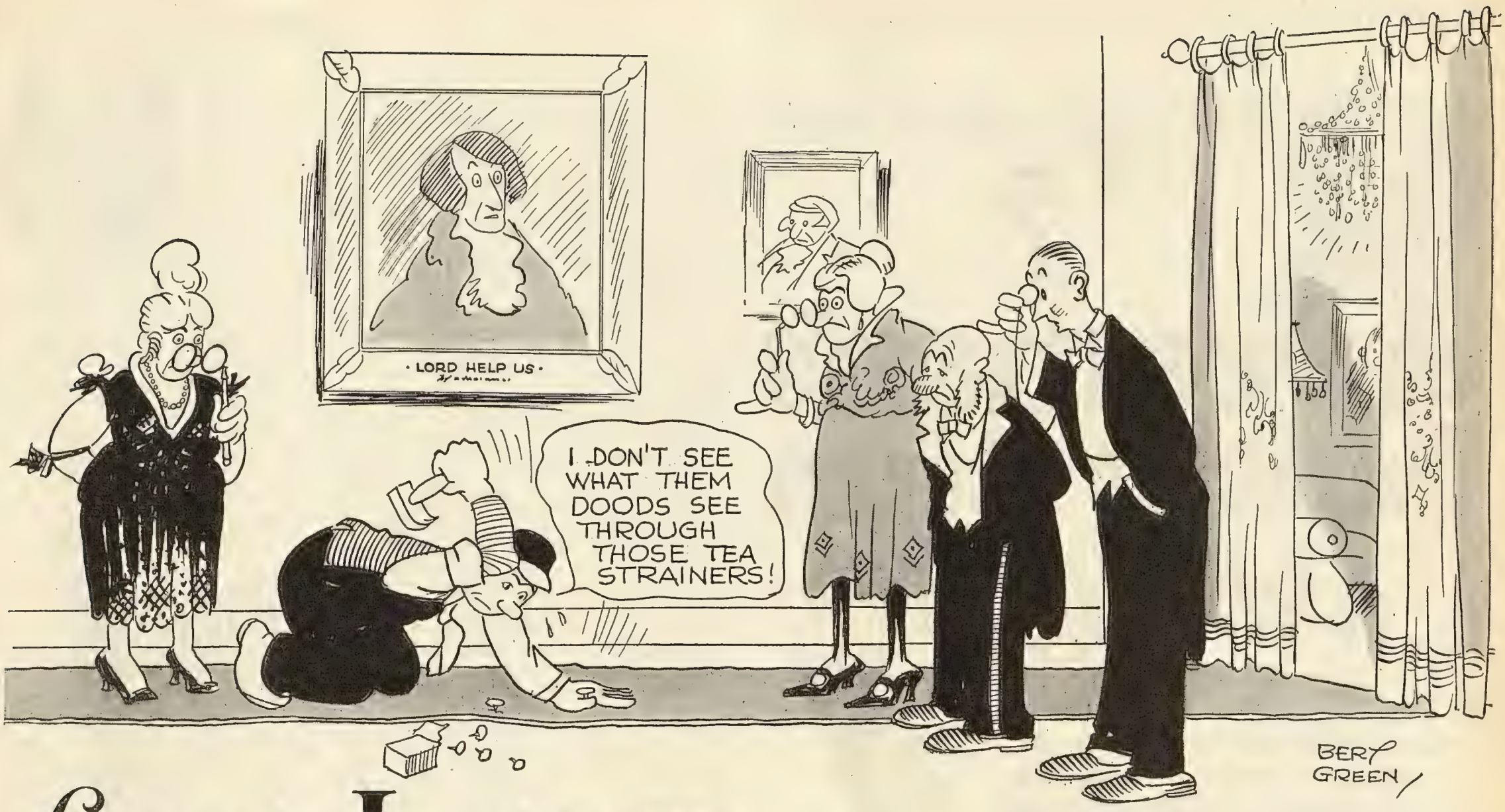
They were seated on camp stools. There was a long row. She wondered how many other women had been honest about their ages? One by one the voters rose, whispered intimate answers to the attendants' intimate questions, then disappeared behind the canvas flaps of the rickety booths.

"I'll get the baby so he can watch you vote," Sandy said. And he placed his limp fedora on the stool to reserve it, grabbed little U. from his carriage at the door, and carried him into the crowded hall. Would he be arrested for electioneering?

A cross section of American life! The thins, the fats, the talls, the shorts, the Lils, and the Sandys were all parading to the polls.

"How thrilling!" Lil murmured, dropping her ballot into the box. "Here's my *first* vote for the President of the U. S. A. and the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy. We, the people—"

(Next week's cover adventure: Her Political Bet.)



You ferget when you was boastin about spendin the week end at the Vanderbilt house. Yeah, and who never squarked that you was out there layin a carpet!

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

Mootch Chunk, Pa.

DEAR MIKE,—
Now listen Kid, Ive been ketchin enough of your dizzy letters and Im gettin a bit fed up readin em. If you think for a split second that you can frolic around Hollywood and twirl those grease paint frails all over the lots without a squark outer me youre goofy. What do you think Ive been doin while youve been baskin in the sunlight arcs? Cryin me lamps out waitin for yer? If you think so, youre NUTS!! Of all the georgeous pains in the ecknay, you draw the rubber prune.

Youre just like the rest of the Johns, self centered and conceited. If you think for a minit you can pull a Barrymore on me and muss up the lip stick on the rest of the queens, youre soggy, and I dont mean PERHAPS!

Where do you check out to try and pull that Ritzy stuff on me? Be your heart beat!! I knew you when you didnt have a pot to bake beans in. I knew you when nine bucks was TOPS for a suit of clothes. I knew you when your upper set looked like the Gold Rush. I knew you when a new pair of puppies with rubber heels came from heaven. I knew you when your creditors looked like a military perade. Be your religion for crimp sake!!

I guess you ferget when a stroll in the park, a glass of beer and a whirl in a bum dance hall with me was peaches an cream. You ferget that, dont you? You with the Tom Mehan haircut and the Richard Dix pose. I love it. You got an idea you panik

At Last—a Letter from Marg

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

every goil you sway with. Youre not so warm! Don't kid yourself! There was a time I was hot and bothered every time you kissed me. But not now, old dear. You dont know the tenth of it.

Lay off sendin my old man French post cards. Marion McGuire split a leg of lamb over her husbands kisser for havin em in his pocket.

Gee, it was only yesterday that my girl friend Lillian Van Dyke was givin me the laugh for stickin to you. And when she laughs, believe me its contageous, like diptheria, the hole world laughs with her. She says Im an awful umpchay to be stickin home nights and waitin fer you to lead me to the halter. Yeah. She says if I would pull myself together and put a dash of flower on my nose I could take Lindy and the Prince of Whales for the Varsity Glide.

You think just because youve made a hit peddlin laughing soup among these Hollywood sheaks youre the nats ankle. Where dyer get that way? I may be a Dumb Dora, but you aint takin me for a minit. Yes, and all this chatter about them swell Beverly Hills parties. Maybe you think Ive been sittin in the winder waitin for you while youve been crushin the frails on your knee. Detour yourself!! Sign off, youre not so good!!

YOU think because youve been flittin around with Clara Bow, Renee Adoree, Leatrice Joy, Greta Garbo and the rest of them swell lookers that youre the hole works. Quiet yourself Kid, your pulse is fast. They wouldnt even give you their shadow if it wasnt for the stuff you sell. Youre just a common ordinary boose pedler. Your hat dont fit, they dont make em big enough.

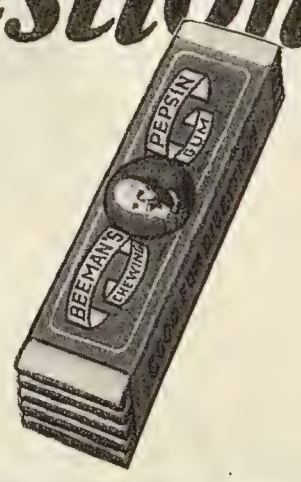
You think youre smart goin in the movies. I giggle from you! They TOOK YOU, and HOW!! You, the SMART GUY!! Two thousand five hundred bucks you spend to crash the screen and when you go out to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

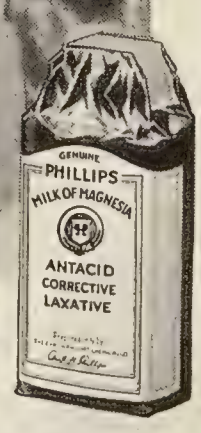
Feel loggy after lunch ?

Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion

Nothing like a stick of Beeman's after lunch to refresh you for the afternoon. Originated by Doctor Beeman more than thirty years ago, it has always been known as the quality gum. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.



Makes Life Sweeter



Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition, it's time for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose.

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[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page sixty-one]

Hollywood the studio is a FISH MARKET!! Oh, what a buggy ride! Ho-ho-ho! Barnum was right. As an actor youd panik em. One night on the stage and you could open up a vegetable store. Theyd black you out, no kiddin.

The conceit of some peoples children thinkin they can act. Why you couldnt even act natural. You couldnt play Hamlet if you had a hand full of sculls. Listen, Stupid, dont be a sill, stick to your boose racket, thats you. Of all the nerve, tryin to crash the jumpin tin types. Maybe you think youre a heavy lover. Maybe you think you could put em to sleep in your arms. Youre not so snappy, Ive had better.

Listen, Kid, Im gettin fed up on waitin for you to kick in. I should get fuller wrinkles like an apricot and blow the old maids home. Yeah, any time!! You think because you give a goil a ten cent sparkler that shes under a contract to crawl in an oyster or live in a cave. Youre all wet. Change your wave length Kid, your killocycles are scrambled.

YOURE like all men, you take everything for granted. You think a girl is going to sit back and dampen the handkerchiefs waitin for you. I SHOULD!! Not with a bevy of good lookin sheaks wearin out my telephone. Not ME!! Nix, nix, lay off the comedy, youre no box office attraction. What an awful sap Id be waiting for you to put on the wedlock business. I may be a perinneal youth but Im no King Tut, dont fool yourself. If I waited for you Id be goin down the aisle in a wheel chair. Blow that offer your mirror. You make me sick.

I suppose you think Im jealous of your Hollywood stars. Yes, I am NOT. They may have a beautiful pan, but that washes em up. Id rather be dealin out the bargains in a department store any day than be actin in the squeakies, dont burden yourself. Who are you to top-hat me with those Ambassador airs? I knew you when you were on the cuff good and proper. No groceries. Yes, when a hamberger sandwitch looked like a pot roast on Christmas eve. The cakes and resting were far between them days. You ferget that, dont you? I suppose you ferget the day you bought the two dollar shoes. Yes, the ones that sounded like a wagon wheel in the snow. Gosh, every time you walked you squeaked like a bird store. You didnt mind walkin with me then, did you?

Who sewed the washers on your shirt? Who brushed you off and made you eat with your fork? Who stopped you chewin tobacco and made you look like a gent? Who spurred you on to get the managers job in the Aberdaba Hotel? Who did? ? ? And then you try to up-stage me with those Rolls Ruff airs. Quiet yourself. Be your drink. I aint no apsay. Give me a break, will yer? Why, if it hadnt been for me youd be sellin dead flowers in Scotland.

Listen, Boy Friend, dont be sur-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't neglect a Cold

Just Rub Away Danger

Serious illness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole (it may prevent pneumonia). Don't take chances. At the first warning sign, rub Musterole on the chest and throat. It tingles, penetrates and draws out soreness. Musterole is a counter-irritant that helps to break up a cold. For prompt relief from chest cold, croup and bronchitis, tonsilitis, neuralgia, rheumatism and headache, pains in joints and chilblains rub on Musterole. Keep a jar handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes

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WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

LIGHT OF EGYPT

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Reduce - Build health
WITH THE Tower
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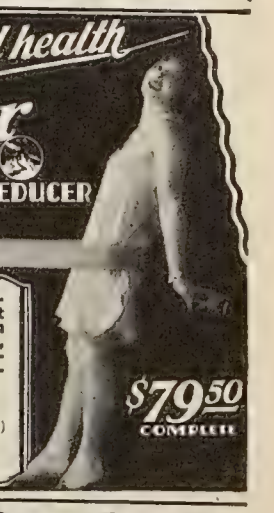

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Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And *externally*, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

SAVE COAL—STOP DRAFTS—KEEP HEAT IN—

EASY TO APPLY

with **DENNIS** ONE PIECE-DOUBLE CUSHION **WEATHER STRIP**

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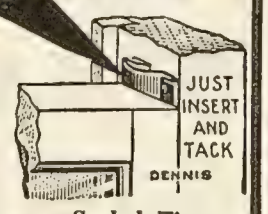

Easily Installed Without Removing Sash or Doors

No muss, no trouble, no tools needed. Strip, nails and directions come in handy sets.

Self Adjusting—Always Sealed Tite

Patented "S" fold gives double spring action. Stops cold air leaks. Makes snug weatherproof seal conforming to all warping, shrinkage and expansion of sash and doors. Spring bronze lasts forever.

Accept no substitutes. Get the genuine DENNIS strip with the "S" fold from your dealer. Or, if he can't supply you we will ship direct, postpaid, with full directions.

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I am enclosing my Check ☐ Money Order ☐

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Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards **OLIVE TABLETS**

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

prised to see your Girl Friend taking a rattler out to Hollywood herself. Yes, and dont be surprised to see me crashin the fillums, eather. I got a guy in the bag right now what can kiss me in, and RIGHT too! Yeah, a heavy voltage chap with plenty of jack.

Hes on the level too. No monkey business, no strings, just a regular guy. You dont ketch him peddlin gin and waitin for boats. A high powered guy. Hes a straight eight and I dont mean maybe. When he putts they sink, and stay sunk. Oh Kid, what a MAN!!

I should lay in the moonlight and crease waiting for you when I can bask under a bridge lamp in a Park Avenue flop. Chalk your cue, Kid, youre slippin. The Chinee rugs and grand pianers sound good to me. Im not stuck up or anythin else. Ive played on the square with you. I helped you in low to make it on high. Be your religion. Id get straw in my collar delaying for you, and you know it.

Im not sayin that Im goin off and wedlock this guy, but you better get wise to yourself. Dont try and brute me! Dont get doggie! You above all people. You ferget you used to carry my school books. You ferget too at our engagement party when you was boastin to all the neighbors about spendin the week end at the Vanderbilt house. Dyer remember that? An they all thought you was grand to be in with such people. Yeah, and who knew all the time and never squarked that you was out there LAYIN A CARPET!

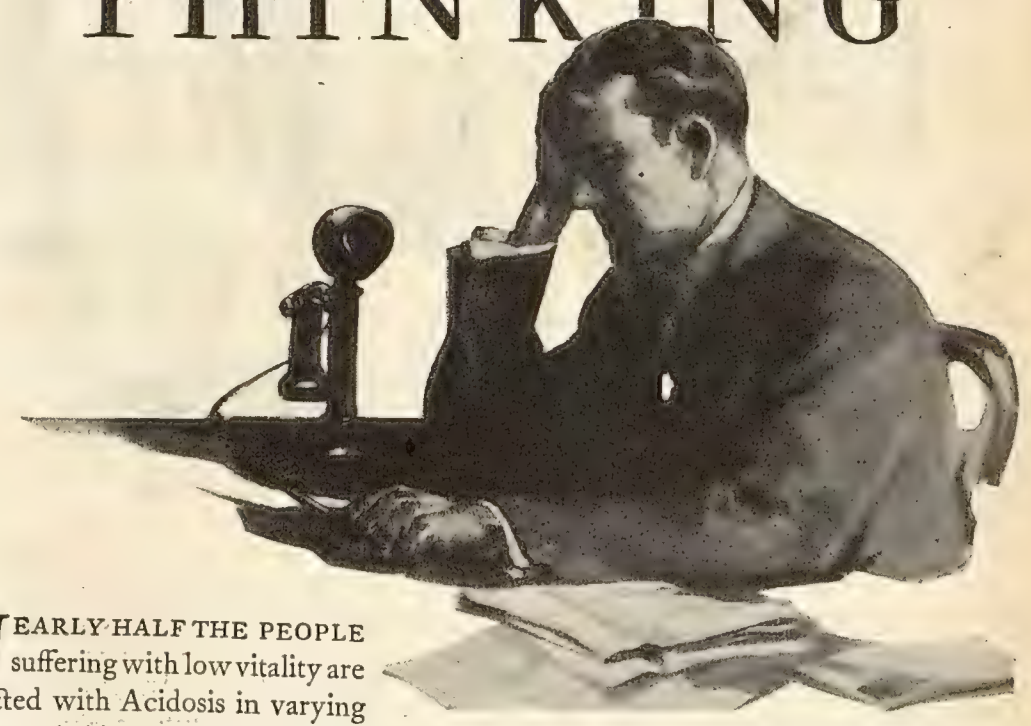
AND another thing, where do you get off to razz my girl friend with the crockery eye, as you say? Whats the idea of callin it a china lamp and a paucelin peeper? You better be glad youre all there! Youre no Michael Arlin even if your name IS Mike! I never kidded you because your sister had a hickory hoof, did I? No, and I never said nothin about her hamberger crushers bein made out of dishes eather. What do I care if she wears a wig and shines in a speakeasy? Thats her business.

Yeah, and whats more, I want you to lay off sendin my old man French post cards. Thats all he talks about is when youre goin back to Paris to send him some more. He aint been the same since. Hes had all the donkeys up at the fire house goofy lookin em over. The paints all wore off em, and theyve ben handled by all the fatheads that could talk english and then some. Them cards are as nice and crisp as an inner tube. They nearly busted up the homestead between him and Ma.

And that aint all. Mr. Graeb took one home and made a wise crack to his wife when he was half painted up with giggle soup and ever since hes been ketchin her mail from Reno. Is that nice? You should know better. Yes, and Marion McGuire split a leg of lamb over her husbands kisser for havin em in his pocket. What you men see in things like that slays me. You may be a diamond in the rough, Mike, but it would take a mid-iron to chisel you out.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Acidosis *Stifles* CLEAR THINKING



NEARLY HALF THE PEOPLE suffering with low vitality are afflicted with Acidosis in varying degree. Acidosis annihilates ambition, cuts performance and reduces earning power! An Acidosis victim cannot concentrate profitably; sustained physical effort is impossible. Natural personality is made difficult.

Acidosis is frequently a forerunner of many common maladies from which may develop such dangerous ailments as diabetes, Bright's disease, "high blood pressure." If you are half-well most of the time, or are subject to types of headache, nausea, acid perspiration, constipation, "biliousness," sour stomach, nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, etc.,—*change your diet immediately!* If your case is at all abnormal or of long standing, consult your physician.

Behind Acidosis is the lack of proper balance between foods we eat. Too much acid-forming kinds (meat, breads, eggs, fish, cereals) and insufficient alkaline-reaction types (fruits, vegetables, milk) create acidity, with resultant Acidosis in one of many forms.

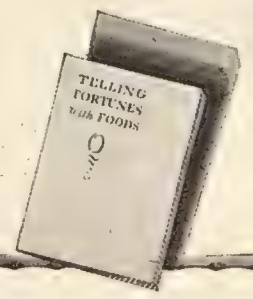
Diet must be balanced if health and mental and physical stamina are to be maintained. This can be aided through the consistent and ample use of the fresh juices of California Oranges and Lemons. Science has demonstrated that while acid in taste both Oranges and Lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body—the opposite of acid! You cannot let the world speed by when proper foods and ample fresh Orange and Lemon Juice daily will put you back and keep you on the express track! Any home can follow simple, attractive, anti-acidosis measures that are laid down by a high authority.

See to it that you drink three generous glasses of fresh California Sunkist Orange Juice each day (it is richer in vitamins and mineral salts and finer in flavor) or the same quantity of fresh California Sunkist Lemon Juice and water, sweetened or unsweetened. Make frequent use of refreshing Orange salads and desserts (with other fruits if desired) with zestful Lemon Juice in place of vinegar in salad dressing.

* * *

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and entirely dependable. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper.

If you wish to be informed about Acidosis write at once for a free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Mark and mail the coupon—now. This booklet, approved by an expert, also contains a chapter on Safe Reducing, together with complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, with tested, successful menus for both normalizing and reducing. Free your family from Acidosis—send for this booklet immediately!



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[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page sixty-three]

Whats all this goosberry about buildin a cottage by the sea and watching the boats come in? That may have been oak a while back, but Ive been smarted up since. Listen guy, this bootleggers wife rackit dont go so strong with me. It was only last week that Tim Rafferty got ketched by the revenoo guys. And did they shoot up the place? They must a used riot guns. When Raffertys body came home you couldnt tell it from a commutation ticket at the end of the month. He tried to run out and they gave him the works. If you think Im goin to be a bootleggers wife, tell it to Al-cohol Smith I aint.

WHY dont you pass up that rackit and be somebody? You got the makins of a high powered guy. Snap out of it! Youre no Raymond Navarro! As a lover, Ben Turpin makes a monkey outer you. Cut out that Hollywood stuff, unbutton your ear and listen to one what knows.

And another thing Kid, dont be tryin to wise crack me about them swell ankles in Hollywood. Theyre just a bunch of cuticle pushers what couldnt make the grade in the Greek hot towel imporiums.

You certainly are the fall guy for the chorines and hoofers. They take you like Pershing took the pigs nuckles. A run in the stocking and you run to the bank. I love it. Youre all alike. A pretty face and the tired executives weakness gets an awful play. What a swell rep youre makin. What can they give you that I cant? Check out guy, youre fuller red ants.

Your girl friend
MARG.

P.S. Mom says you should take care of your teeth in a glass of water.

That should hold almost any man, but we bet Mike will have a red hot comeback in a couple of weeks.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Tit for Tat

Walter was six years old. His father had felt it necessary to spank him, and Walter, angrily snuffling back the copious tears, exclaimed, "Well, anyhow, I know where there's a dead horse and I'm not going to tell daddy."—E. W. Browne, 1023 Ave. J, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Polite Repartee

While playing ball with a four year old granddaughter, by accident the ball struck me in the eye, and I said to her, "That hit me in the lamp." Presently the ball bounced off her head, and she returned, "That hit me on the lamp post."—George Horton, 116 East McCreight Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Skinny Men Get the Ha! Ha!

And why shouldn't they? They've only got themselves to blame when it is so easy to put on 5, 10 or even 15 pounds of stay-there flesh in 30 days by simply taking 2 little McCoy Tablets at each meal. Just read this ironclad guarantee: McCoy takes all the risk. If after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel a marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded. Ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.; also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

OLD MONEY AND STAMPS WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big premiums. Offer $100 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel [not buffalo] and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 252 . . . FORT WORTH, TEXAS
[Established 28 Years]

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Dept. Stores.

War Bugs

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

They lay there like two beautiful, happy children dreaming of Santy Claus and his pretty toys.

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By
CHARLES MACARTHUR
Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle and The Front Page.

THIS is the fourteenth and last installment of the story of a Rainbow Division battery's experiences in France. After battling and frolicking from Champagne to St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, and the Argonne, and on through Sedan into Belgium and Germany, these veteran cannoneers find themselves now slated to start for home.

GOOD-BY, FRANCE

IT'S a long time between pay days in the army, and the joys of Germany came high. Even in Ringen recreation cost jack. So much soap and chocolate had filtered into the occupied areas from the rear that both commodities were worthless. Social life was again on a gold basis.

So was beer. So was everything. And nothing in the sock but thirty dollars, minus allotments, minus insurance, minus fines, minus gambling debts—which brought the average bank roll down to a cool two bucks. Moreover, the boys were getting cagy. A small loan was harder to procure than the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In this grave crisis an incipient merchant prince discovered that the Germans looked cold and in need of good, warm clothes—like the army gave *us*, for instance.

Simultaneously each billet became a thriving department store. Blankets were the most popular articles and brought as high as 100 marks apiece.

Overcoats went for 75 marks, shoes 50, and so on.

In a week the quartermaster's stores were drained and we were stealing from the Canadian outfits up near Bonn. But we ate, drank, and were merry. When there was no more to steal, some of the boys posed as military police and descended on the unhappy Germans, confiscating the blankets and selling them all over again. That meant more or less trouble and expense for the Germans—but who started the war, anyhow?

This scheme wore out and picking again was poor. Another genius discovered that what the Germans really needed to get back on their feet was horsepower. Two nags were promptly detached from the picket line and led far into the neutral zone.

The sales force returned with many thousands of marks, elegant pin money for all. Once more the welkin rang in Mustig Suffer's saloon. (Mustig's place was preferred because he could handle a fair tenor in such close harmony as went on nightly in his establishment. No trust, however; and his Schnapps tasted like kerosene.)

Enriched by these unexpected revenues, we were thinking about selling a few field guns, when it was suddenly announced we would need them shortly for a divisional review in honor of John J. Pershing, a general then living in Paris.

Panic seized the officers at the notion of being reviewed. The event was weeks off, but they began cramming for it like a bunch of stage-struck weenies. Once more the guns were soaped and gold plated. The horses were shaved

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is Your Life Planned *For The Next* 10 Years?

ASK any of the boys who've made good and they'll tell you it didn't just happen by a lucky break. Their success was the result of careful planning. Hard work. Night school, perhaps. And above all, attending to health.

"I had no time for outdoor exercise," is the typical story you'll hear. "I couldn't afford one of those gymnasium courses. But I figured I could keep myself in good shape by taking Nujol. I've taken it ever since. And it's helped as much as anything to keep me fit and on the job every day.

"If you're always on the job, always 100% fit, you'll be a good bet for any employer.

"There's no easier way to keep in first rate condition than by taking Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine. It's just a pure natural substance that helps your system to function as Nature meant it to under all conditions. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal.

"Nujol can't possibly upset or disagree with you, because it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs."

Start Nujol today. Give it a fair try—for the next three months, anyway. See if you don't feel much more all 'round fit. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York.

You can buy Nujol at all drugstores, for a small sum. Worth trying, isn't it?

Get your Raynster*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

before it rains

*A complete line of guaranteed raincoats made only by United States Rubber Company.

Models for men and women—$5 to $15
Boys and girls—$3.50 to $8.

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page sixty-five]

like poodles. And every officer went importantly about, wrapped to the eyes in Old Glory.

We were of another mind concerning reviews. This Pershing seemed to be the guy who insulted the Twenty-sixth Division, our brother outfit by some incomprehensible affinity of war. It made no difference that our going home was entirely in his hands. A committee of hoodlums from the Kansas unit at once tore through the division carrying the Fiery Cross and urging us to avenge the Twenty-sixth by giving Pershing a terrific razz.

The officers heard of these parleys and quaked. They didn't want to stay in Germany forever, and so the supposed ringleaders were singled out for some good, clean advice. Pershing, they said, was no chump; and, unless we wanted to dig latrines for the next fifty years, we had better keep our yaps well shut.

The point was considered. Negotiations with the Kansas boys reopened. After interminable conferences, lasting days, it was decided to give the general every break; but if he insulted us the razzing should be loud and unanimous.

Tension increased. Our General Waffle Fanny got hot and bothered and sought to reaccustom his command to horses and guns by staging a sham battle on the Rhine—sham, excepting that we were to fire real shells. This was carrying the joke a little too far. Our gun bores were pocked from thousands of bursts, and 75s have a cute habit of blowing up from time to time. The battle was ordered and came off in elegant style. Two men were blown to pieces—men who had endured the dirt and danger of the entire war without a scratch.

ALL this Buffalo Bill stuff put us in a pretty mood for Pershing. As the day of his visit came nearer, the boys became a little temperamental. Never has an event so simple as that review required so much preparation. Half witted shavetails called formation three times a day and coached us in the questions that Pershing would undoubtedly ask: What were our names? Our rank? What army did we belong to? What armies were we fighting? You would think we were about to take our First Communion or something.

Yanks crossing the Rhine.

The Day dawned, and we marched brightly to the Rhine, forming in a great field by the river. The sun blazed down on 30,000 helmets and 10,000 bayonets. Everywhere guidons streamed and banners blazed. It was a great sight and we stood very straight for an hour. No Pershing. The boys got restless. Our general nervously struck up the band, composed for the occasion of nearly 150 pieces and conducted by our own sweating Sylvester. The upward thrust of fifty bugles, hung with heraldic banners, and much subsequent blowing was very impressive, but so were some rabbits that tore across the field at the opening bars of Madelon. The ranks wavered. Tin hats were shied. Our general was as nervous as a witch.

"Well," was the universal remark, as the hours went on and still no Pershing, "he'll wait longer than this for my vote." (It was supposed at the moment that Pershing had sneaked home to run for President.)

Another hour. The boys were beginning to weave with the perspiring band. Thirty thousand men swayed in time with Annie Rooney.

At last a coil of dust far down the road proclaimed His Nibs, and Pershing whirled up in a staff car followed by many other staff cars. It looked like an automobile show.

HE mounted a swell horse and caracoled about the field to the music of the band. We looked him over carefully and had to admit that, even if he did give the regular army all the breaks, he was a fine broth of a general. It's quite a stunt to wade into 30,000 slightly hostile men and stand out instantly as the most impressive looking dude in the mob.

He got tired of playing horsie after a while and dismounted, swinging along the ranks and asking sensible questions, not at all like the ones our officers had doped out for him. And as our bright majors began to fumble on such questions as "What percentage of venereal disease have you in your command?" and were denounced for their stuttering ignorance, we found ourselves actually liking this guy.

All would have been well if he hadn't tried to make a la-de-da Y. M. C. A. speech after the inspection was all over. There were many newspaper men present, and he probably had to say Something of the Right Nature. So, in thin, carrying tones, he proceeded to speak of our Women Folks at Home—how glorious, sacred, and sainted they were; how vital it was that we returned to them with the same purity and high ideals that made our hearts so many little gardens during the war.

Right here rude noises began to arise from the Kansas contingent, together with much shooshing by officers. Pershing smelled a mice and did a hurried right about face, fairly shouting that he was PROUD to meet this SPLEN-did division whose GLO-rious rec-ORD had caught the imagin-ATION of the world. There was no more talk of what a young man of twenty-five ought to know. The razz subsided and did not renew itself until our general boosted his 300 waffle marked pounds to the improvised platform as Pershing concluded, and began waving his tin hat.

"Three cheers!" he cried happily. "Come on, fellows!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The little green hammock

THE one in the Pullman berth. I've often wondered what it's for. Now I've found out. It's a great place for a flashlight and that's where my Eveready rides on every trip I make. It's there just to be handy in case anything should happen. I use it, too, to help find things in my bag, and for more light to dress and undress by. When you're in a hurry, it's a time-saver, if there ever was one.

Get the flashlight habit when you travel. Here's all you have to learn about it—keep your flashlight loaded with Eveready Batteries and it will come through on schedule with LIGHT. Insist on Eveready, in fact. That's MY advice.

The words you want fall into line with a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil!

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

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Three for a quarter in Canada

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

Asthma

FOR fifty years Vapo-Cresolene has been relieving and preventing attacks of bronchial asthma, permitting restful sleep. Let its healing vapors end the terrors of your attacks and bring comfort to you.

Sold by your druggist

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Send for descriptive booklet. Vapo-Cresolene Co. Dept. 4911, 62 Cortlandt Street, New York City

NEW DISCOVERY
Grows Hair Quickly!

Noted surgeon has discovered amazing way to grow hair called Dermo-Ray. Employs Infra-Red Rays. In thirty days no more dandruff. Scalp tissues given new life. Then within a few weeks luxuriant new hair! Two years ago the discoverer was himself bald. Today his hair is full and thick. Sent on Free Trial. Results or no pay. If you have electricity in your home write at once for Free, startling, thirty-two page booklet. *Address the* LARSON INSTITUTE 216 North Wabash Ave. Dept. 364 Chicago, Ill.

Cuticura OINTMENT
A tried and trusty friend for 50 years.

Sample Free. "Cuticura," Dept. Z, Malden, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

The fellows came on, but not quite as our general expected. Pershing seemed to sense who was getting kidded, however, and sent nobody to the Firing Squad. We marched home with Sylvester slinging Sambre et Meuse as if his heart would break.

God was good and we were very happy. As we marched into Ringen and caught Bela Radamacher getting married behind our backs without our knowledge and consent, we jumped feet first into the celebration. The bridal party hadn't quite counted on our attendance. As a matter of fact, they wished heartily that we were in hell—all except the ladies, who giggled a great deal when the entire battery kissed the bride. When *those* girls giggled, windowpanes rattled.

Harry Hopper was a little trying. He insisted on playing with all the expensive opera hats that the gentlemen in the party had rented for the occasion. They were very nervous and irritable when he conceived the joke of sitting on each hat.

When he came down on one that wasn't collapsible, the bridegroom lost his temper entirely. To quiet him we locked all doors and poured a barrel of nuptial wine. The bridegroom tried to battle his way out, but the ladies were simply charming and got plastered as owls. Horseshoer Smith later sold the maid of honor a load of clams. That was after a delegation had kidnaped a native virtuoso on the accordion and made him perform all night.

THE next morning an unbelievable order became current. We were ordered to turn in our horses and get ready to move! In the language of the flowers, that meant that we were going nowhere but home! For the first time since we had enlisted, the war was over. The Armistice had been a joke as long as we had to go on massaging and feeding 200 lousy horses every day.

Naturally, the news called for the celebration we should have had when the Armistice was announced. But there was that old financial crisis again, and no Santy Claus, as all salable equipment had to be checked before we could leave town.

However, nearly $1,000 lay in the mess fund, idle. It was true that in a moment of madness we had voted to educate a French orphan with this money, but that was before we knew that we were going home. Besides, the skipper had gone to Marseilles to look at the art galleries there and the battery was governed by one of the issue lieutenants.

We waited on this palooka and explained that Captain Stone had repented of his charitable suggestion for the improvement of orphans and now directed that the money be turned over to a committee of corporals for a small and very quiet party. The lieutenant hesitated. He had never heard of the officers encouraging parties before; but the evidence was too overwhelming. More than 200 soldiers had heard the captain say it and the lieutenant had to give in.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

10 minutes ago—

Remember all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.

BAYER **ASPIRIN**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Modernistic Folding Screen
See LePage's Book, page 12

Old Salem Ship's Cupboard
See LePage's Book, page 5

Book Trough and Magazine Stand
See LePage's Book, page 19

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

LePage's Latest Book Shows How —for Yourself; for Christmas Gifts

LePage's latest book, the new "Third Home Work Shop Book," contains complete, easy-to-follow directions for making 20 attractive pieces of household furniture, of which 17 are entirely new and never offered before.

This year the designs are divided into three groups. One group is based on famous old colonial pieces. Another group follows the furniture in popular demand for American homes of today. The third group is known as modernistic furniture, showing the influence of the modern skyscraper set-back architecture of New York City. To buy 20 such pieces would cost about $1,000. You can make them for a fraction of that, yet be the owner of truly fine furniture.

Designed by Expert

All the designs, dimension drawings, actual pieces and photographs were made by William W. Klenke, Instructor in Woodworking, Central Commercial and Manual Training High School, Newark, New Jersey. Also the designer of the first two LePage's Books. Each project and the directions for making it are perfectly practical.

In addition to the three pieces shown above, the book includes the following: Cape Cod Chest of Drawers, Alexandria Nest of Tables, Lady Washington Sewing Cabinet, Modernistic Book Shelves, Desk, Table, and Fire Screen, Smoking Table, Caned Side Chair, China or Book Cabinet, Magazine Carrier, Vanity Case, Book Stand, Fernery Stand, Folding Sewing Screen, Plymouth Built-In China Closet, and Chess and Checkers Table. Where else could you get complete directions for making all these for only 10 cents?

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Simply use the coupon below, sending it to us with 10 cents in coin or stamps, and we will at once send you a copy of this latest LePage's Book, postage paid.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's New Third Home Work Shop Book. Please send a copy of this book to:

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LIFE takes on new fascination in this sparkling country of the Coast.

Six Santa Fe trains leave Chicago and Kansas City every day for California. *The Chief*, extra fine—extra fast—extra fare; two *California Limiteds*, without extra fare; the *Navajo*, the *Scout* and the *Missionary*.

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Ask about our California Mid-Winter Escorted Tours — All Expense — Indian Detour—Grand Canyon, Phoenix and Yosemite en route

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Santa Fe System Lines
914 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in winter trip to

Please send detailed information and descriptive folders

Santa Fe

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page sixty-seven]

A few superstitious heroes argued that what we proposed to do was the same as stealing and would bring us bad luck, but cooler heads pointed out that a measly $1,000 wouldn't do an orphan any good. That amount of chicken feed wouldn't get anybody past third grade, especially if the orphan was goofy or backward in any way. Furthermore, what the hell good was an education? Lincoln never had any, whereas the major had gone through five colleges and look at *him*. There was no more argument.

Secret advices revealed that the rate of exchange was considerably better in Coblenz than Neuenahr, and Jack Weiner was dispatched to convert the $1,000 into marks. On second thought, that was too much like giving one rabbit a leaf of lettuce to take to another rabbit, and two nondrinking, trustworthy, and professing Christians were sent after him to see that he got back with the dough. Meanwhile, another committee waited on the local brewers and ascertained lowest rates and earliest deliveries.

Surely Goodness and Mercy were following us that day, because Weiner and his guards had no sooner reached Coblenz than the mark took its first sensational fall. Instead of returning with $1,000 worth of marks he had more thousands than we could count. And the brewery owners hadn't heard a whisper of the crash! They were still operating on yesterday's rates. Before the news leaked out we had acquired the contents of all the neighborhood cellars.

As many wagons backed up and emptied their loads of Christmas cheer into the opera house, the officers began to brood. Apparently the party was not going to be as quiet as they had been led to believe. So they forbade it. Foolish, foolish officers! The party had started by that time and E Battery had been asked over to take up the slack.

The two batteries converged on the opera house like ninety mile cyclones with a great rattling of mess cups.

Inside the opera house door stood a bathtub, the only one in town. It had been borrowed (rather forcibly) some time before, and now brimmed with Rainbow Cocktail, our own invention. Recipe:

1 bbl. red wine
1 bbl. white wine
1 cask Schnapps
12 bottles lemon extract
1 pound of pepper
Leg of 1 German
Ginger to taste

The thirsty shock troops shot through the officers' mess adjoining the opera house like bullets through a wet blanket. Soon little hands were busy scooping up the mixture. In ten minutes all had been served. In five minutes more all were blotto.

Overcoats went for 75 marks, shoes 50, and so on.

The officers gathered as the bathtub was refilled and second helpings were announced. As they hesitated, Top Sergeant Geisendorfer mounted the platform and called loud and particular attention to the similarity of majors and horses in certain intimate respects. Such cheers followed his comparison that our oppressors vanished to hide under beds until the earthquake was over.

ANOTHER round was lapped up. Several toasts were proposed: The Flag, the Captain, General Pershing, National Apple Week, the Y. M. C. A., the Marines, and the Cloth. Several male quartets got under way, all singing different selections. Three fist fights ensued. It was necessary to appoint a sergeant at arms.

If this sounds rowdy, it was a church supper compared to Armistice Night doings in America, if reports that reached us are true. After all, this was our first chance to celebrate, and anything worth doing is worth two in the bush.

Only lazy men sit in one place and drink, and presently various natural born leaders were suggesting Big Things to Do. Cush Pryor gained the floor by slugging the five people nearest him, and proceeded to make a speech, Indian fashion. He reminded the company that the law of the Northland was to help the weak. (Cheers.) The manitou, he said, expected brave men to go to the rescue of the desolate and oppressed. (An enormous banging of cups confirmed this statement.) There were, Cush continued, many fellow braves in guardhouse tonight. The best way to please the Great White Father was to set them loose. He burst into tears and sat down.

A terrific demonstration followed. Immediately the party swarmed into the streets, marching as to war. The officers had planted a spy in our midst, and now turned out the guard under the commanding eye of a certain lieutenant whose specialty was roaring like a bull and acting like a jackass whenever possible. He was excelling himself in both accomplishments at the moment, and promptly arrested the entire battery. There was some talk of grabbing the lieutenant and painting a mustache on him with burnt cork, but it occurred to the more sober element that inasmuch as he was more pickled than we were the wiser course was to march into the guardhouse full strength and take possession.

So we did, breaking open the windows and jumping out again with all the prisoners. Again we were arrested *en masse*, and once more did a merry-go-round back into the street. The lieutenant, confused as always in a crisis, got out his gun and tried to shoot. Had he been sober there would have been some killing, including that big lieutenant. But we kept cool. Somebody scraped him off and the company marched on Peter Drodten's saloon where there was a lot of important work to be done.

This Drodten was the single kraut in town who hated our guts. The trouble seemed to be that there was a Mrs. Drodten. Not a bad girl. (Not a good girl, either.) In

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

A standing invitation to pause and refresh yourself

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

In these hurried, strenuous times, this is one sign that has come to have a personal meaning. "Drink Coca-Cola" says "Pause and refresh yourself." Brightening streets and corners of cities and towns and marking cool and cheerful spots on highways—it signals that a little minute is long enough for a big rest. The 8 million a day say what people think of this drink with that delicious, tingling taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. The confidence of the millions is rewarded with assurance that it is wholesome refreshment—a pure drink of natural flavors. It is prepared with an art that comes only from a lifetime of practice, under scientific supervision that permits no error.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

PEPS *him up all day long* . . . . SOOTHES *him when the sun sets!*

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Cincinnati, Ohio
June 1, 1927

Gentlemen:

My good old pipe has just reminded me of a dozen promises to write a bit of appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth.

Fate, kind or otherwise, has drawn me into a line of work that calls for the very utmost expenditure of nervous energy, tact, and perseverance. I can think of many more pleasant things than conducting fund-raising campaigns for hospitals, churches, etc.

When you are up against a barrage of questions by excitable women, doubtful men, and self-confident millionaires, trying to harmonize the whole in an effort to raise thousands of dollars where none grew before —well, you need a Pep-Producer—that's all.

And when the day's work is done, along toward midnight, what a blessed solace comes with the first draw of Edgeworth. Then my pipe and I hold a real conference, and the obstacles fade away with the smoke. Then we wonder why they should have bothered us at all.

I feel qualified to speak because a can a day is my measure of appreciation. The old pipe O.K.'s this letter and insists that without Edgeworth we could not have raised the thousands of dollars we did.

Good old Hod! Good old Edgeworth!

Sincerely yours,

William H. Arbogast

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

* * *

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles:—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

In this favorite brand, pipe-smoker finds vigor and solace all in one

LET a man find just the right tobacco, and his pipe sure does become a true and faithful friend—a constant companion through his sorrows and his joys. It is ready to encourage him during the rush of the day, and soothe him in the hush of the evening when a pipe, a book, and an easy-chair make the world a pleasant place to live in.

If you would like to find out just what it is about this pipe "affinity" (as Mr. Arbogast so aptly calls it) that binds together so closely members of the Edgeworth Club all over the world, let us send you samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed to try in your own pipe.

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these generous samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for its likable quality is *always* the same in every season.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]
fact, Mrs. Drodten was the original War Is Hell joke. With the arrival of the Americans she took a leaf from her salad days and plumped her aging bones on the laps of as many who were not too choosey.

Rush Dyer, whose reminiscences snobbishly excluded all girls who were not débutantes or theatrical stars, seemed to be the favorite of this willing lily—despite his hot denials. And Mr. Drodten seemed somehow to take an unreasonable antipathy to Rush. Only he took it out on us, instead—closing his saloon whenever he could and beefing about American manners. Lately he had gone so far as to decorate his barroom with large prints of German victories. This was considered very tactless of Mr. Drodten, and we quite properly

Ted Percival was a grand girl and all that the Y. M. C. A. had unquestionably intended its women workers to be.

marched onward to remove them.

The doors were pushed in and fifty 88 per cent Americans held matches while Rush removed the offending pictures. Suddenly a howl, and old Pete appeared in a flannel nightgown, swinging a big club. Without thinking, Rush framed on him with the first picture, giving him a very pretty necklace of broken glass. The Sandman took immediate charge of Pete.

ANOTHER howl and the lieutenant wabbled in, pointing his gun woozily. Stanley Yuskevitch started one from the floor and caught him smack on the kisser. The lieutenant sank limply on Pete's chest. They lay there like two beautiful, happy children dreaming of Santy Claus and his pretty toys.

By degrees the Old Guard collapsed in the street or went to bed or marched onward to neighboring communities, playing Paul Revere with the Germans. All through the night distant church bells told us the Raggedy-something Cadets were on their way. Some groups got as far as Bonn, judging from damage suits that were brought against the government later on.

In the morning there was a reckoning. The officers conferred darkly and announced that there would be hell to pay when Captain Stone got back. Everybody had a splitting headache and the commissioned element was smart enough to sense it. They ran us bowlegged through the drill at double time. The only saving circumstance to a day of blackest horror was that we actually got rid of the horses, all but a few that had been pinched during the night for the Paul Revere act. And then, there was the consoling rumor that the officious lieutenant's jaw had been broken in two places.

As further punishment the battery was confined to quarters, so all of us went to Neuenahr that night. The Y. M. C. A. had opened up a movie theater there and reports were that it was pretty good. It *was* pretty good, but that wasn't the Y.'s fault. They were showing the oldest picture ever made—a lousy German chromo having to do with the Suffering of Souls. As the picture was run off a soprano secretary stood on the stage and translated the subtitles.

"What will I do?" he cried, interpreting the remarks of a soul-sick German. The audience loudly obliged:

"Go down to the Y. M. C. A. They're putting out chocolate today!"

The secretary seemed stung. He stopped the picture.

"Now, boys," he said in a hurt voice, "do you think that's nice?"

"Who won the war?" came back, and the entire audience howled: "THE Y. M. C. A.!"

"Boys!" from the secretary.

"Who laid down the chocolate barrage? THE Y. M. C. A!"

"Some day I'm going to talk that over with you!" warned the secretary.

THERE was no good answer for this, so the boys yanked the backs off the seats and threw them. The secretary dodged, but stood like the boy on the burning deck, translating the remaining titles. We liked his nerve and gave him a break.

At one point in the picture the hero jumped off a 1,000 foot cliff and lay mangled on the rocks below.

Instantly: "Paint him with iodine and mark him duty!" from a dozen victims of the medical corps' practicalities in this regard.

Several other beautifully pat comments as the picture went along do not look so well in print. Some of them were so hot that the more foghorn members of the battery returned night after night to bawl them at the psychological moment.

After the picture a Y. M. C. A. lady emerged and with many swimming motions sang a song about a fellow named Laddie; and if Laddie wasn't a bit of a sis we didn't know our onions. So we gave her the razz, too. Some went so far as to throw soap. Miss America didn't know the rude inference and beamed with pleasure as she picked up the bars.

It's bad manners to bombard Y. M. C. A. ladies with soap, but a conspicuous minority of them had so let the war go to their heads that the innocent often suffered. God knows who selected the talent for the A. E. F. It was easy enough to do. Every second rate chorus girl who came over and bawled bum jazz was hugged to our bosom. They were exactly what we wanted. But what we usually got was a set of aging la-de-da contraltos with frozen pans and semiclassical selections. They were damned nice—those contraltos.

There was another type—the unsuccessful belles who busted into the auxiliary services less from patriotism (apparently) than to be the only American girls in a mob of uniforms. Officers' uniforms. And American officers have the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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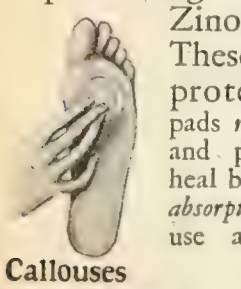
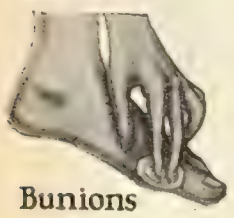

Callouses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[WAR BUGS
Continued from page seventy-one]

lowest boiling point known—from a romantic standpoint. They dated them up over the field switchboards so incautiously that everybody knew who, where, and what; and it was difficult for the enlisted men to observe the proper Respect for Womanhood, in consequence.

Exceptions, of course. We had a grand girl with us, for instance—Ted Percival, by a comical war-time coincidence the sister of our favorite in-wrong corporal, Joe. Ted made fudge, played the piano, advised us on presents, and worked her head off for all of us. She was a grand girl and all that the Y. M. C. A. had unquestionably intended its women workers to be. Only Joe was uncomfortable when Ted was around, as her presence in Ringen greatly interfered with his nightly Schnapps swizzling in Mustig Suffer's basement.

The captain finally returned from Marseilles, very cross about his lieutenant's chin, which wasn't broken—only cracked. He summoned the battery and explained that hitting an officer was worse than anything in the world except hitting one's mother. He wasn't at all sure but that General Pershing would hear about it and keep us in Germany for six months more. Nobody was much impressed.

The lieutenant had simply poked his gun at people once too often while drinking. But we pretended to be all broken up for fear the captain would really do something tough like getting up extra drills or inspections. Besides, his threats implied that we really *were* going home and that put everybody in a Christian mood.

PRESENTLY it became apparent that at last something was happening. The officers were looking entirely too pleasant not to be holding out hot stuff. Leaves were suddenly canceled (as if anybody but the officers had ever had leave). Inspections occurred every minute. Officers of divisions in back of us came snooping around, checking on our billets and looking wise. And finally the order came to move.

It was about time. We had been away nearly two years, and were sick of reading in the newspapers about all those weekend goldbrick outfits galloping home and grabbing all the credit. Going home. That involved some weird trivialities: Getting on a boat. Eating a stack of wheats in the Forty-second Street Childs. Wearing coats with lapels on them. Sleeping in beds. Doing what we pleased — doing exactly what we pleased. There must be a catch in it somewhere.

And yet, there we were, kicking down the hard road to Remagen! And what should be on the siding but the old box cars in which we once rode out to battle! And who should be there to tell us how to get into them but our old pal, the lieutenant.

His jaw looked fine, but he seemed nutty to get it back out of joint, squawking at everybody for no reason and screaming that he would raise HELL if his orders weren't obeyed on the second.

Item: We had devised a large canvas sign to tack on the train in order to explain carefully to the people of France and Germany just

Pershing reviews his troops.

what we thought of their lousy countries. The sign was a real art work. In one corner was a beautiful Rainbow; in another a map of Illinois. All of us admired it a great deal and attached it proudly to the foremost box car.

The lieutenant saw it going up, and had a fit of apoplexy. He gave us ten seconds to pull it down. We were so glad to be going home that we might have obeyed if the sign hadn't been so beautiful. So we stalled, explaining that it was nailed too tightly to remove.

The lieutenant reached for his ever ready pistol and waved it. We explained that it was dangerous for people to point automatics. For answer he charged wildly at the sign.

We picked up half the crushed stone ballast under the train and played a fast game of Duck on Rock with the fellow.

He fled for the first class carriages, where the officers were sitting like bankers, and bellyached loudly to the captain. The captain reported to the colonel, mentioning that we had called the lieutenant rude names.

It has been pointed out before that Reilly was a swell guy. It was now demonstrated all over again. He streaked back like a bat out of hell, and we stood respectfully at attention while he laid a wide strip of gooseflesh along every spine. But he was too swell a guy not to see our side of it, however much he concealed this impression; and in the end bit off and spat out the following:

We were going home. He was reluctant to take the steps that our conduct called for. But. By God. There were two names for which any man would fight. The lieutenant had been called both of those names. The colonel would like to hear before the train started that the man or men calling the lieutenant those two names had apologized for them. He turned on his heel and walked back to his car. There was a hurry up conference and a brilliant idea. A committee promptly waited on the wounded lieutenant.

He was smiling a little—if you can call stretching a basketball smiling.

"Well?" he said coldly.

Pick Dodds informed the lieutenant of the colonel's wishes.

"And are you the men who called me those names?" he demanded.

"No, sir," said Pick. "But so very many men claimed the impertinence of calling you those names—the entire battery, in fact—that we thought it would be simpler to send a committee."

The lieutenant turned a bright blue.

We retired to our box cars and the train started—bottles, repartee, and Y. M. C. A. biscuits flying from the doors at every stop. Through Metz; Verdun, where we stopped and played soldier in the blood rusty wire. Finally Paris.

ON the third day of travel we threw open the doors of our rolling rat traps and sniffed the sea. The grass was green, and the warm, wet winds of Brittany smelled something elegant. We rolled into Brest singing:

"We'll hang Old Glory to the top of the pole—"

In three days we were deloused and on the docks, waiting for enough calm to board the Leviathan; and after a glorious night cut, in which we beat the hell out of five or six of the brass knuckle boys stationed in Brest to guard morals and enforce saluting, we jammed on the lighter—so closely that the impress of coat buttons was visible on every back and belly for weeks.

Just before we embarked, a stuffy Red Cross lady chided us for drinking, and Colonel Reilly nearly tore her apart with a few well chosen words. He then made a stirring speech of farewell.

As for this war ending war, he predicted that twenty wars would be fought within our lifetime; and added that if America was involved in any one of them we would respond as gallantly and as well as we had done two years before. Furthermore, if anybody tried to sneak more than three bottles of liquor aboard ship, he would damn well wish he hadn't.

So we swarmed like monkeys aboard the Leviathan. Her black nose butted into the blue Atlantic. We turned again home.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Let the buyer beware.
2—Venice, Italy.
3—The men led by Jason, who sailed in the ship Argo in search of the Golden Fleece.
4—Admiral Dewey, at the battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.
5—Anton Dvorák (1841-1904).
6—One who believes that pleasure is the sole or chief good in life.
7—From the name of its founder, Matthew Vassar.
8—A former country comprising what are now parts of France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.
9—William Shakespeare. George Bernard Shaw.
10—Madonnas.
11—The Dardanelles.
12—Ohio.
13—Windsor.
14—Hans Christian Andersen (1805-75).
15—Larboard.
16—Verdigris.
17—Franz Schubert.
18—A body of churchmen convened to consider religious matters.
19—Wyoming.
20—No.

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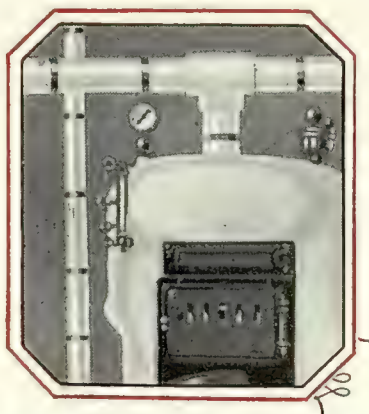

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ASBESTOS SHINGLES

A Second to THINK

Illinois 7, Northwestern 6— A Touchback Saves a Victory in 1927

A Football Reminiscence

By WALTER ECKERSALL

Wide World photo

" Tiny " Lewis, who scored the touchdown for Northwestern.

LIKE all other effective thinking, that on the gridiron must be based on knowledge. A thorough study and comprehension of the intricate regulations which govern play are absolute essentials. Without them a man may think quickly, but may think incorrectly. If he knows the rules, quick thinking may mean victory.

Robert Zuppke of Illinois is a smart football coach, one of the most thorough in the game. Not alone does the Illinois gridiron teacher believe in teaching his players fundamentals as well as advanced tactics, but he is a stickler for his players knowing the rules.

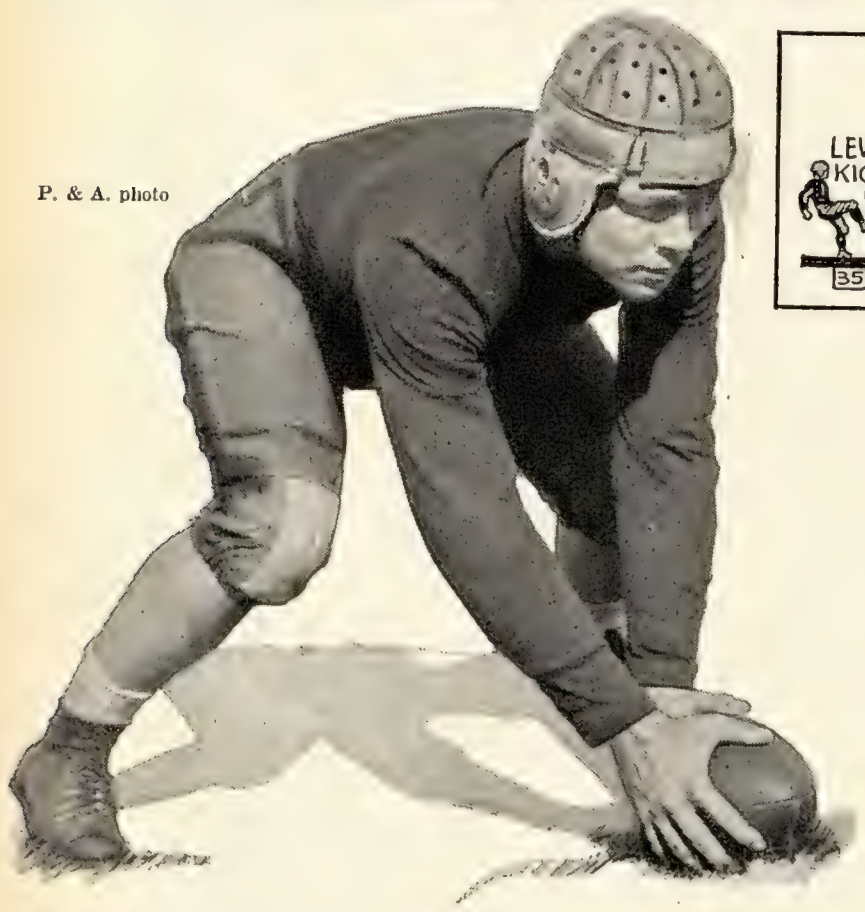
During my twenty years of officiating, I have seldom seen teams which knew rules better than those developed by Zuppke. The players are always instructed to command the officials to explain optional penalties. They have been so thoroughly schooled they have seldom made mistakes in their choice of these penalties.

Last fall Coach Zuppke developed one of the best balanced elevens in Illinois' football history. There were no shining lights on the squad. Ground was gained through the combined efforts of eleven players who executed their duties perfectly. Zuppke has always been a firm believer in tackling and blocking. It is his theory that any team which can block and tackle will never be badly beaten.

Illinois opened its season with only fair prospects. Coach Zuppke had no players of the Red Grange type to build plays around. He knew success or failure of the season depended upon teamplay. He was aware he must have reserves who could be substituted at critical times without weakening the offense or defense.

Illinois won its two opening games from Bradley and Butler in easy fashion. In the third struggle, Iowa State held them to a 12 to 12 tie. Zuppke's players failed to impress their supporters and the opinion prevailed that Illinois would not have a successful season.

P. & A. photo



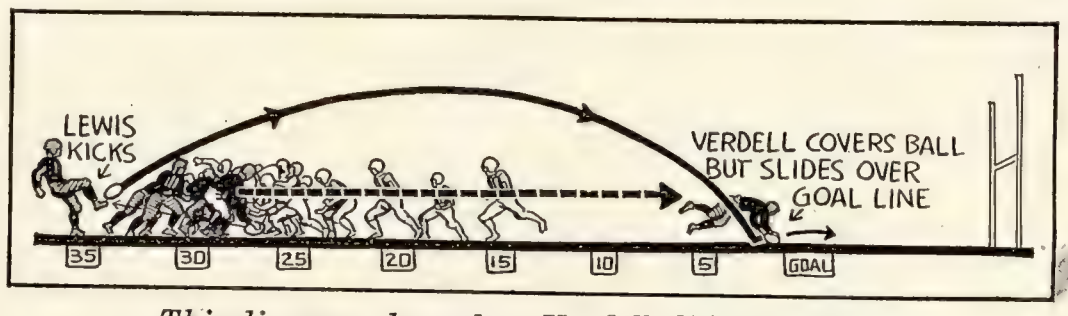
Captain Bob Reitsch of Illinois, whose quick thinking saved the day for his team last fall.

On the Saturday following, Illinois was scheduled to meet Northwestern on the latter's gridiron. The Purple had defeated Ohio State, a fairly strong Western Conference eleven, 19 to 13, and was talking of a championship. As a result of the general play of both elevens, Northwestern was favored to win. The struggle attracted a capacity crowd to the Dyche Stadium, where Purple adherents were out in large numbers to cheer their team to a second victory over a conference eleven.

Northwestern was coached by Richard Hanley, who learned his football at Washington State. Lone Star Deitz, a member of one of the old Carlisle Indian football elevens, was Hanley's coach. Deitz was a pupil of the Glenn (Pop) Warner school of football and naturally Hanley uses Warner tactics.

Shortly after the game had opened, the Purple obtained possession of the ball in midfield. The quick kick signal was called. " Tiny " Lewis, the Purple fullback, started to run backward on a given command. The ball was snapped at the same moment. Lewis booted the oval down the field and Waldo Fisher, the Northwestern end, retrieved the ball on Illinois' one yard line. Fisher, however, was an offside player and the ball went to the Orange and Blue.

Illinois promptly punted from behind its goal line and Northwestern took possession of the ball on the Orange and Blue twenty-eight yard line. From this point Northwestern made a successful drive to the Illinois goal, Lewis finally going over on a straight plunge off his left guard. The big fullback missed the goal and Northwestern led by a 6 to 0 score.



This diagram shows how Verdell slid over the goal line. Captain Reitsch chose a touchback and protected Illinois' lead.

The fighting Illini, led by Bob Reitsch, a great center, received the following kick off. The Orange and Blue then made a great march of seventy-three yards for a touchdown. The goal was kicked and Illinois led at the end of the first half, 7 to 6. It was a splendid comeback for a team which appeared beaten after Northwestern had made that first touchdown.

Northwestern, however, responded with kindled spirit in the third quarter. The Purple kept forcing and finally worked the oval to the Illinois thirty yard line. A large yardage was needed on fourth down and the Purple again elected to try the quick kick. It was a beautiful effort and Tom Verdell, the end, covered the ball in a satisfactory manner. He gathered in the oval on Illinois' two yard line, but was unable to stop. His momentum carried him over the goal line with the ball.

At this critical point Captain Bob Reitsch, who had only a second to think, used excellent judgment. Illinois had one of two choices: It could take the ball where Verdell had illegally recovered it on the two yard line, or it could take a touchback and put the ball in play on its twenty yard line.

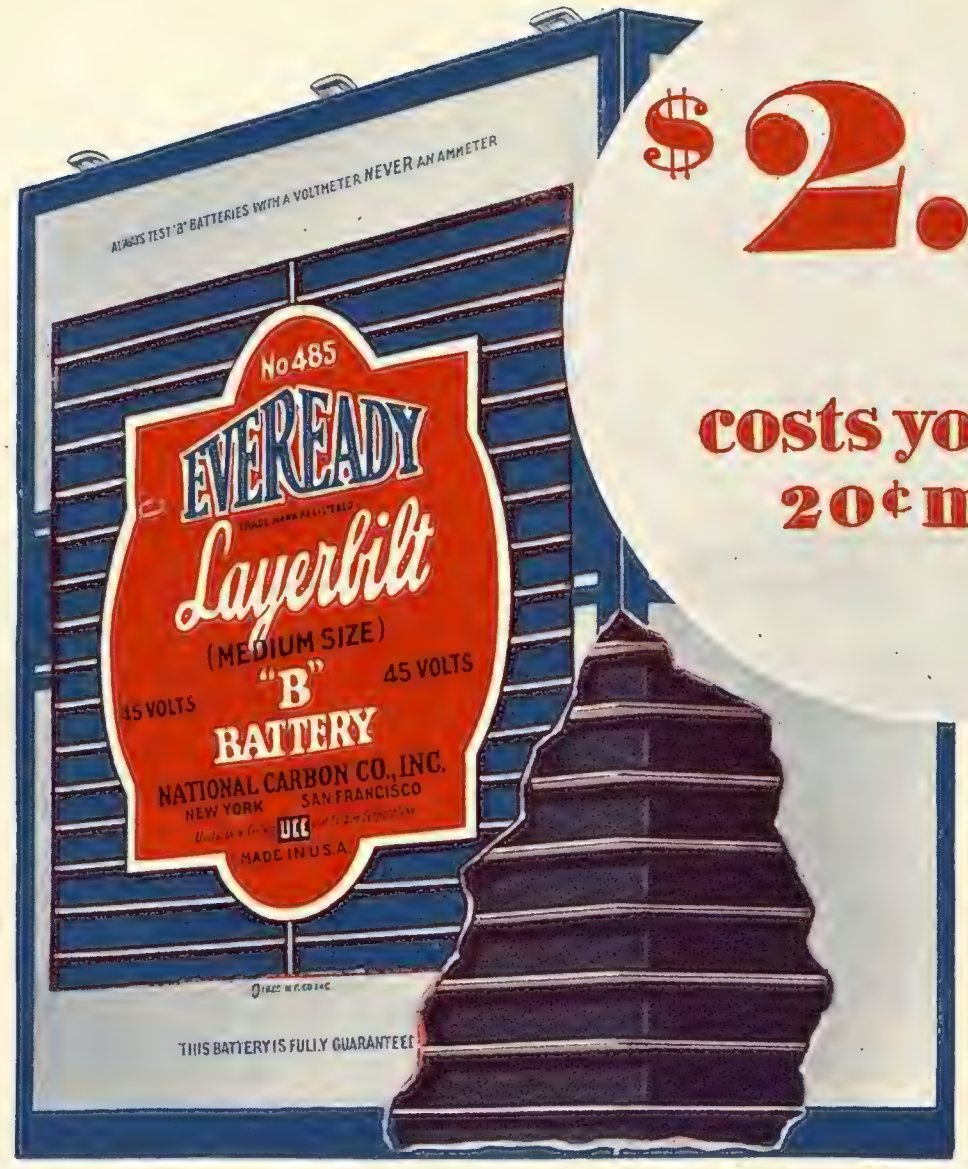
Without a moment's hesitation, Captain Reitsch stipulated for the touchback and the ball was put in play by Illinois on its twenty yard line.

IF Reitsch had not thought correctly, Illinois would have been placed in a dangerous position had its captain elected to take the ball where Verdell first touched it in the field of play.

Illinois would again have been compelled to punt out from behind its goal line, and chances are Northwestern would have scored again. This was a striking example of a player thinking in one second.

Illinois won the game 7 to 6. The team improved as the season wore on and won all its remaining conference games.

The crucial moment of another hard-fought football game will be described by Mr. Eckersall in next week's Liberty.



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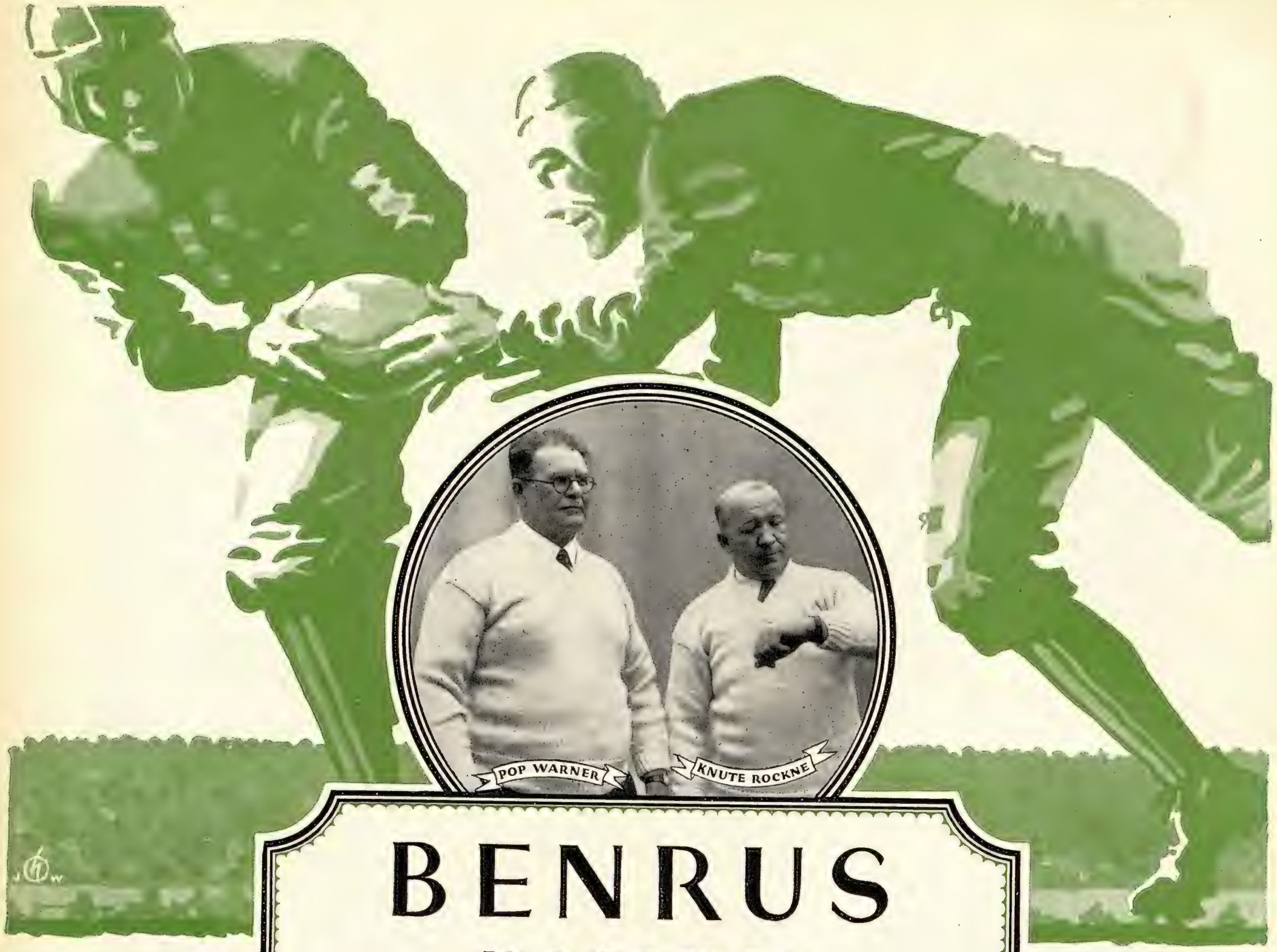

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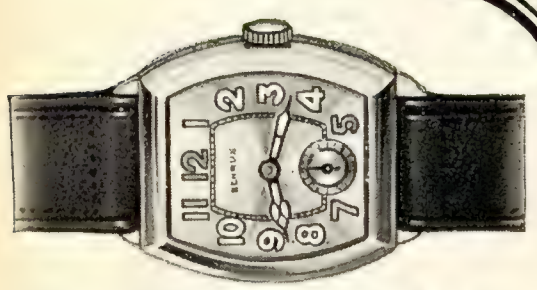

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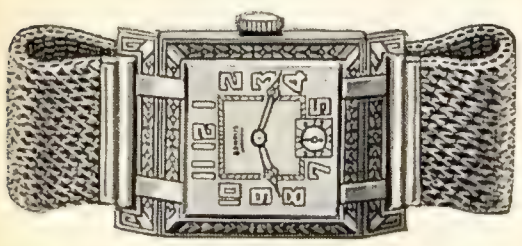

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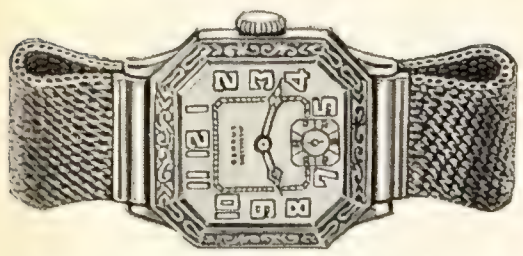

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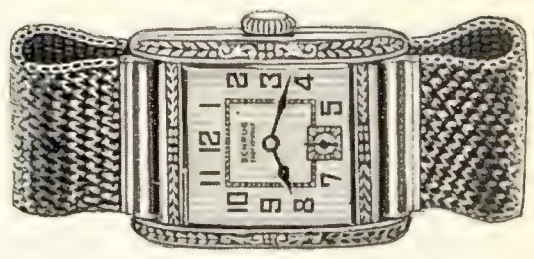

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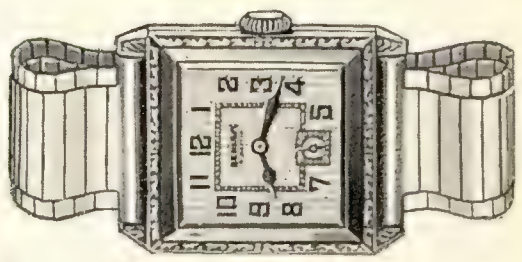

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The Cat- and- Kittens

In Which Jealousy Roughens the Long Road to Love

The Eighth Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

She unfolded a story which troubled me. She had fallen in love with my first mate, Tom Wild.

THE girl I married I never wooed. Her name was Cintra Quinn. I did not love her, nor she me.

Her uncle, Captain Quinn, had offered me $50,000 to take her off his hands, for he was at his wits' end to know what to do with her. Small wonder! Quinn was a slave dealer when the importing of Black Ivory was forbidden by law. His ship, The Happy Parrot, was a slaver, and I her captain.

Just before we slid out of New York harbor a new cook came aboard me. "He" proved to be Cintra in disguise. Her uncle came near to bursting with fury, and when we reached Amelia Island threw the girl at my head.

I took her. It was a mad act, for Cintra never intended to be aught to me but a wife in name. She married me to see the world—and a blood soaked side of the world it proved to be. She saw her uncle swinging from his own topmast on his sloop The Mischief. He had been hanged by pirates.

On the heels of this horror she was herself kidnaped by pirates, but rescued by me in time, thank God. She saw me robbed of $20,000 in gold and dust by that filthy sea-rogue, Buke Gooly—saw me turn pirate, at length, in desperation and revenge.

This last was, perhaps, hardest of all for Cintra, who, back in New York, had once been tenderly inclined toward me till she caught me kissing the niece of Debby, her maid.

THE piracy I had committed when I stopped The Malabar Maid and took out of her 200 Negro slaves and other valuable sundries, amply recompensed the firm of Quinn & Maltby for the loss of slaves, elephants' teeth, gold dust, and pepper taken from the late Captain Quinn aboard his sloop The Mischief by the pirate Captain Nanfan.

Other accounts, also, were nearly squared now. We had lost The Mischief; but later we destroyed The Love Dove, pirate brigantine. Captain Quinn lost his life; but so did Captain Nanfan. Besides, there was every chance that a large African shark had terminated the career of Charlie Chatto, pirate, slave smuggler, triple spy, and informer.

However, there were others like him to annoy us. Plenty. For, since the African or maritime slave trade had been forbidden and those who engaged in it outlawed, such captains as myself, such vessels as The Happy Parrot, such firms as that of Quinn & Maltby, were a prey to various kinds of human vermin—particularly government spies and informers and dishonest slave brokers and auctioneers who were as likely as not to attempt blackmail.

The way in which Quinn & Maltby disposed of its human cargoes fresh from Africa was as follows: from the "factory" on Amelia Island, which was Spanish territory, the kaffles, or coffles—which was a term for gangs of from forty to fifty blacks—were taken by land across the United States boundary into Georgia, there to be mixed with tame, domestic, home raised Negroes and sold as such to escape confiscation.

OUR factory on Amelia Island, with its fort and barracoons, was the receiving point for the smuggled Africans. Here they were well cared for, well clothed, taught a few words of English and also the rudiments of trades or husbandry or domestic service.

José Segrada was the factor. It was his business to see that the kaffles were delivered. In Augusta we dealt through Clay, Stoker & Co.; in Savannah, through Brown & Bramill. In Charleston our dealer and broker was Noah J. Wilbur.

Their terms were 10 to 20 per cent commis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CAT-AND-KITTENS Cont'd from page 77]

sion—when 2½ per cent was the usual rate for legal Negro sales. We had to pay it.

For board they charged each Negro one dollar, when thirty cents was usual. All slaves were held at the consignor's risk.

As a matter of fact, these slave brokers were often revenue spies and hand in glove with government informers, and sometimes spies for the privateers and coast pirates who preyed on slavers.

Now, there was no doubt in my mind that what I had done to Captain Endor and The Malabar Maid would be swiftly conveyed by underground methods to every slave broker, dealer, auctioneer, agent, informer, and spy in Georgia, Carolina, and Virginia; and probably, ultimately, would spread through Maryland and Delaware as far as New Jersey.

It was like a wild moonlit scene in hell, with 200 gre

I had taken nearly $300,000 worth of plunder, which was very gratifying to Quinn & Maltby. There had been $150,000 in emeralds and diamonds among the gold dust bags, which I had overlooked at the time.

But how to realize on all this loot was a problem which preoccupied José Segrada and Mr. Maltby; and, though that end of the business was none of my affair, they had me in frequent consultation, detaining me and The Happy Parrot from our scheduled African trip, and ignoring my warnings concerning the September rains on that fever cursed coast.

However, I didn't care much. The late Captain Quinn's villa, with its black servants, its luxuries, remote from the factory, embowered in orange, lemon, camphor, and palm, was comfortable.

And now that my wife had condescended to make something of a comrade of me, and being on such pleasant terms with each other, I fretted not at all except when I thought of the rains on the Guinea coast.

TO the several belles of varying shades of colour from white to glossy black, who composed the "wives" of José Segrada, Cintra was civil when she encountered them, but there was, of course, no other acquaintance. I, however, was on easy terms with these houris of Señor Segrada's harem; and I admit that, in pulchritude, Segrada was a man of taste and discernment.

I used to see these blonde or dusky odalisques around his house when I went thither to consult with him and Mr. Maltby, and thought nothing of it, though once, when I remained to supper, Cintra was very short with me when I returned.

Which puzzled me, because Cintra was not in love with me and could not, therefore, be jealous. Yet she behaved pettishly; which vexed me.

There was an Arab girl there, perfectly white, sixteen, all carnation and ivory, with eyes like velvet pansies. Some slaver got her as a six year old child among the Senegalese, The Black Joke fetched her here, and Segrada bought her in. He remarked that he meant to "marry" her in about a year.

She had come to our villa once or twice with messages from Segrada. Her name was Lella and her country the Djebel Amour, I believe.

I said to Cintra that Arabs are not Negroes and ought not to be slaves. She asked me if I thought the girl as pretty as Debby's niece.

That sarcasm further annoyed me.

"After all," I said, "if I were inclined to philander, what difference could it make to you?"

"I don't care to be the wife of a Turk," she retorted.

"Well," said I with a shrug, "any lady in a Turk's household is more of a wife to him than you are to me."

She continued to sew, but her cheeks were flaming. It was just as well that she should realize the situation occasionally.

One evening, when I was strolling in the garden, I saw Lella outside the gate looking in, and beckoned her, supposing she had a message from Segrada.

Then she unfolded a story which troubled me. She had fallen in love with my quiet, efficient, faithful first mate, Tom Wild, and she wished him to buy her.

"Segrada won't sell you," I said.

She took hold of my hands and kissed them and I felt her tears.

"It's useless to appeal to Segrada," I repeated; "he will not sell you."

She asked me if I would befriend her, and I said I would, but that I couldn't make Segrada sell her if he didn't want to.

She said she'd speak to me again, and off she slipped like a shadow across the moonlit wall.

When I returned to the house Cintra's eyes were stormy.

"Be polite enough," said she, "to keep your love trysts elsewhere than in my garden."

"Very well," said I, amused, yet wondering why a woman who didn't want a man should object to another woman having him.

ON the following afternoon Maltby sent for me to consult with him and Segrada at the latter's house. Lella brought the note.

For there was news from lower Florida, just in by a sponger, that a Spanish sloop of war was on her way to Amelia Island to investigate an alleged piracy; and Maltby insisted with hysterical gestures and fat sobs that our slaves must instantly be forwarded if we didn't wish to see them confiscated.

"I don't know where that accursed cruiser is!" wailed Maltby. "This is blackmail, this is. They're a nest of robbers at St. Augustine—taking the bread out of my mouth to starve and beggar me—"

"You, sare," said Segrada blandly to me, "shall furnish arm' escort to these Cat-and-Kitten Tavern. You will be so kind."

"That is your business," I remarked dryly. "Take your own escort and arm them in case the Spaniards cut in on you from Cumberland way."

"If I am attack'," said Segrada with a shrug, "my escort he shall run. So! We lose these nigger ver' dam' quick! One hunner thousan' dollar! All los'!"

"Oh, yes," wailed Maltby; "you had better go, Captain Strake. If I lose this cargo I might just as well start for the poorhouse

s in howling chase of men who fled screeching.

in my old age. Yes, sir, I might as well."

He was rich and a liar. But he was also my employer, and I had signed his articles.

I said I'd go; and he begged me to depart that evening. Segrada said he'd have the kaffle ready and Kroomen in charge. Segrada's blandness troubled me.

Besides, I had no stomach for that end of the business. I did not like Maltby. I did not like Segrada, either, and had come to distrust him; and it occurred to me now that perhaps Segrada himself had secretly stirred up the Spanish authorities at St. Augustine. He might profit largely by treachery as an informer if The Malabar Maid's cargo were discovered in possession of Quinn & Maltby. Who could suspect him?

When I left Segrada's chromatic abode, refusing supper, music, and dancing, I walked down toward the shore, taking a byway.

DOWN the lane I saw a girl with a crimson blossom behind her ear. She was talking to my mate, Mr. Wild.

When they saw me she gave me an excited smile and, seeing I had business with Mr. Wild, sauntered away a little distance to wait until I finished.

I told Mr. Wild what the trouble was. He said he'd be ready with an escort of burly foremastmen, well armed.

"Sufficient, sir," said he, "to take care of the company's property."

When I walked on toward the villa I saw Lella rejoin Mr. Wild. Poor little devil!

When I went in I saw Cintra writing a letter to her bosom friend, Eliza Osborn.

We had become friendly again, and she looked up gayly from the Chinese table; but when I told her I would be away on business for a night or two, her face clouded.

"Where?" she asked.

"I'm escorting the kaffles to The Cat-and-Kittens."

"Why, that is not your duty!"

"Not usually."

She was regarding me intently. And the first thing I knew she rose, flung down her pen, and walked out of the room.

"What the devil is the matter?" said I, following her.

"I don't care to discuss your escapades with Arabs."

"Do you think that—"

"Yes, I *do!*" said she. "The girl was here today, looking for you."

"She brought a note—"

"Probably written by herself."

It was so funny, so fantastic, that I laughed.

"If it's so," said she, "I am going back to New York."

"If it *were* so," said I, "what on earth do you care?"

"I'm going to find out if it's so," said she. "If it is, you can turn Turk if you wish, but I shall go home!"

"Very well," said I; "you had better go anyway."

Our supper was a silent affair. When it ended I went out without saying good-by to Cintra.

There was a fine moon; one could read by its snowy lustre.

I found Mr. Wild and a dozen sailormen awaiting me under the palms near the barracoon. He gave me a brace of loaded pistols and a musket.

Pretty soon the kaffles emerged, velvet footed, from the barracoon, headed by Kroomen.

The blacks seemed very gay and excited over their moonlight journey. Moonlight excites all Africans.

I asked the linguister what they were gabbling about, and he said they were delighted to go and much interested in their new masters and in seeing white men's cities.

The children rode in carts drawn by donkeys, and seemed enchanted. But they all went to sleep in heaps before we crossed the Savannah and, fording Little St. Mary's, came to St. Mary's River; nor did they wake when lifted into the ferryboats.

The branch we forded turned east; and presently came within half a mile of the tavern known as The Cat-and-Kittens, which was built along the river almost astride the border between Florida and Georgia—the "ordinary" in the United States, Barracoons East and West astride the river on piles, and partly on Spanish territory.

Here, now, was peril. The Cat-and-Kittens must be cautiously reconnoitered before we dared venture to approach with our kaffles. We had halted in a palmetto forest. The blacks had blankets, but it was sultry and they lay luxuriously on the soft brown litter shed by the palmettos and basked in their beloved moonlight.

As I was considering whether to go forward alone and investigate The Cat-and-Kittens or take a couple of brawny foremastmen with me, Mr. Wild came up to me, and for a moment I thought he was ill, so pale he seemed in the moon's lustre.

"Sir," said he in a low voice, "a distressing thing has happened."

"What?" I demanded anxiously.

"Lella, the Arab girl, is here, sir."

"*Here?* Where?"

HE hesitated, then indicated a slender, half naked shape seated among the kaffle.

It was evident that the girl had planned to escape from Segrada. This was the way she chose.

"Were you privy to this, Mr. Wild?" I asked sternly.

"No, sir."

"Well," said I, "the girl's in love with you and that's why she's done it. And, as it was none of your doings, I think it's your business to take care of her just as soon as we're on United States territory."

He said, after a moment: "Yes, sir. . . . I think I'll marry her."

"You can't legally marry a slave, Mr. Wild."

"She is Arab. I think I can manage it, sir. . . . If you will permit me a month's sick leave—"

I laughed. "Certainly, Mr. Wild; a severe case of love fever. I'll just say 'fever' to Mr. Maltby."

"Thank you, sir."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CAT-AND-KITTENS Continued from page seventy-nine]

"I think," said I, "you had better leave her in the kaffle until she's over the border. These Kroomen might carry back tales to the factory if they recognize her."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Wild," said I, "the signal to come on is one white rocket. A red one and you must go back to the factory."

So I took a careful look at my pistols, slung a haversack across my shoulder, left the musket with Mr. Wild, and walked on through the moonlight toward The Cat-and-Kittens.

II

THE Cat-and-Kittens was a great lumbering sun bleached tavern standing on a treeless savanna by St. Mary's River—lonely, sinister as a crossroads gibbet.

Four roads met there. One, crossing the river, ran south as far as the Spanish plantations on the Matanzas; one ran north to Savannah; one west into the Indian country; the other led east to Cumberland Sound and the open sea.

There were always people there—usually foul company, for few honest men had business on those roads.

Over it the moon flooded everything with so intense a radiance that the candlelit windows glowed with a sickly light.

The door gaped wide; men stood, shadowy groups about the hallway, whispering, but fell silent when I came in.

I couldn't make out their features very well in the light of a tallow dip.

There were a few candles burning in the long room; other people there at tables or in compartments, or leaning on the bar.

I saw Jake Means, the landlord, coming up the cellar stairs with two jugs slopping full. When he had set them on the bar he came to me, wiping his hands.

"Who's here?" I asked in a low voice.

"You got a kaffle in the woods?" he asked.

"You answer my question, Jake."

"Say," he said, "you been raising hell at sea, hain't yeh? You know what you done to Charlie Chatto? Well, a shark got one of Chatty's legs."

"Is he dead?"

"Naw; he's to Augusta, fittin' up with a wooden pin. But Ben Endor wuz around here hollerin' like a kicked houn' dawg. I guess he wants your gizzard."

"When was he here?"

"All this week, off 'n' on like. The Malabar Maid lies in the inlet yonder."

After a silence I asked him if there were any United States revenue agents on the border; and he said no.

"You want to look out for Ben Endor," he added. "He swears he'll catch you and sell you on the Barbary Coast like you was a nigger."

"Jake," said I, "the trouble with me is that I'm not bloody minded. I ought to have killed Captain Endor and Charlie Chatto. Now I'm likely to be troubled by them."

"Damn likely. You got a kaffle out 'n them palm woods?"

"Yes."

"I can't take care of 'em. Barracoon East tuk fire last week. Barracoon West is full of wild niggers. Feller name of Cap'n Diamond run 'em in last week. They all got filed teeth an' lumps onto their skin, an' when they fight over meals they claw and bite. Diamond thinks they et a baby. Raw. Gawsh! Well, I was atellin' you they're in Barracoon West and the brokers won't touch 'em, being big, wild baboons like that. So Cap'n Endor he's dickerin' with Diamond; and, as long as you took his niggers, I guess he'll have to buy Diamond's an' fix up his incoming manifest an' insurance. I got his policy. He wants that I should doctor it."

The children rode in carts dra

"Who are his insurance people?"

"It's the Louisiana Company—reg'lar marine policy for goods in transit—"

"What are his risks? Do you remember?"

"Men-o'-war, pirates, fire, letters o' marque, an' barratry of master and men."

"On how many head?"

"Nine hundred."

I WHISTLED. "No wonder he wants to buy Captain Diamond's niggers. Ben Endor sailed from the Slave Coast with eight hundred. He had two hundred when I boarded him—and he admitted he'd just weeded out and thrown overboard all the sick and blind and infirm before he put in to Havana."

"He has the name of a crool man," said Means.

"Jake," said I, "order enough bombo for two hundred and thirty

people. Have the casks set along the Augusta road. And plenty of coconut dippers."

He went to the bar and gave the order, then returned to me.

I cast a glance around the room. "Jake, I'm going to take my Negroes through. I wouldn't risk them in Barracoon West anyway. And I've a good mind to take Diamond's niggers, too."

donkeys, and seemed enchanted.

"Captain Strake," said he solemnly, "if Quinn & Maltby's folks do that on my United States premises, Quinn & Maltby can't never run no more niggers through The Cat-and-Kittens."

"Yes," said I, "you talk like that to me, Jake, but suppose Ben Endor's men interfere with me in your Spanish back yard?"

"You took Ben's niggers."

"I did," said I, "and I'll keep them. Are any of his crowd here?"

"His boatswain and second mate wuz suckin' bombo when you come in. I guess they've went some'r's—"

"I don't care a damn if they recognized me," said I.

FROM my haversack I took a white rocket and went out to the crossroads and set it off. Jake Means followed me.

"Now," said I, "if there's a fight, I can't help it; I've got to take our kaffles through tonight because there's a Spanish cruiser coming to inspect our factory at Amelia."

"I knowed that, too," grunted Jake.

"No doubt. And if I knew who started her northward I'd kill him as I would a moccasin snake."

"I know," he muttered; "but I can't never tell nothin'; I got to keep my business runnin'; and I can't do it if some feller slits my whistle."

"I'm not asking you," said I sullenly.

"You want I should fetch you a little brandy out here?"

"No; I'll take bombo, too."

He came back presently with a bowl of bombo. We were good customers; his commission was large; and he didn't care to offend Quinn & Maltby.

I had both pistols loose, and my hand rested on one while I drank.

Jake told me about an insurance company of Savannah which had recently lost $60,000 through a pirate off the Virginia capes who took 100 slaves from a coast trader.

"Not," said he with a sigh, "that I ain't sailed under the jolly bones myself. But it's dangerous these days; and if The Happy Parrot gets the name of sea-rogue, some sloop o' war will nab her. Take a old rover's advice, Captain Strake, and don't do no more nigger snatchin' off'n gentlemen as sails polite and quiet like in the Black Ivory trade."

"They'd do it to me. Nanfan tried it. Gooly tried it. Charlie Chatto meant to, but his courage oozed out. You know as well as I do that there are plenty of vessels hanging around to stop and plunder a Negro smuggler. So I might just as well do it first."

Now, in the moonlight, I heard a distant rumour, then far voices, laughter.

"Jake," said I, "here's my kaffle coming. If any of Ben Endor's men are hanging around you may tell them from me that, if they interfere, I'll shoot it out with them to the last shot and the last man."

"I'm goin' tell them just that," said Jake, hastily retreating to the tavern.

NOW the moonlight night was full of mellow and harsh sounds blending in an increasing tumult of gabble, laughter, chanting, and the tinkle of light fetters.

I saw Mr. Wild leading, and I ordered him to halt the column and let the blacks help themselves to bombo. You'd have thought there were a thousand children dancing and shouting about the bombo barrels.

I said to Mr. Wild, "Ben Endor may make trouble. His ship lies in the inlet and he and his men are dickering here for a kaffle of cannibals fetched in by a Captain Diamond—"

I paused. The merry noise made by my Negroes had aroused the burly blacks in the Barracoon West, and a heavy voiced roar went up from the shadowy stockaded sheds—loud yelling, clanking of manacles, thumping and kicking on stout pine planks.

Our Negroes heard it and their mirth died away. It was very evident they recognized the brutal noises from Barracoon West and were frightened.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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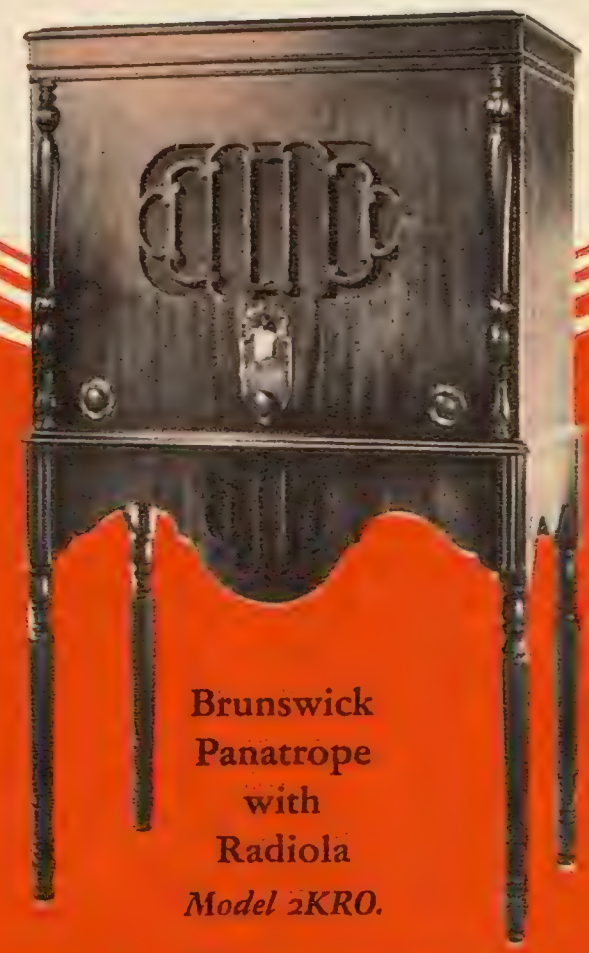

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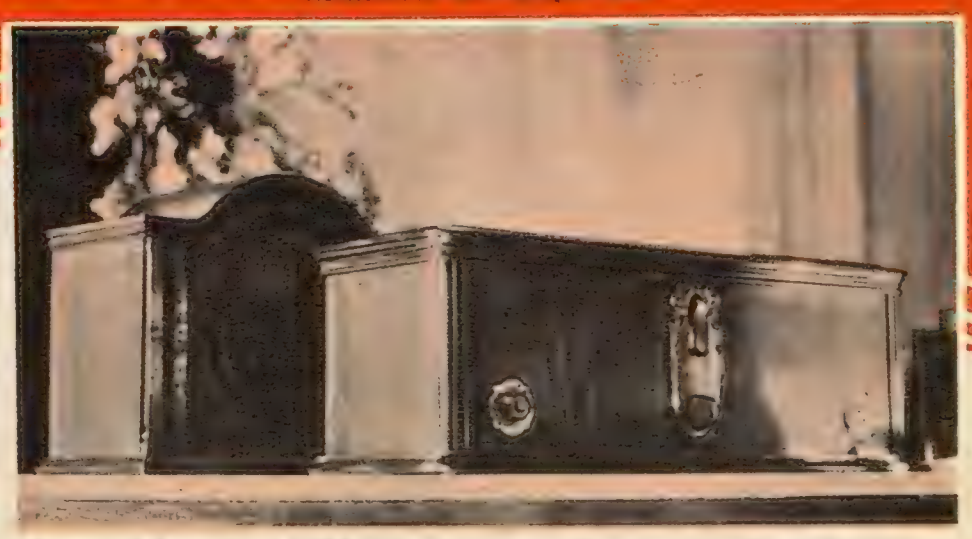

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[THE CAT-AND-KITTENS
Continued from page eighty-one]

Then, from the tavern, came striding a big hairy man. Jake Means was almost running to keep up with him. Behind them followed a throng of shadowy figures.

The big hairy man strode up to me.

"I'm Zeke Diamond," he said hoarsely.

I asked him coolly how he did.

"*I'm* doing well enough," he said; "it's *you!* And I want you to get your niggers out of here because you'll spoil my trade if Ben Endor sees them."

I took him by the arm and led him aside. "That's exactly what I'm going to do," said I, "if you'll send your Kroomen and escort, under command of my first mate, across the border with my kaffle."

"To where, sir?"

"To Jill's Hundred, where the escort from our agents in Savannah will meet them, mix them, and take them over."

"What do you pay?"

"What do you ask?"

He named a modest fee. I paid him then and there in minted guinea gold.

"Damn my eyes!" said he. "If you're a pirate, as they say, I want no honester man to deal with. I wish you were Ben Endor—the dirty thief!"

He stalked away to call out his Kroomen and sailormen.

I told Mr. Wild what had been arranged. He went into the kaffle, and returned holding Lella by the hand. The girl was lovely in the moonlight. She had stained her ivory white skin to a light nut brown, and, half naked, looked like any other girl in our kaffle.

She was terribly nervous and excited over her triumph, and clung to Mr. Wild's hand and arm.

"You can wash off that stain at Jill's Hundred," I whispered. "I wish you had some clothing."

"I fetched her clothing, sir," said Mr. Wild calmly.

He had it in his haversack—dress, stockings, shoes, everything.

SO Lella ran lightly through the moonlight to a chicken shed. When she returned she was ready. I shook her hand; then I shook Mr. Wild's hand.

"You've a month's leave," said I. "If you need more, take it. I'll muzzle Maltby. And," looking at the girl, "as for Segrada, he need never know, if you live North."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wild; "I have bought a small farm in New Jersey for my wife. When I'm done with the sea I shall grow fruit and vegetables for the New York market."

"And chickens and cows, Tom!" whispered the girl, wriggling in her excitement.

"Here come Captain Diamond's Kroomen," said I. "Good luck!"

They went to the head of the column. Mr. Wild spoke with Captain Diamond a moment, then, ordering my sailormen and Kroomen to fall out, started off with our kaffle through the moonlight.

Diamond, passing, told me that Captain Endor, with his crew, well armed, had just arrived from the coast at Barracoon West. I nodded and told my men to cock muskets.

On the frontier I drew them up and waited until the last Negro in our kaffle had passed over into the United States.

When the long column had vanished, and their singing, jingling, and laughter grew fainter in the silvery night, I ordered my men to sit down along the edge of the road and cover their pans against dew.

"Men," said I, "our old friend, Captain Ben Endor, is here with his crew. There they come, yonder, from Barracoon West. I've every inclination to finish the business I began at sea. It depends on him. Keep your powder dry."

Captain Endor, followed by Captain Diamond, came tramping toward me, his crew at heel—some thirty men armed with muskets, boarding pikes, and hangers.

He began to bluster and hector, but came no closer, I noticed.

When he arrived at ten paces: "Stop!" said I sharply.

He seemed startled, and he stopped.

"Now," said I, "if you even so much as point your snout toward the Savannah road, I'm going to give you a volley, and then a clubbing. And then I'll burn your filthy ship."

He began to bluster and hector and shout at me, but came no closer, I noticed.

I said to Captain Diamond: "Sir, be pleased to make your bargain with Captain Endor. I shall not interfere."

Endor hesitated. I walked up to him and looked him in the eyes.

"You nigger murderer," said I, "finish your business with this gentleman and end it quickly. You're a coward. You haven't the courage of a sick eel! If you had you'd fight for your own niggers."

He found no voice to retort and his long horse pistol was wabbling in his clutch.

I turned my back on him and went and stood near my squatting men, and waited.

Suddenly Endor broke out into a torrent of imprecations, yelling that he had no time to fight me or to stand here dickering all night for a gang of niggers.

"Break out your kaffle!" he cried to Captain Diamond. "I take them as they stand at the price you named! Break 'em out, sir, and I'll run them aboard now!"

Captain Diamond said, "Done!" and called to a Krooman who stood swinging a huge bunch of keys.

ENDOR yelled for lights. Jake Means came with a lantern.

"Here," said Endor, thrusting a packet of drafts into Captain Diamond's hands.

While Captain Diamond was examining them I heard a horrid and savage uproar break out in Barracoon West. Endor bawled to his mate to go thither with the escort.

The drafts seemed to satisfy Captain Diamond. He had his receipt ready, too, and handed it to Endor.

As for me, I had now merely to see that Endor carried his Negroes and himself aboard ship, set sentinels to see he landed nobody, and, in the morning, march back to Amelia Island and The Happy Parrot—and to my wife.

The savage uproar from the barracoon had now become indescribable. The gates were open, and, yelling, gabbling, shouting in deep, menacing voices, these wild Negroes came surging out, their manacles clashing, the guards and Kroomen running to keep up with them, push them back into the unruly ranks, and head them eastward toward the sea.

They appeared to be determined to continue south and cross the river. There was a scuffle at the head of the column, a rush, the din of fetters used as weapons. Then Captain Endor emitted a scream like a wild beast, and, seizing a great hide whip, fell upon the naked savages, slashing, cursing, howling that he'd murder the last nigger among them.

"That is not the way to control these blacks!" shouted Captain Diamond. "They'll tear you to pieces!"

BUT they were already doing it. A huge Negro went at him with bare, filed teeth and bit him full in the face. Before Diamond or I could stir a finger the cannibals were all over him, biting, tearing his flesh off in strips. Then a nigger bashed in his skull with his handcuffs, and continued beating the split skull into a scarlet mass.

"Look out!" cried Captain Diamond to me, dragging me behind the line of my own men, who had risen and stood with presented muskets.

But the crazed blacks were after Endor's men now, who were running for the sea; and it was like a wild moonlit scene in hell, I think, with 200 great apes and hobgoblins rushing across the shadowy grass in howling chase of men who fled screeching into darkness.

It was hell's own hunting. Diamond and I stood listening to the far yelping. We looked at the mass on the grass which had been Ben Endor.

Diamond moistened his lips with furtive tongue.

"God," he murmured, "I was lucky to be rid o' them at that."

III

I ARRIVED with my Kroomen and escort at the factory the following evening.

Segrada came rushing out to me with imprecation and lamentation. It appeared that Lella had disappeared.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "she went off with that young sponge captain. He was a handsome boy."

Segrada gave me one distracted look and rushed toward his house. Probably to write to some of his Spanish friends in St. Augustine—the filthy traitor! I was tired and dirty. I went to the villa. Cintra was lying on a couch. When I entered she sprang to her feet. Her eyes were red and had dark circles, and she seemed ill.

"Good Lord!" said I. "What's the matter?"

She said there was nothing the matter. . . . Nothing particularly. . . . Except that Señor Segrada had caused an alarm to be sounded from the fort and had sent a hundred slaves to scour the woods for the Arab girl.

I began to laugh. "Well," said I, "it will require more than a hundred niggers to find Lella. Whom do you suppose she's in love with?"

Cintra's blue eyes flamed at me, and the colour rushed over her face.

"Oh," said I, grinning, "I forget you thought she was flirting with me. What do you think of this? She's eloped with Mr. Wild and he's going to marry her!"

Cintra seated herself on the couch. For a while she rested her forehead on one hand as though her head ached.

"You don't feel well," said I; "you'd better go to bed and let me give you a dose of quinine."

A smashing narrative of treachery and battle at sea is unfolded in The Black Joke, the ninth episode of this serial. Watch for it in next week's issue.

Poems You Ought to Know

Virtue Immortal

By GEORGE HERBERT

[George Herbert was born at Montgomery Castle, in Wales, in 1593. He graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1619 was made orator for the university. Herbert will long be remembered for his religious poems, The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. He died in 1633.]

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright;
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

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The Return of the BUTTON

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Jenny buttons this streamline princesse frock (left) straight down the front with black and gold buttons. The Vionnet ensemble (right) of basket weave woolen has bone buttons.

Paris, October 15.

AS you all know, Paris has had a soul above buttons for a considerable stretch of time. Smart clothes have been fastened by almost every other means, or they were merely attached by the familiar hand clutch system that left the smart silhouette more or less at the mercy of the individual woman and her ability to arrange her coat successfully each time she wore it.

The conspicuous return of buttons in Paris stabilizes the set of our garments, once they are put on. More than that, these buttons have a definitely decorative aspect.

Not since Jeanne Lanvin created a worldwide vogue with her button embroidery and trimming have buttons been so conspicuous and so numerous in Paris fashions as they are now in the fall and winter of A. D. 1928. The mere appearance of buttons on the simplest of costumes makes it seem newer and more fashionable. That is, of course, if the costume happens to be the kind of garment, or garments, qualified by Paris to the Order of the Button. I will explain the requirements.

According to masculine authorities, women have always felt a strong attraction for brass buttons—the kind that accompany uniforms. This winter Paris is using a good many brass buttons, and, acting on the inside information supplied by experts, when brass buttons are used Paris gives a suggestion of the military to the costume on which they appear. These may be sports, they may be runabout dresses, or they may even be evening frocks.

There is no special class of dress or wrap that has the exclusive style concession for brass buttons. And this applies to any other kind of button which Paris employs. Among other favored types are steel, brass, crystal, rhinestone, bone, amber, and marcasite.

Buttons are used on frocks and coats that have a trim or somewhat molded silhouette. When the frock or the wrap is draped, either with stiff or supple lines, then the scarf is the principal attachment.

There are many ways of using buttons. They may march straight up and down the front of frock or coat, they may be placed down the back, or they may be used in some whimsical adaptation of the usual order.

For example, our Goupy afternoon frock has, plainly, reversed the button arrangement seen on the coats of bellboys and majordomos. The trim, surpliced blouse of this dress has triangular brass buttons in a reversed V, trimming and fastening it.

This Goupy frock of satin in golden brocade and black has the allure of brass buttons.

Rhinestone and steel buttons decorate the blouse of this rose velvet frock from Cheruit.

This blouse is made of golden yellow brocaded satin, both the color and the material being important style items in Paris. The straight sleeves are skintight below the elbows and are held in place by buttons.

The skirt of this dress is made of black stiff satin. Goupy gives it a deep, closely fitted yoke at the top and sets two godets in front below the yoke to give it a smart flare. The narrow belt of self material has a brass buckle.

Our evening frock illustrates the use of fantaisie buttons. This dress is of rose pink velvet, that lovely transparent quality which is so smart this winter. The blouse is draped and cut to suggest the gentlemanly waistcoat of the early nineteenth century. The little revers that border the décolletage further the suggestion, as do the large rhinestone and steel buttons.

Cheruit flares the skirt at the sides of the front and gives it a trailing panel at the right side of the back.

WHEN buttons march single file down the center front closing of coat or dress—as they often do in Paris—they are used for the practical purpose of attaching them. They are also, in most cases, of a decorative character, as is shown in our Jenny frock. This dress is made of daytime lamé, a very modest black and gold material in a small broken plaid design that is very chic.

Jenny gives to this dress her pet streamline princesse silhouette, and buttons it from collar to hemline with beautifully cut fantaisie black and gold buttons.

The small tailored collar, the sleeves, the hemline, and the vertical pockets are piped with black silk. These pockets are set in at the breast and hip lines. A small square is cut out of the straight hemline at the center front, to remind you that even the severest hem may have its chic detours.

This Jenny frock has a scarf—of self material—the scarf being used solely to add to its cachet. It is a narrow strip of the lamé, piped with black and tied close around the neck—very becoming to necks that are not too short.

Our ensemble from Vionnet is one of the smartest seen recently during the luncheon hour at the Ritz. It is made of basket weave woolen in beige, with a full length revers collar and cuffs of brown, white, and beige spotted fur. The frock and the three-quarter length coat are trimmed with inset bands of self material. The frock is similarly trimmed, with bands that do not quite extend to the double breasted closing. Bone buttons fasten the dress, and the belt has a bone buckle. The straight coat is of the wraparound type.

The return of the button, both to make firmer the attachment of dress and coat and for decorative reasons, is sure to be welcomed with enthusiasm by well dressed American women.

Check the condition of impaired health that is affecting YOUR efficiency:

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Fortunately there is a simple, sure, safe remedy for constipation. It gets right down to common sense and fundamentals.

You would not think of cleansing your face with harsh chemicals and drugs. Is it not even *worse* to use such things for cleansing the delicate tissues *inside* your body?

The one best cleansing agent, for *internal* use as well as *external*, is water. That is why doctors prescribe Pluto. Pluto is a *water* laxative. It *washes* the intestinal tract.

But for one thing, the water you use on your table would make an unexcelled laxative. Ordinary water does not reach the intestines in sufficient quantity to be effective. It is pre-absorbed — excreted through the kidneys.

With Pluto it is different. Pluto Water has a mineral content exceeding in percentage the mineral content of the blood. Consequently, it passes intact to the intestines. There it loosens, cleans and *flushes*.

In just 30 minutes to two hours, Pluto brings welcome relief. Such is its almost instantaneous washing action. Because it only *washes*, it never gripes—is soothing, gentle, harmless—and has no habit-forming tendency.

Drink a little Pluto Water daily, and you will always be "regular"—the first essential of health. In time of emergency, Pluto is ever dependable, ever prompt in its action. Dilute with *hot* water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters, and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

A bulletin issued by the Chicago Department of Health, says: "The greatest cause of human wretchedness still remains—ill health. In the United States there are on an average of 3,000,000 persons ill all the time. Forty-two per cent of this sickness is preventable. Every day in the year, a million people are shut in or ailing when they could be well and happy. Only two out of every 100 persons born live the allotted span."

The old saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," holds good today as much as ever. There is no better "ounce of prevention" than Pluto Water, whether taken daily or at times when constipation sounds its warning.

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AID for ACNE VICTIMS

By
EILEEN BOURNE

YOUTH is generally credited with all the assets of beauty. And yet young people often have one liability which causes them more humiliation than their elders experience from wrinkles and gray hair. This malady is acne.

One or two pimples cause no lasting grief. True, even one is not acclaimed as a romantic acquisition—although Pope did once write a verse to the pimple on his lady's cheek—but under proper treatment it soon disappears. When pimples are numerous and chronic, however, they become very disfiguring and unless speedily cured are apt to mar the skin with scars.

Therefore it is of enormous importance to prevent acne from gaining headway by taking measures to overcome this condition as soon as it appears. It is not an easy task. First of all, you must try to determine the underlying cause. There are, in general, four: some abnormality in the digestive or eliminating system; some infection which has entered the blood stream; a disturbance of the glands; or a local disorder of the skin. Of course, it is best to get an experienced physician to analyze your difficulty. But, in any case, no harm and much good will result from your pursuing the following suggestions.

To begin with, have your teeth carefully examined—X rayed if necessary. Remember that an infected tooth by no means always aches, but treacherously discharges pus into the system, either directly into the blood stream by way of the gums or by mixing with the food you chew. Decay must be removed even if you have to have an extraction performed. Nowadays clever and sanitary bridge work prevents any disfigurement due to a lost tooth.

If your teeth are all right, then check up the state of your tonsils. Here is a fertile breeding place for the kind of germs that produce skin eruption. You can't tell one thing about the virtue of these members yourself. Many people who have never had a sore throat have bad tonsils. That's the reason they neglect them until diseases far worse than acne result —rheumatism, kidney disorders, and heart trouble. Nowadays the removal of tonsils is an operation so perfected that recovery, except in cases of serious heart trouble, is very swift. Why, they've even invented a tablet which anæsthetizes your throat long enough for you to eat a good meal without discomfort.

As for glandular disturbances, these frequently adjust themselves after the period of adolescence. One of the newest methods of treating the acne due to this cause, however, involves injections of a substance which regulates the action of the glands. Aside from this, the best thing is local care of the skin and careful attention to diet.

Diet, indeed, is an important item in any program for the cure and prevention of pimples. You'll have to summon Dr. Will Power and have him extract your sweet tooth. Pastries, cake with rich icing, candy, spiced sauces, and heavy puddings—out with them into the limbo of that future when you have entirely recovered! Other edibles marshaled to defy the complexion are fat and fried foods. You should eat meat only once a day and cheese dishes only at the meatless meal.

Try living for six weeks mainly on fresh vegetables and salads, whole wheat bread, fruit, and milk or buttermilk. It's an excellent thing on a day when you are not going to be strenuous to take nothing but milk or orange juice. Above all, increase your consumption of water to eight glasses a day. If you put no strain on your digestive system and keep the intestinal tract well cleared out, your chances of recovering quickly from acne are incalculably greater.

Young people often have one liability which causes them more humiliation than their elders experience from wrinkles and gray hair.

Another phase of diet which may be a factor in your case is the antipathy you may all unawares experience toward some special food. Just as some people get hay fever from the pollen of certain plants, so others experience a sudden breaking out on the face from eating shellfish or tomatoes or strawberries. Nowadays specialists can test out this idiosyncrasy, determine what food causes it, and rule it from the diet.

And, before concluding this part of the discussion, let me suggest that there is one item which may be added to the diet with excellent effect. This is yeast. Taken regularly and over a long period of time, yeast has proved a valuable aid in the cure of acne.

When it comes to local treatment of this malady, probably nothing is so effective as the X ray. There are literally thousands of cases on record which show that it has resulted in complete cure. Naturally, however, you must go to the very best available specialist. Severe and dangerous burns are likely to result from the use of the X ray or the ultraviolet light by inexpert operators.

The sooner you place yourself in the hands of a good dermatologist for thorough local applications the less apt you will be to have permanent scars.

Now, of course, all these efforts to rid yourself of acne must be supplemented by proper home care. The direct cause of pimples is blackheads. These must be removed with a comedo extractor, thoroughly sterilized. Then you must take all necessary trouble to keep the face absolutely clean.

Until you completely recover you must never use cold cream, for any greasy substance provides a breeding ground for germs. You must wash the face with some greaseless kind of soap. Tincture of green soap is good, or sulphur soap. Almond meal may be used as a substitute. Warm water may be used at night, but it must be followed by a cold rinse.

If you have a cold spray use it as many times a day as you can and always in the morning. It cleanses the face, stimulates the circulation, and closes the pores. A good astringent helps in the same way—especially during the day when you may not be able to bathe the face. Keep a bottle in your desk for use at the noon hour. If you have no special lotion from your doctor you will find witch hazel as good as anything on the market.

Still another renunciation you'll be obliged to make during this period of treatment is the use of makeup. Even the best rouge contains some substances irritating to a disordered skin, and powder is likely to clog the pores. If you beg nicely, however, we'll kindly permit you to remove the shine from your nose by a little powdered pure talcum.

LET the face alone! Except for bathing it and applying lotion it should not be touched by the fingers. When you remove the blackheads be sure to scrub your hands carefully beforehand and rinse them in clear water into which several drops of carbolic acid have been added. Never pick the pimples or blackheads.

This may seem an oppressive number of don'ts and dos, but both sacrifices and expenditure of effort and money are nothing compared to the triumph of worsting your enemy. Yes, you must triumph—and you will. Never let yourself be discouraged. By one means or all means the most stubborn cases of acne are being cured every day.

How much may be done even by local treatment is revealed by the case of a young actress afflicted by a very bad case of acne. Under the grease paint and makeup used for stage work her complexion appeared fresh and charming, but when she was tried out for a motion picture contract the searching studio lights revealed every defect to the camera.

Now, the cause of her affliction was infected tonsils which she could not have removed because of a peculiar throat formation. In her case, operation might seriously affect the voice which made half her success. So it was local treatment or nothing. Of course, the acne will be sure to return so long as the source of infection remains. But the infection of the skin itself yielded so completely to a long series of antiseptic applications that she got her picture contract.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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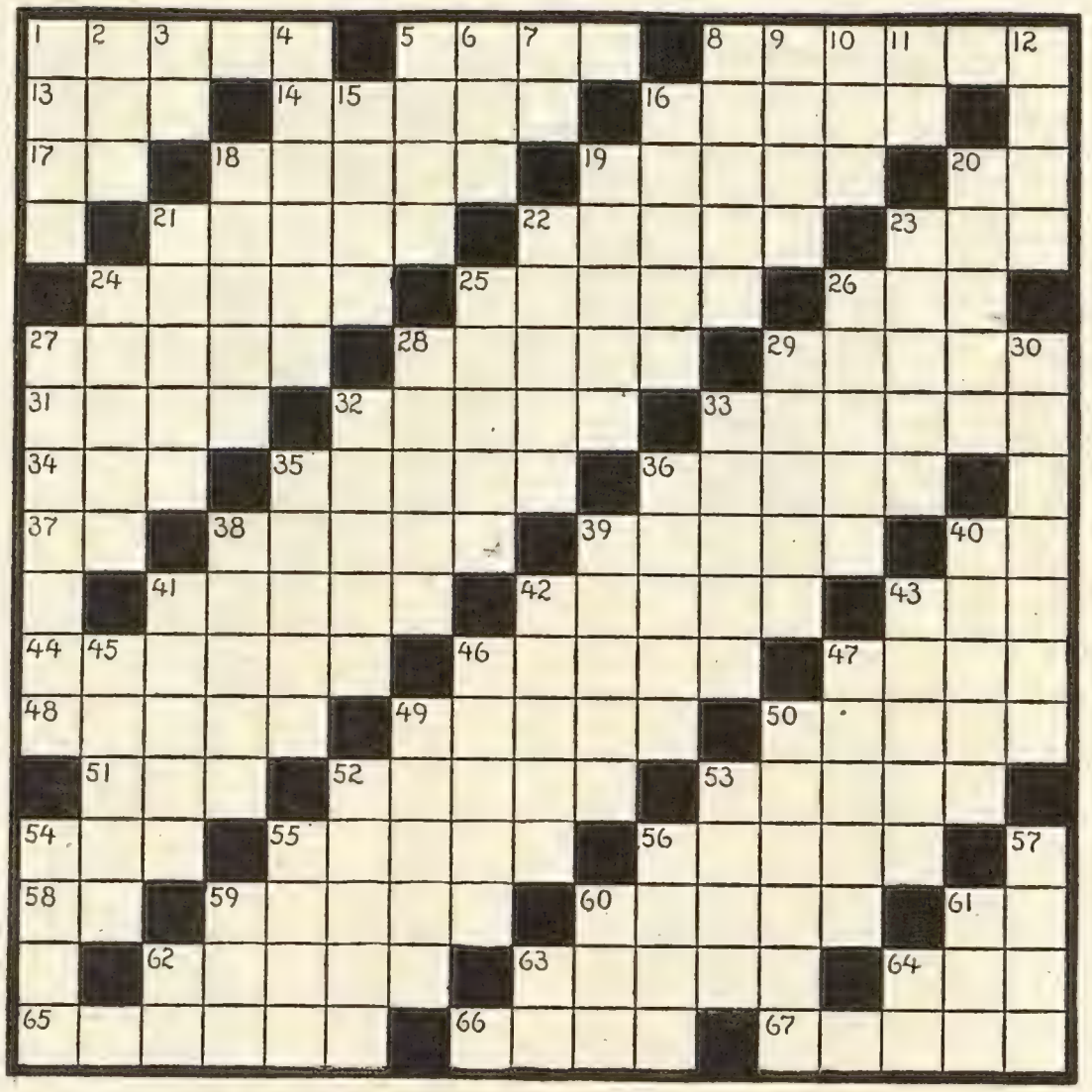
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

On this page—

An Easy Puzzle

LIBERTY continues this week the plan of giving its puzzle fans their choice between an easy and a difficult cross word puzzle. Below is the simpler of the two problems, and on the opposite page the one for those experts who enjoy a real struggle.

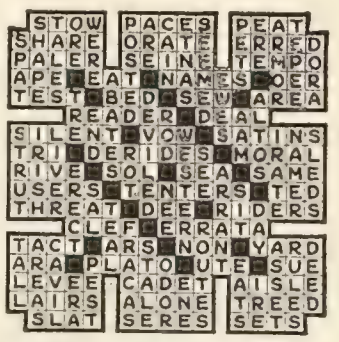


HORIZONTAL

1 Locations
5 Inspires with reverential fear
8 Kind of straw hat
13 Garden implement
14 Stacked
16 Bird of the crow kind
17 Within
18 Confronted
19 Mark indicating an insertion
20 Pronoun
21 Countenance (plural)
22 Overspread
23 Allow
24 Endeavored
25 Top of the head (plural)
26 Illuminated
27 A railing
28 Birds of the pigeon kind
29 Washed
31 Fish (plural)
32 Responsibilities
33 Withdraw
34 Cloth measure
35 Sports
36 Existed
37 Canadian province (initials)
38 Walks in a yielding substance
39 Purvey
40 Note of the scale
41 Fruit of a palm (plural)
42 Race horse
43 Because of
44 A wine
46 Desires with expectation
47 Female equine quadruped
48 Large volumes
49 Galloped
50 Enjoyed
51 A call for help (initials)
52 Loves to excess
53 Sharpens
54 Lair
55 Swarms
56 Harmonized in color
58 A form of to be
59 Riotous festivity
60 Relieves of strain
61 Exist
62 Pierced
63 Woman's name
64 Over (contraction)
65 Displayed
66 Disfigures
67 Measures of length

VERTICAL

1 Vessel
2 Electrified particle
3 Symbol for tellurium
4 Intervals
5 Malt liquor (plural)
6 Marry
7 Suffix forming past tense
8 Peels
9 Affirm with confidence
10 A seine
11 Indefinite article
12 Instigate
15 Frosted
16 Rants
18 Falls short
19 Shelters for small domestic animals
20 Measure of length
21 Fluted or crimped border
22 Caverns
23 Grayish blue
24 Chinese weight (plural)
25 Minute orifices
26 Tardier
27 Re-establish by legal act
28 Matrons
29 Device for transmitting and modifying force
30 Wanted
32 Military student
33 Ceremonies
35 Portals
36 Intertwined
38 Goods
39 Loose sleeveless garments
40 Painful spots
41 Friend of Pythias
42 Heavy cords
43 Manipulated fraudulently (slang)
45 Suffers defeat
46 Tavern
47 Digs
49 Felt deep affection
50 Lonesome
52 Plunged
53 Stocking
54 Inclines downward
55 At this point
56 Small flaps
57 Possessive pronoun
59 Oar
60 Attention
61 Couch
62 Depart
63 Mother
64 An alternative



Answer to last week's puzzle

Piping HOT Radiators

STEAM cannot fully heat a radiator until all the air has been expelled. Airid Air Valves No. 500 release this air quickly, silently, completely and automatically, and assure piping hot radiators. Replace old-style valves with Airids. For only a few dollars you can have hot radiators and more comfort this winter.

AIRID Air Valves *for Steam Radiators*

Airids fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. For sale by all plumbing and heating contractors. Fully guaranteed for five years. Price $1.35.

No. 510 VAC-AIRID, for "below atmosphere" heating plants. Send for Free Booklet containing valuable heating suggestions.

AMERICAN RADIATOR CO.
ACCESSORIES DIV. DEPT. AY 3011
40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

A $100.00 Ship Model for $4.98

$4.98 SANTA MARIA
25" High; 11" Wide; 27" Long

The Santa Maria, Mayflower or La Pinta can be put together in a few hours of pleasant pastime with our complete kit of parts. Complete instructions and diagrams come with each kit which show you exactly what to do with each part. The only tool needed is a small tack hammer. A ship model will add a distinctive touch to your home. We also have complete parts for a model of the Constitution at $6.98. All other models listed above $4.98 each. MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY, or send for our beautiful free illustrated booklet, containing photos of all our models.

MINIATURE SHIP MODELS, INC., Dept. L-1
3818-24 Baring Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WHY WOMEN KILL
Some who did have given their reasons to
EUGENE B. BLOCK
The result is an unusual article that will appear
In *Next Week's* LIBERTY

Extra Household Money!

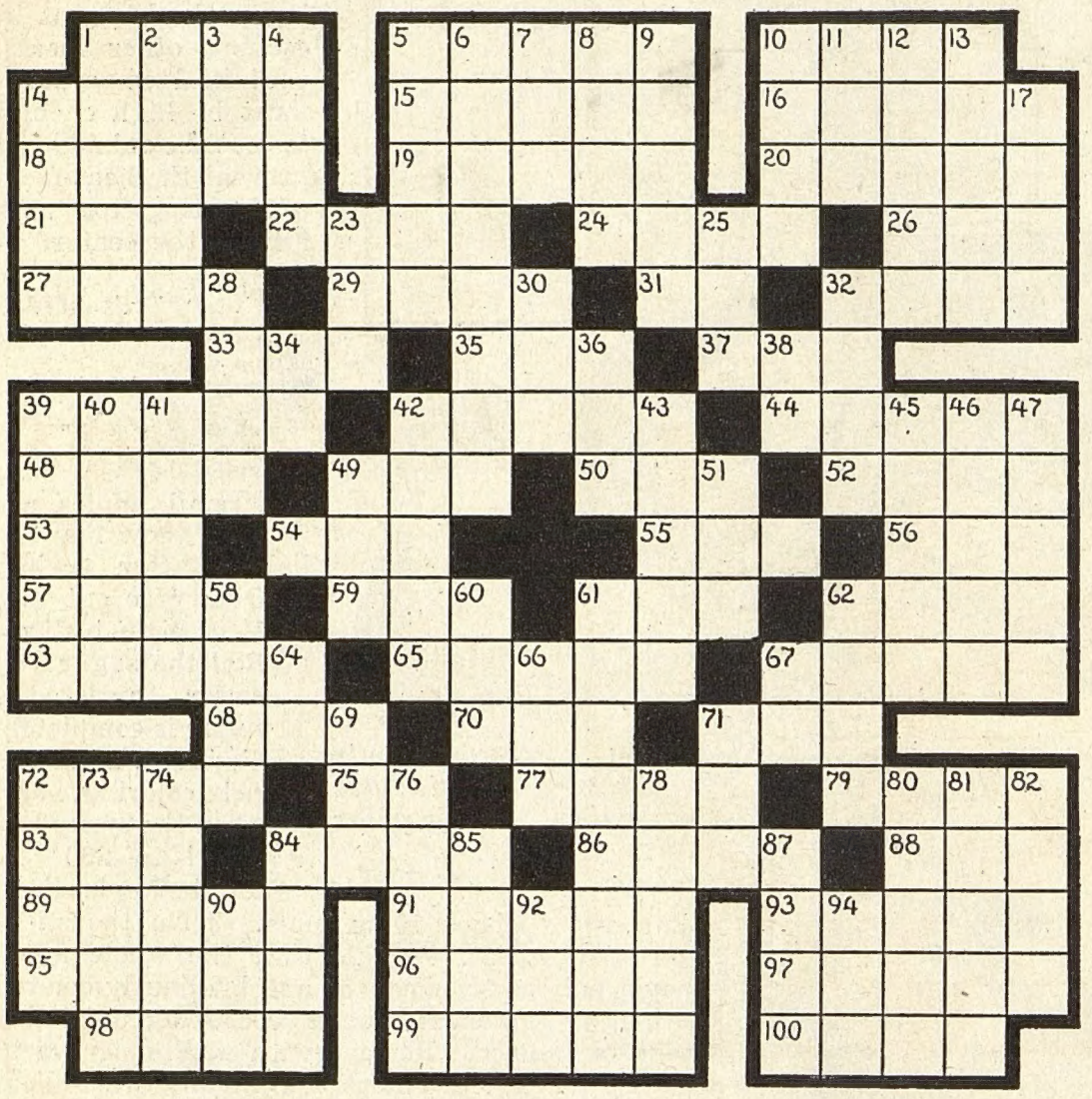
$10.00 to $35.00 Every Week!

Have all the nice things you want for yourself and home—make the extra money by showing Parmode Tailored Dresses and Lingerie to your friends and neighbors. Wonderful values. Easy to sell. Cash commissions daily. Many women make $10 to $35 every week. Why not you? Outfits free.
Write Parmode, A-1, St. Louis.

over here

A Difficult One

THIS has been devised with a view to complicating the solver's job. In addition to the unusual words called for, the more familiar ones are disguised by seldom used, but accurate, definitions. An easier puzzle will be found on the opposite page.



HORIZONTAL

1 A zodiacal sign
5 Handle of a scythe snath
10 Coarse tobacco cut fine
14 An instant
15 Sharpened
16 Salient (heraldry)
18 Bombastic speeches
19 Irregular, as if eaten away
20 Young owl
21 Conjunction
22 Jog
24 Merganser
26 Even
27 Pestilence
29 Man's name
31 Indian mulberry
32 Old Roman measure
33 Corrode
35 Protuberance
37 Small spot
39 Vapor
42 Babylonian goddess (variant)
44 Bassoon
48 Town in Quebec
49 Pronoun
50 Pull along
52 Crabbed
53 Long lived
54 Pismire
55 Father of Bezaleel (Bible)
56 Treat
57 Mole
59 Exist
61 Hordeolum
62 Molding
63 River in Germany
65 Agalloch wood
67 Chinese weights
68 Extremity
70 Extravagantly gay
71 Siamese measure of length
72 Sunk fences (variant)
75 Else
77 Melt
79 Red deer
83 First zodiacal sign
84 Urine constituent
86 Italian coins
88 Savage of Luzon
89 Constellation
91 Apart
93 Beneath
95 Goddess (Greek mythology)
96 Paragraph
97 Void space
98 Mountain in Hindu mythology
99 Ringlet
100 Motive

VERTICAL

1 Hoisting machine
2 Cortex (plural)
3 Personate
4 Most desirable
5 Slave (old English history)
6 Woman's name
7 Biblical name (Apocrypha, I Esdras)
8 Not so much
9 A swelling
10 Flat bottomed boat
11 Teamster's word of command
12 More capable
13 Gullibly simple
14 Two-wheeled vehicle
17 Mountain in Sicily
23 Putrefy
25 Antiquity
28 Duck
30 Mother of Isis (Egyptian mythology)
32 Octave of a feast
34 Exist
36 Club
38 From
39 Stores
40 Flower
41 Forefather
42 Prefix; within
43 Disorderly flights
45 Kind of chisel
46 European blackbird
47 Large plants
49 Tierra del Fuego Indian
51 Crooked
58 Caddoan Indians
60 Tree
61 Assiduous
62 Trees
64 Printer's measure
66 Fool
67 Toward
69 Beetle
71 East Indian weight
72 Biblical name (Apocrypha, I Esdras)
73 Seraglio
74 Chemical compound $NaNH_2$
76 Respond to a stimulus
78 Winnows
80 Mohammedan divorce
81 Expiate
82 Booby
84 Two-toed sloth
85 Axillary
87 Recedes
90 Over
92 Open
94 Note of Guido's scale

S	A	M	O	S		T	A	S	S	O		S	A	L	T	O			
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T	E	R		C	O	I	F		V	I	D	A		E	R	Y			
	R	E	P	E	A	L		S	I	D	E		M	E	S				
		I	R	K		S	P	L	A	S	H	Y							
	R	A	C	Y		M	A	R	E		P	U	R	I	M				
P	U	L	E		M	O	R	O		P	O	M	A	D	E	D			
A	S	E		D	E	S	I	C	C	A	T	E		L	A	O			
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L	E	G	E	R		E	B	O	N	Y		I	K	R	A	R			
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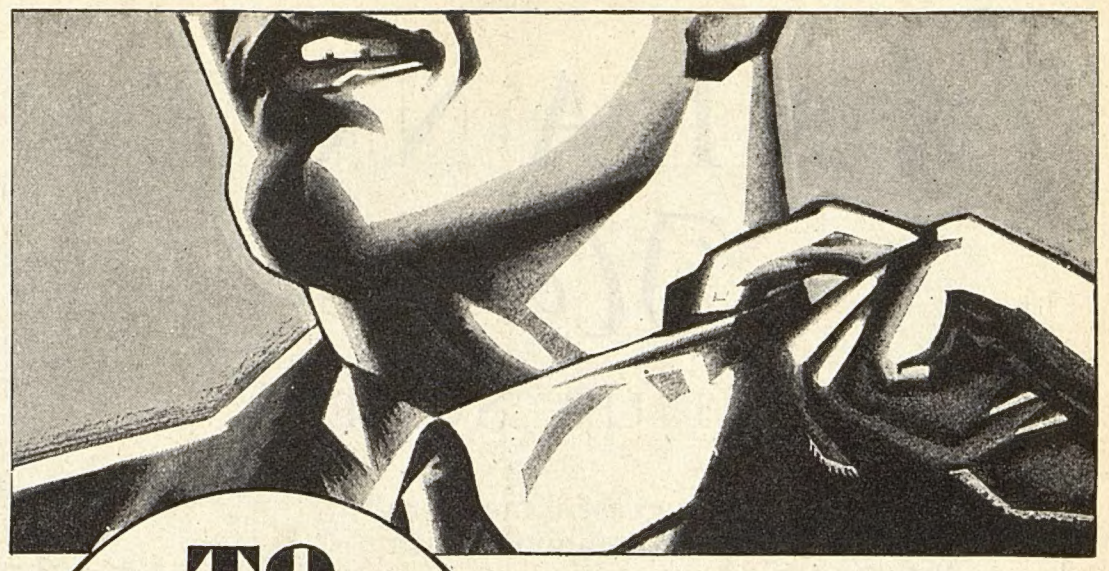
Answer to last week's puzzle



TO Save YOUR NECK

A shirt whose COLLAR CAN'T shrink

Most shirts shrink, shrink, around the neck every time they're laundered. Each week tighter, tighter. Crinkles creep along the collar stitching. Comfort gone. Style fled . . . And that's why thousands now wear Everfit-Collared Shirts. *They* CAN'T shrink around the neck! . . . Deftly tailored by Shirtcraft in a wide variety of fabrics and styles. Crisp, fresh, up to the minute—they never lose that precious newness. They give no hint of their moderate cost, $1.95 to $5. If your dealer can't supply you write the Shirtcraft Co., Inc., Dept. C, 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SHIRTCRAFT

tailored SHIRTS *with*

No Fat at Forty

for wise women of today

Excess fat comes at middle age to many. Science has learned the reason. A certain gland, which largely controls nutrition, loses its activity. Too much food goes to fat. No starvation, no hard work can rectify that condition.

Modern medical research has found the way. It feeds the lacking substance. Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity.

A famous medical laboratory embodied this method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. You can see the results in every circle that you enter. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

Mothers look like daughters

These results do not depend on abnormal exercise or diet. They come from correcting a gland deficiency, which is really a disease.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. You will know exactly why the fat departs, the new health and vigor comes.

Try this method. It has brought to countless people, for more than 20 years, new youth and vigor, new beauty and new joy. Let it do as much for you. Take four tablets daily and watch the results. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Start at once.

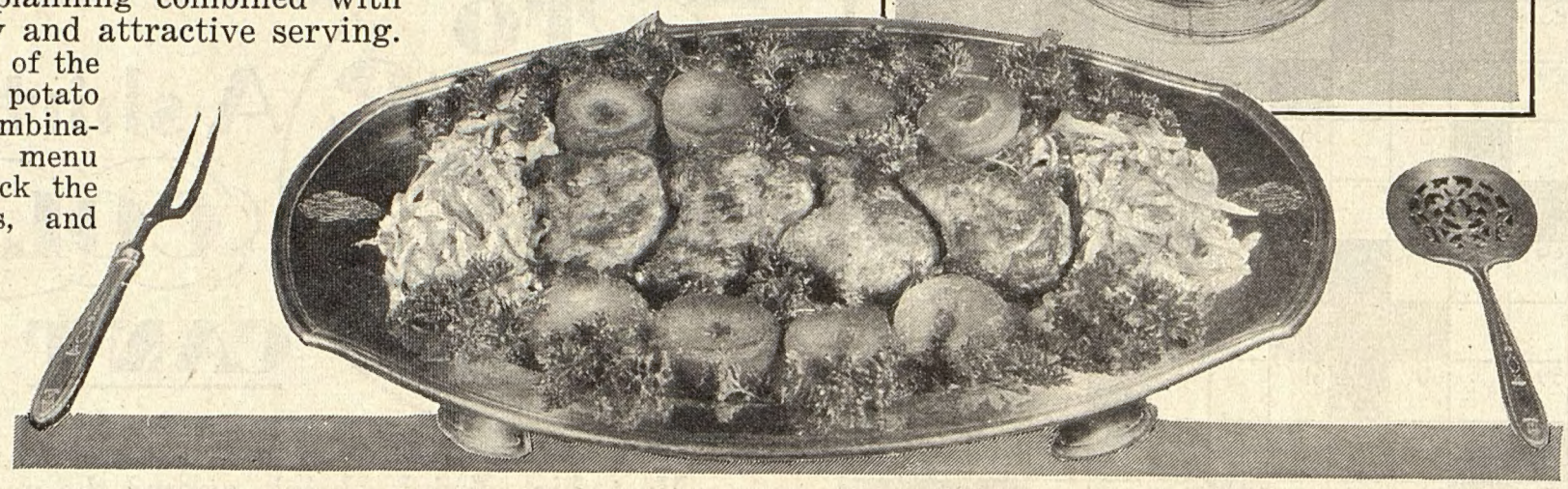
Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

BALANCED *Menus*

By ETHEL SOMERS



THE requisites of a successful meal are wise menu planning combined with good cookery and attractive serving. Diets are too often of the meat, bread, and potato type. Such food combinations make poor menu plans, for they lack the vitamins, minerals, and milk so necessary to good health. If such meals are served repeatedly, they ultimately jeopardize the health of the whole household. For this reason meal planning becomes an important phase of good cookery.

Aside from formal dinners, the typical dinner plans in the average American home may be classified in one of the following groups:

Typical Dinner Plans

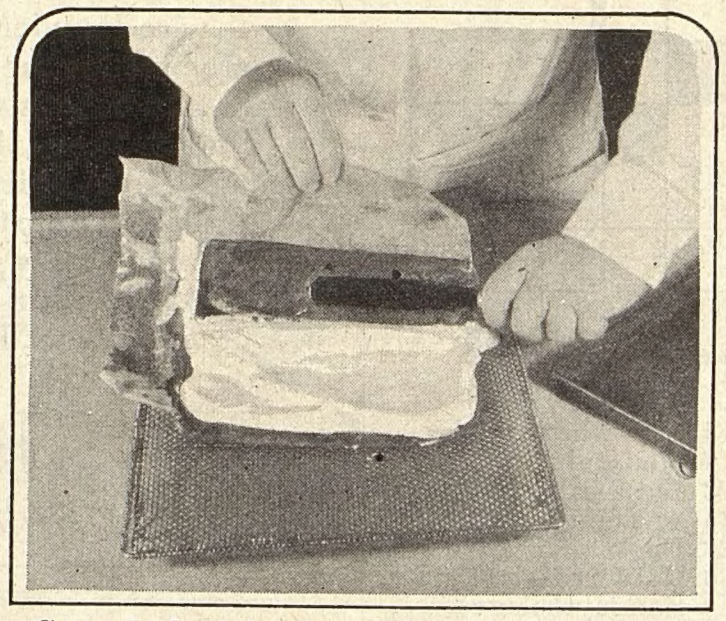
I	II
One hot dish, as a hearty soup supplying both meat and vegetable	Two hot dishes, as meat and vegetable
Bread and butter	Bread and butter
Fruit	Dessert

III*	IV*
Soup	Soup
Two or three other hot dishes, as meat and one or two vegetables	Two or three hot dishes
	A relish, as jelly or pickle
Bread and butter	Bread and butter
	Salad
Dessert	Dessert
Beverage	Beverage

*Kinne & Cooley, Foods and Household Management.

WELL balanced meals may be selected which will approximately follow any of the foregoing typical dinner plans. The simpler the plan the greater is the need for wisdom in selection.

The ordinary body requirements in proteins and calories are usually amply fulfilled if one is guided by one's appetite. However, minerals and vitamins are commonly deficient in quantity unless good food habits are enforced. If one makes a point of drinking ½ to 1 pint of milk a day, eating in addition at least five servings of either fruit or vegetable, the diet will be balanced in a satisfactory way. It is advisable to have among these a green vegetable and a raw serving of fruit or vegetable. Once the body requirements have been met, the second phase of meal planning is a question of artistry. If a meal is to appeal to the appetite the cook must make her table piquant—the color combinations attractive, the forms and presentation of the food varied, and variety in texture of the menu items.



Spread the icing over the warm cake and start the rolling by lifting the near edge with waxed paper.

HEALTHFUL DINNER MENU

Cream of Spinach Soup
Breaded Pork Chops
Scalloped or Creamed Potatoes
Red Apple Slices
Sour Cabbage **Lettuce Salad**
Chocolate Marshmallow Roll

Breaded Pork Chops

6 pork chops
½ cup bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg
2 tablespoons oil
1 tablespoon milk or cream

BEAT the egg just enough to combine the yolk and white. Add the milk or cream. Wipe the chops clean with a clean damp cloth. Dip in the egg and then in crumbs. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in a hot fry pan with the oil. Sauté until browned, for about 10 minutes. Reverse and brown on the other side for about 10 minutes longer. Cover, turn the flame very low, and continue cooking for 10 to 15 minutes longer, or until a fork inserted in the meat may be easily twisted, showing that the meat fibers have become tender. In cooking pork chops, as in cooking other meats, the initial temperature must be high enough to coat the outside and prevent the heat from penetrating too rapidly to the center.

Apples cooked until clear in a simmering red sugar syrup make a pleasant garnish to the meat course.

Red Apple Slices

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon red fruit coloring extract
6 apples (Jonathans or other firm textured apples should be used)

IF small apples are used they may be halved after coring. Otherwise cut into ½ or ¾ inch slices. Boil the sugar and water until the sugar is completely dissolved. Add the red coloring, and when the syrup has boiled to 200° F. add the apple slices. Simmer for about 10 minutes. Turn the slices over and repeat. In this time the whole apple should become transparent and brilliantly colored with red. Otherwise continue cooking until this stage is reached. Remove with a skimmer on to the hot platter. If more convenient, these slices may be cooked nearly done, left in the syrup, and reheated at dinnertime.

Fruity accompaniments to the meat service are increasing in popular favor.

Chocolate Marshmallow Cake

4 egg yolks
3 egg whites
⅔ cup sugar
⅔ cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons butter
2 ounces chocolate, melted
⅓ teaspoon salt

BEAT the egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Continue beating with a mechanical egg beater and gradually beat in half the sugar. Then beat the egg whites frothy, add the salt, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape but not dry. Fold in the remaining sugar. Alternately sift a small quantity of the sifted flour and baking powder and add a portion of the egg white mixture into the yolk mixture and fold them in gently. Lastly, lightly fold in the butter which has been melted with the chocolate and vanilla and slightly cooled. Pour on to an oiled paper in an oiled sheet pan and bake 7 or 8 minutes in a hot oven (415° F.). Then turn the cake upside down on a cooling rack with the pan still on it, so that the crust, if any has been formed, will be steamed soft. When cold, cut off any crisp edges. Spread the cake with the filling and roll as for jelly roll.

Filling

1 egg white
1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅓ cup *boiling* water

PUT the unbeaten egg white, sugar, cream of tartar, and vanilla in the top part of a double boiler over *hot* water. (The double boiler should be 1 quart capacity and the water in the lower part should come up well around the ingredients to be beaten for the icing.) Add the boiling water to the egg mixture and beat *vigorously* with a mechanical egg beater, letting the water in the lower part of the double boiler continue to boil all the while you are beating the mixture. Continue the beating for 7 minutes, or until the frosting piles up when dropped from a spoon. Remove the upper part of the boiler and replace the hot water in the lower part with cold. Place the upper part in the cold water and let stand for 5 minutes. Spread filling on to the cooled cake and roll.

THERE is absolutely no reason for women to have any difficulty in planning menus. It is easy when one knows where to find suggestions that make it possible to plan meals that satisfy. The more than 221,000 LIBERTY readers, for instance, who have already sent for copies of the three LIBERTY cookbooks Ethel Somers has prepared, undoubtedly find the task of planning menus considerably easier. In addition to suggestions for tempting menus you will find many recipes for dishes you have probably never prepared before. Send for the LIBERTY cookbooks today and profit by the advice that only a cooking expert can give. Each of the cookbooks costs 10 cents, but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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11-10-28

KING SPEAR'S PROCLAMATION

Thanksgiving season is at hand—
Proclaim a feast throughout the land—
And so that all will better feel
Serve Double Mint with every meal!

—WRIGLEY RHYMES

Let the delicious Peppermint flavor of **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT** purify your mouth and breath and aid digestion.

Taste the new and better Peppermint flavor in **DOUBLE MINT:** it will be a pleasant surprise to you.

"After every meal" is a beneficial practice. Try it with **DOUBLE MINT.**

The flavor lasts

I-71

A Superb Christmas Gift

Belt of Hickok "Live Leather", Java Lizard grain. Buckle & Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Set complete $6.00. Belt & Buckle $4.00

Belt of full grain hand boarded Cowhide. Buckle & Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Set complete $4.50. Belt & Buckle $3.00

Belt of Hickok "Live Leather", Java Lizard grain. Buckle & Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Set complete $8.00. Belt & Buckle . . . $5.00

Belt of full grain Bridle Cowhide, Linen Tweed grain. Buckle & Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate. Set complete $3.00. Belt & Buckle $2.00

Belt of genuine Pin Seal, Calf lining. Buckle & Beltogram of Sterling Silver, engine turned. Set complete $17.00 Belt & Buckle $10.00

WHEN he opens your gift this year, his smile of appreciation will be genuine if it is a Hickok Belt Set.

Men are changing—they are so *much* more particular about the little things of dress. A Belt Set is a most important part of the ensemble. It must be handsome but not gaudy. It must be worn properly—it must match the suit and the occasion.

That is why no man can have too many Belt Sets. Fashion calls for 4 Sets as a minimum.

A feature of this season's showing is the new Hickok "Live Leather" Belt—it S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S!

All the good stores are showing the latest Hickok Sets in new Hickok Christmas boxes imported from France—the finest boxes you have ever seen. Similar Belt Sets can be found in Boys' Departments.

To uphold your record as a giver, be sure of two things—that you give a Belt Set—and that you look for the name

HICKOK

EVERY WELL-DRESSED MAN SHOULD HAVE

4 belt-sets 2 for business 1 for sportwear 1 for formal wear